

August
15¢

★ PHOTOPLAY

Lana Turner
By Paul Hesse

DATE NIGHT
with LANA and TY POW
in first pictures

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BROOKLINE 46 MASS



Helen
Neushaefer

WHY I DO NOT CHARGE 60¢ for my nail polish

*Even though it is the only
nail polish in the world containing
the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient
... PLASTEEN*

A year ago I faced a serious decision!

I was ready to introduce the first nail polish to bear my own name. Everything was arranged except one thing... the price I would charge for it.

It was in a beautiful pyramid bottle. The shades were up to the minute in fashion. The brush was of superfine quality. And, *in addition*... the polish contained an amazing ingredient found in no other nail polish at any price... the miracle discovery of my cosmetic chemists... PLASTEEN.

PLASTEEN was the answer to every woman's greatest nail-do problem—*chipping*. PLASTEEN not only helps to shockproof nails against chipping but also makes my polish go on easier, quicker, without "bubbles," and adds a new, starlike brilliance.

This Was the Problem I Faced

Most every woman in the U. S. pays either 10 CENTS or sixty cents for her nail polish.

Which price should I charge?

On the one hand, I felt that, if ever there was

a nail polish worth sixty cents, it was mine... particularly on account of PLASTEEN.

At sixty cents my profits would be tremendous. At 10 CENTS they would merely be modest.

BUT...I also knew that if I charged sixty cents, my market... and the benefits of PLASTEEN... would be limited to comparatively few women who could afford that price. If I charged 10 CENTS, millions of women could afford it and PLASTEEN would be available to all.

I made my decision... 10 CENTS was the price.

Helen Neushaefer nail polish, I sincerely believe, is the greatest value ever offered in this country. Won't you try it and write me about it?

It is now available in 12 gorgeous shades... each containing PLASTEEN... at chain and drug store cosmetic counters everywhere.

Sincerely,

Helen Neushaefer

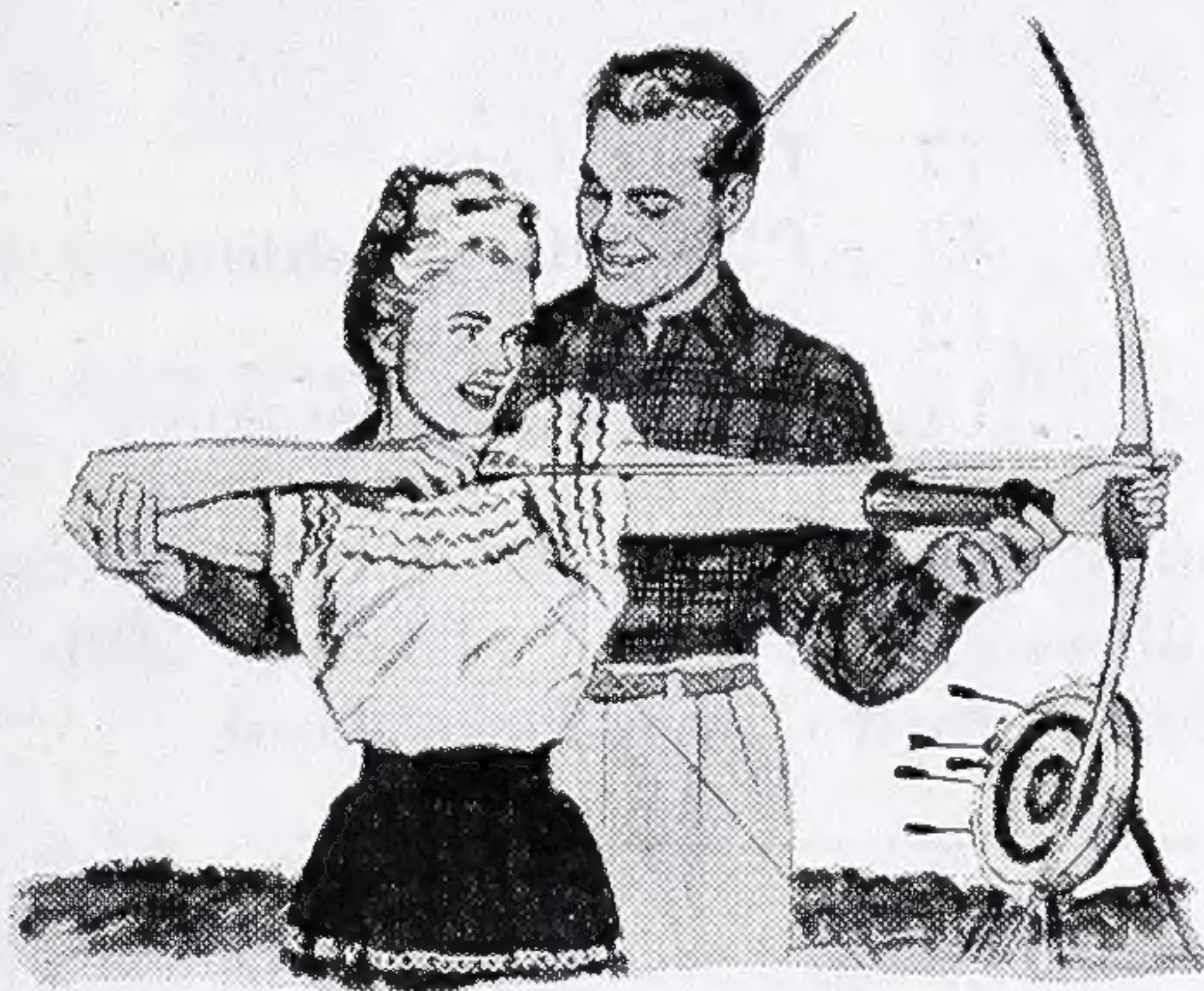


You're sugar-sweet... but will you keep?

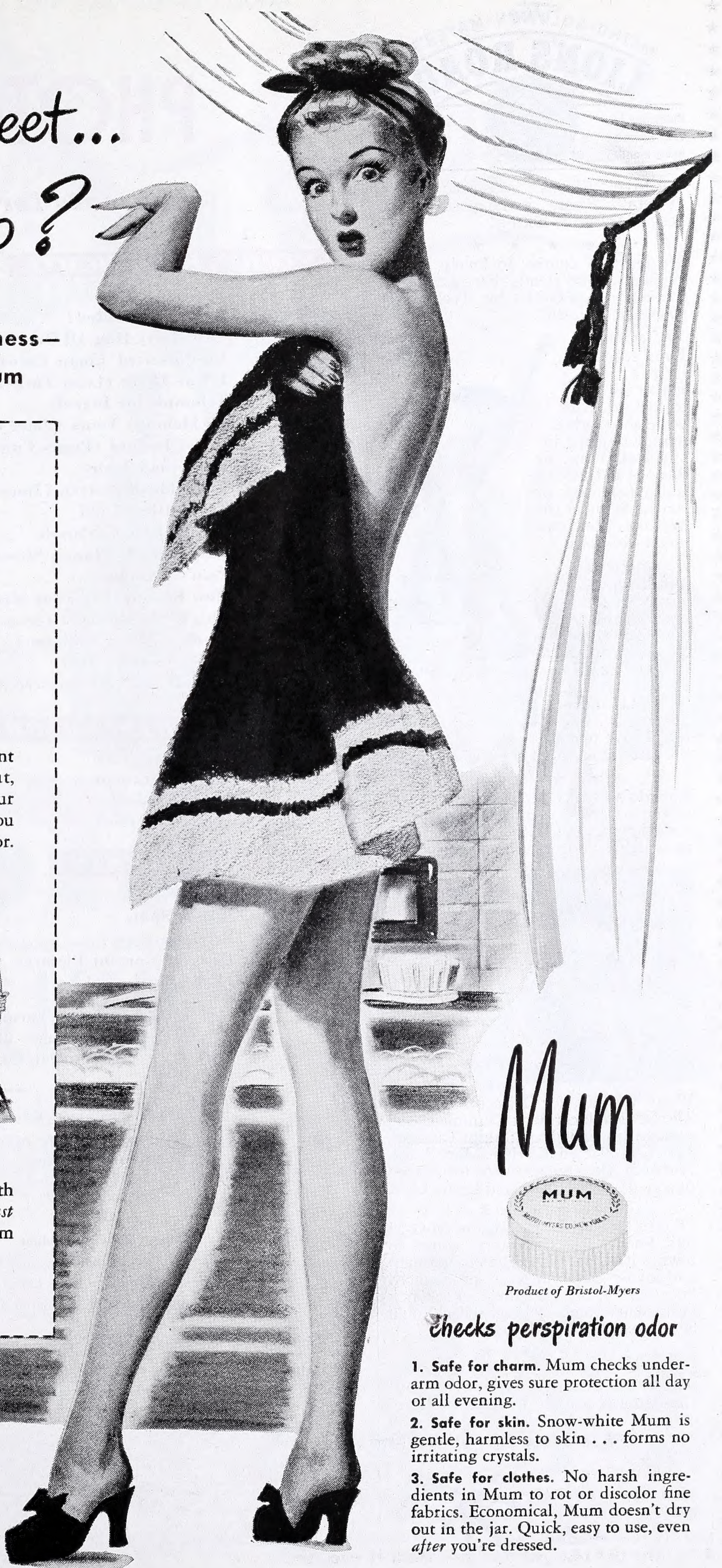
Guard your after-bath freshness—
stay nice to be near with Mum



Of course you're sweet and fragrant after that refreshing shower. But, Honey, don't expect *too much* of your bath. Remember, it can't protect you against risk of *future* underarm odor.



So play safe. Be sure. *Complete* your bath with Mum. After you wash away *past* perspiration, let Mum guard your charm all day or all evening.



Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

Checks perspiration odor

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
2. **Safe for skin.** Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even *after* you're dressed.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We love "Fiesta". We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

★ ★ ★ ★

We refer, of course, to lovely Esther Williams, who lends her glamorous presence to M-G-M's big Technicolor spectacle, "Fiesta".

★ ★ ★

Even standing still, Esther is lovely to look at. And when she swirls a matador's cape in the bull ring, or dances a flaming Latin flamenco, or romances under the mellow Mexican moon—ai-ai-ai!

★ ★ ★

You'll revel in gay "Fiesta"—and meet, for the very first time, handsome newcomer Ricardo Montalban, the M-G-M star discovery whose torrid love makes the screen curl up at the edges.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ricardo's equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar... equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!



★ ★ ★
The beauty of Esther Williams... the manliness of Montalban... the music of Mexico... the magic of Technicolor... the thrills of the arena—that's M-G-M's "Fiesta".

★ ★ ★

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Fiesta" leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon "The Hucksters" comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced "new star"). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman's bombshell best-seller! You'll be saying "Love that picture!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Coming along, too, is "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We'll say only one thing about it: "Song of Love" is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

★ ★ ★

Meantime, be a guest-a at "Fiesta".

— Lea



PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Lana Turner, star of "Green Dolphin Street"

Miss Turner's blouse by Desda of Beverly Hills

Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

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AUGUST, 1947

VOL. 31, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood-Beverly Hills Office: 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. Pacific Coast Office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Re-entered as Second Class matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions and Newfoundland \$1.80 per year. Canada, \$3.00 per year. All other countries, \$4.00 per year. Price per copy, 15c in the United States. 25c in Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Copyright 1947, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convención Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

Bravo for a Beautiful Daredevil!

By day, disguised as a man, she fought the fiercest beasts in Mexico's bull ring—but at night, in the arms of her sweetheart, she was all woman!

M-G-M's BIGGEST, GAYEST
TECHNICOLOR SPECTACLE

FIESTA

(WHERE THEY LIVE AND LOVE DANGEROUSLY)

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM CYD JOHN MARY FORTUNIO
TAMIROFF • CHARISSE • CARROLL • ASTOR • BONANOVA
AND INTRODUCING **RICARDO MONTALBAN**

Gorgeous
ESTHER WILLIAMS
is an eyeful
—in dazzling evening gowns!
—in matador costume!
—in bathing scenes!



Torrid romance with new
star Ricardo Montalban!



Saved by a miracle
from death in the arena!



Music! The dance of desire —
with exotic Cyd Charisse.

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Dear Ruth (Paramount)



Joan Caulfield, Bill Holden: From letters to love in tender and riotous film

LITTLE girls can do lots of things that send their elders right into hysterics. *Miriam Wilkins* did just that in "Dear Ruth" for a couple of years on Broadway; now Mona Freeman takes her over on the screen and turns her out to teenster perfection in a picture that runs along on clever lines, festive comedy and the good acting of Edward Arnold.

"Dear Ruth" is the way the letters from overseas started; they were written by William Holden to *Ruth Wilkins*, a very pretty and not at all adolescent Joan Caulfield. The catch is little sister *Miriam*. In the midst of her draft-women project she's taken time off to write some letters to soldier Holden, enclosing sister *Ruth's*

picture and some moonlight-and-roses touches. Everything would be fine except that the soldier shows up with "that overseas look in his eye." Take it from there and you have a picture that's going to lift your spirits right up into the category that's known as "blithe."

Players Arnold, Billy De Wolfe and little Mona Freeman carry things along so well you don't even mind when events get a little ludicrously out of hand towards the end. Caulfield and Holden make a nice straight-shooting team and everything is fast and funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Good play makes a good picture.

✓✓ The Unfaithful (Warners)



Tense and dramatic scene in GI marriage of Ann Sheridan, Zachary Scott

A HARD-HITTING picture played with suspense, this is an expert treatment of a vital theme.

As *Chris Hunter* who had been married only a week when her husband was sent overseas for three years, Ann Sheridan gives an unforgettable portrayal. Bob (Zachary Scott) has been home a year when the picture opens and he and *Chris* are ideally happy. There is nothing to warn *Chris* that the one indiscretion of a lonely woman is already threatening her happiness and that because of it she will be involved in a murder charge. But the

truth cannot be hidden and in an unforgettable scene between husband and wife, *Chris* tries to explain her unfaithfulness.

Zachary Scott, as the husband, and Lew Ayres, as *Larry Hannaford*, the lawyer who handles her case, turn in mature, understanding performances.

The picture offers no excuse for women whose wartime loneliness betrayed their love but it does put the woman's problem squarely up to the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: A "must" for thoughtful movie-goers.

✓✓ Miracle on 34th St. (20th Century-Fox)



Beguiling proof of a Santa: Maureen O'Hara, Natalie Wood, Edmund Gwenn

THIS is really a miracle! Fox takes a pleasant little picture about the fabulous Macy's department store, adds Edmund Gwenn in the captivating role of *Kris Kringle*, pairs off Maureen O'Hara and John Payne, runs up some inspired dialogue, has everything moving fast and out comes one of the best pictures in many a movie month.

Get out your bag of cheers and get ready to go. You'll be beguiled by every bit of it—from Edmund Gwenn's magnificent acting as the little man who's real name is *Kris Kringle* to the great sport you'll have watching the merchandising business going for a merry ride. Not to mention the law and politics—they come in for their share of the fun with Gene Lockhart as the judge in a courtroom scene

that has lawyer John Payne making his miraculous point with a chuckle.

Natalie Wood is a solemn-eyed little girl who manages to be both lovable and precocious, an accomplishment that puts her right up in the major league of little-girl actresses.

There's nothing for you to figure out—this miracle is just as logical and just as wonderful as Christmas. If you don't come out feeling that the world is a happy place you'd better start checking your sense of humor. There's no sticky *Pollyanna* business about this either—it's just everyone working together in a film that's worth working for.

Your Reviewer Says: A Twentieth Century miracle.

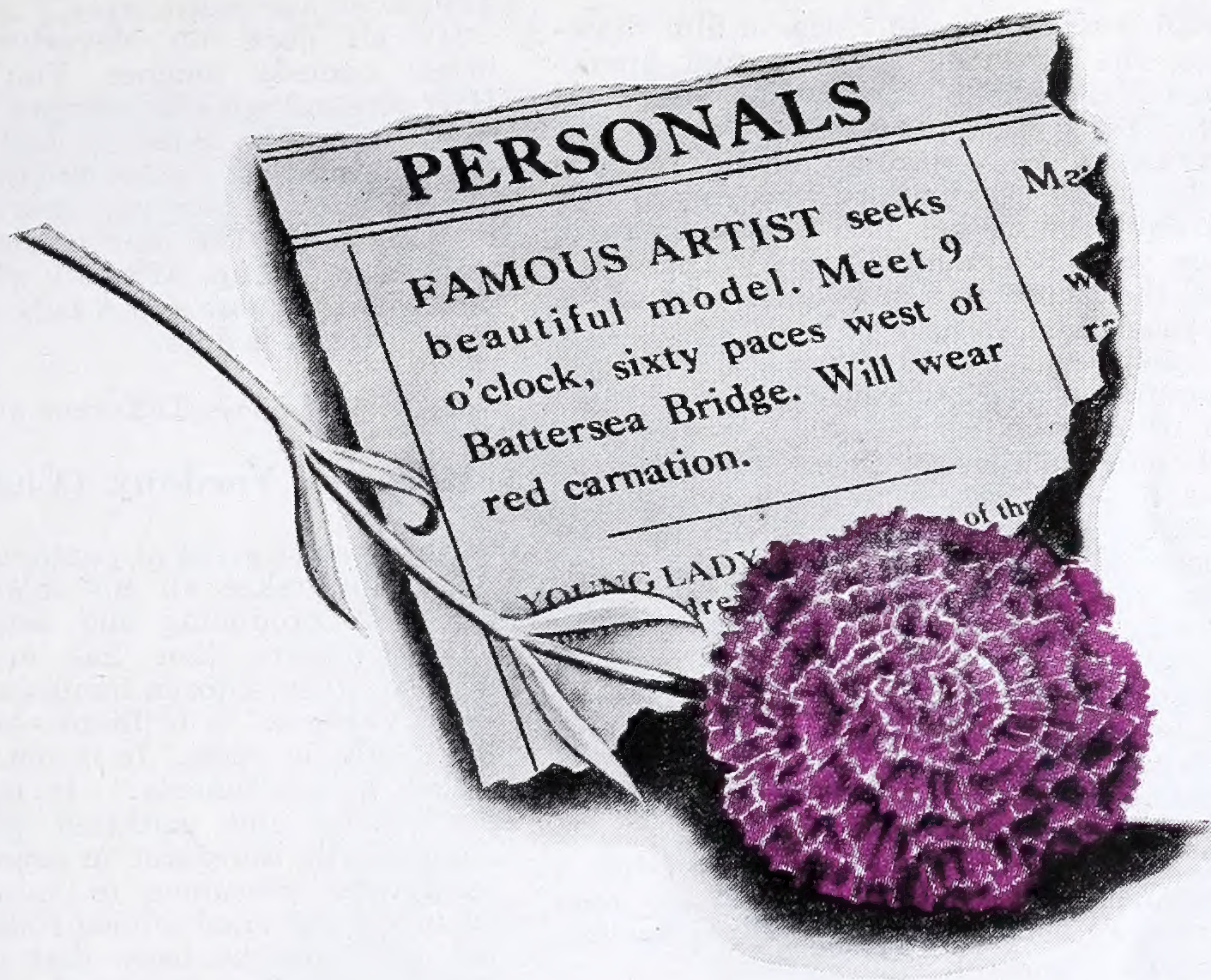
(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 10

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 12

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 29



Don't answer this ad...

Don't

Don't

Don't

HUNT STROMBERG presents
 GEORGE SANDERS ★ LUCILLE BALL ★ CHARLES COBURN ★ BORIS KARLOFF

IN
Lured

WITH
 SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE ★ JOSEPH CALLEIA
 ALAN MOWBRAY ★ GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN
 PRODUCED BY JAMES NASSER

Executive Producer, HUNT STROMBERG

Released thru United Artists



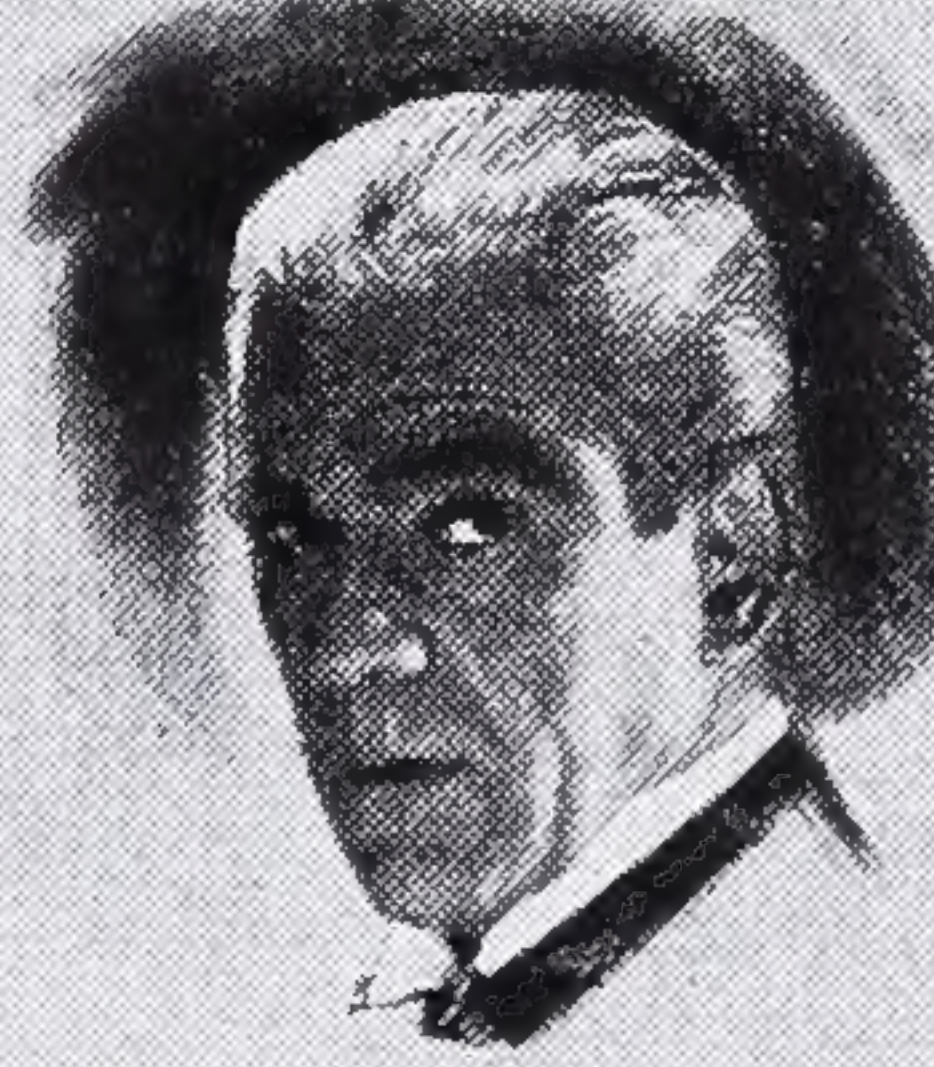
How far will she go to trap a killer... or any other man?



Eight beautiful girls on his mind... and all of them quite dead!



His alibi was clever... and she was very, very beautiful, too!

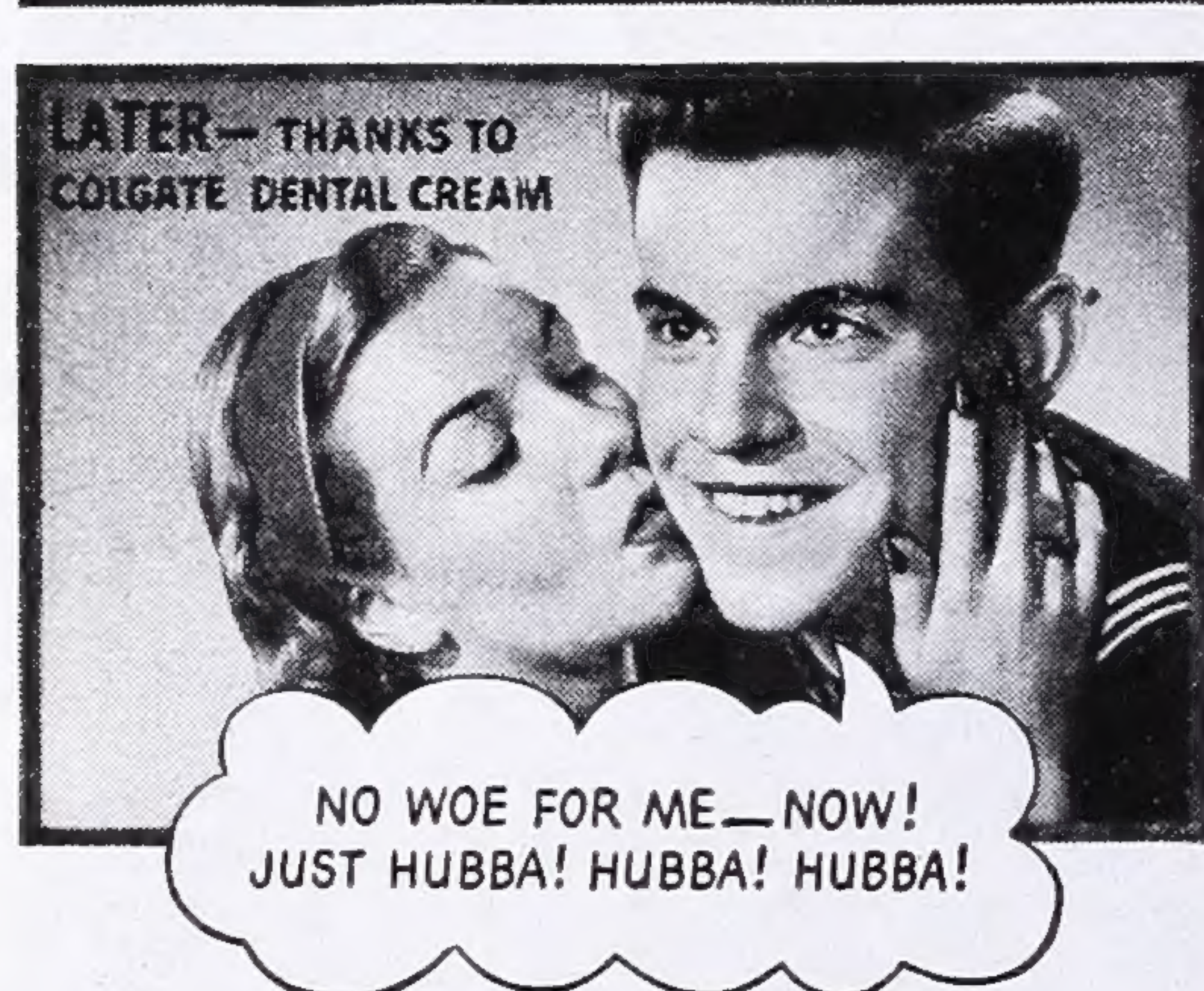
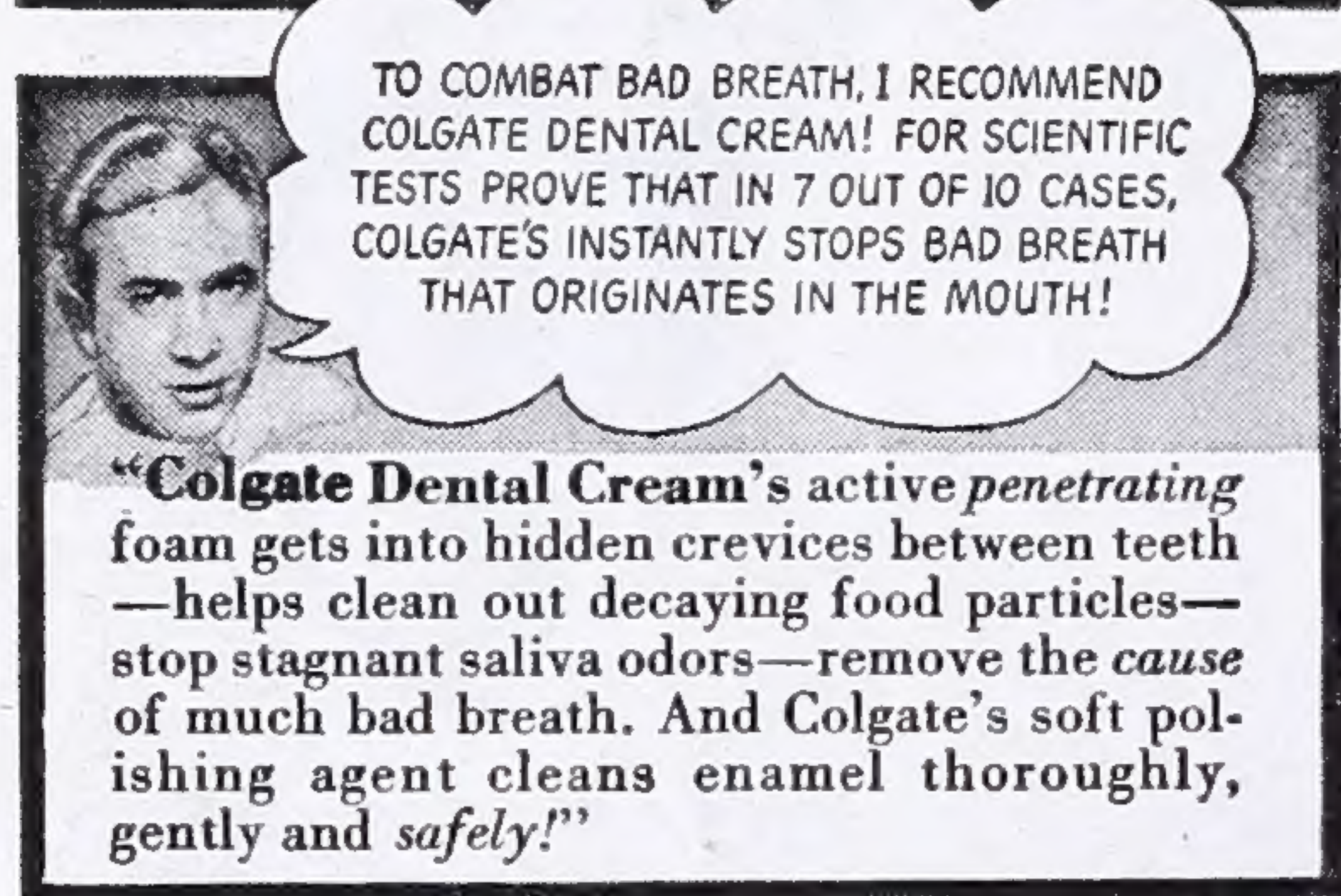


What does he seek as he prowls mysteriously through the night?



Was he the artist who lured 8 beautiful girls to their deaths?

Woe is Me! I've Got No She!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

(Continued from page 4)

✓✓ Possessed (Warners)

THIS is scaled to adult size—a film showing the torturing and eventual breakdown of a woman's mind. The woman is Joan Crawford who makes a neurotic role convincing to a normal audience. Van Heflin is the opportunist who rejects her, thereby sending her into a loveless marriage with Raymond Massey. That's the plot; the picture is a morbid account of the approach of insanity.

Crawford has a hard task; she does it magnificently. Heflin has the demanding job of making himself both sympathetic and unsympathetic to the audience; he does it well. He is the materialist who wants what he wants at the expense of others; since he gives fair warning of his code, he must be excused from complete blame. Raymond Massey as the husband has an even role that calls forth none of his great talents but fits in beautifully in the general patchwork of contorted love and hate. Nana Bryant plays the young stepdaughter with finesse; but the credits go to Crawford and Heflin.

The picture is not entertainment but a psychological study that may do the good work of bringing more neurotics to medical treatment before it is too late.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be haunted.

✓✓ The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer (RKO)

BRACE yourself for a slice of sheer mirth when you see this one. What, no message, no problem, no world dilemma? Nary a one. Even the growing pains of this story of adolescence are painless.

Cary Grant, artist and man-about-town, finds himself facing charges in the court of Judge Myrna Loy, for disturbing the night club peace and inspiring violent emotions in the bosom of her teen-age sister, Shirley Temple. On the pretext of being a model, Shirley wangles her way into his apartment. Some hours later the startled Grant finds her there just as her terrified sister, supported by the forces of law and order, bangs on the door.

Matters become hilarious as the hapless and helpless Cary struggles with his flaming juniors, the while his eyes appraise the uncharted charms of lady judges.

Shirley is strictly in her Temple stride. Miss Loy might have allowed *Her Honor* to unbend a little more but even so she gives her a lot of the Loy appeal. As Shirley's calf-eyed swain, Johnny Sands is likely to stir up activity on the bobby-sox front. Ray Collins and Rudy Vallee are both good. But it is Cary Grant, with his magnificent sense of comedy, who keeps the whoops of laughter rolling.

Your Reviewer Says: Sock entertainment.

✓ The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (20th Century-Fox)

WHO'S that coming through the window? First you can't see him, then you can—and he's Rex Harrison wearing a beard and a very attractive look for a guy who's just a ghost. He's coming back because *Mrs. Muir*—Gene Tierney to you—has refused to be frightened away from his former home and has decided to take over *Gold Cottage*. What she hadn't bargained for was being taken over by a sea-captain ghost and inveigled into writing a lusty book dictated by him just in the nick of time to save her family fortunes.

When a fragile English lady and an attractive male ghost get together like that, you have something in the way of entertainment. And when George Sanders comes

in leering you really can enjoy yourself. He's the best rake around and you won't blame Gene for letting him pull all that wool over her pretty eyes.

It's all done up cleverly with some bright comedy touches. You'll like Rex Harrison and wish he weren't just a spirit; you'll love Mr. Sanders and you'll find Gene, Edna Best as the maid and Vanessa Brown as the daughter thoroughly right in their roles. The only catch is just how things can end up. After all, what can happen when a ghost and a lady fall in love? You're right, it does.

Your Reviewer Says: Different and diverting.

Monsieur Verdoux (Chaplin-UA)

THE greatest artist of pantomime, Charles Chaplin, takes all his talents—writing, directing, producing and acting—to turn out a picture that has aroused more curiosity than a dozen thrillers. This "*Monsieur Verdoux*" is brilliant—but it is brilliant only in spots. It is not, as Chaplin called it, a "comedy." It is, instead, a pretentious and confused picture of a dapper little murderer in ascot and Homburg who presumes to raise his voice against a universal ethical code and excuse his crime on the basis that nations have committed bigger and better ones.

The Chaplin genius is still there—in those spontaneous sequences where the hero reverts to his old ways, throws his hand over his heart and strikes a pose that makes you remember those wonderful old days of the baggy pants and battered cane. But you cannot laugh heartily at *Verdoux*, a cold-blooded murderer; and, Chaplin or no, you still won't like him.

You can—and will—laugh at Martha Raye, full-blooded and ready for fun. She's done what no one else could—or was permitted to do—stolen Chaplin's scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: It's up to you.

Hit Parade of 1947 (Republic)

THE headliners are Joan Edwards, Eddie Albert, Constance Moore and Gil Lamb; the plot's a musical; the picture is just what you'd expect. A foursome starts out in the entertaining business, discovers they have to forego loyalty for profit so they split up after a lot of movie heartbreak. In the midst of this the show keeps going on, with Joan singing, Eddie writing music, Gil clowning and Constance being a big Hollywood star.

Woody Herman and his orchestra swing in with some tunes and Roy Rogers plus Trigger has a guest spot. If you're enamored of Joan Edwards's singing and Gil Lamb's acts, you may like the way this rambles along.

Your Reviewer Says: Not too good, not too bad.

✓ Green for Danger (Eagle-Lion)

IT takes Alastair Sim as *Inspector Cockrill* to straighten out this murderous mix-up. If you're as clever as he you may guess the who-dunnit answer to this British film before the end; otherwise, like the rest of the capable cast, you'll get mixed up in some pretty wily clues.

Everything happens in an English hospital in wartime. What with surgical knives, oxygen tanks and white-robed figures in the moonlight there's enough atmosphere to give you some good chills. There's also the rocket bomb to keep you uneasy; so by the time nurses Sally Gray, Rosamund John and Judy Campbell and doctors Trevor Howard and Leo Genn have been (Continued on page 8)

SEE IT NOW...from now on you'll be hearing about it !!!!!!!



**ANN
SHERIDAN
LEW
AYRES
ZACHARY
SCOTT**

It's so easy to cry "Shame!"

THE UNFAITHFUL

**IF SHE WERE YOURS
COULD YOU FORGIVE ?**

**THE NEW
WARNER
SENSATION!**



EVE ARDEN

Directed by **STEVEN GERAY • VINCENT SHERMAN • JERRY WALD**
Produced by
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY DAVID GOODIS AND JAMES GUNN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



"DREADED" DAYS CAN BE ACTIVE DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE

Midol
makes"



(Continued from page 6) under suspicion for the murders you'll be glad the criminal is found.

Alastair Sim is debonair as all get-out about the gory business and we bet you'll guess just about everybody did it, which all makes for a pretty good perplexer.

Your Reviewer Says: An up-to-the-mark mystery.

A Likely Story (RKO)

ABOUT the unlikeliest story is this contrived nonsense concerning Bill Williams and Barbara Hale, with Sam Levene perking around now and then. Bill is a veteran who thinks he's about to die; Barbara's a painter who thinks she's about to be a genius. They're both wrong, but before they find that out there's some fake-insurance-policy business, a few silly gangster scenes and confusion for the on-lookers.

Barbara's a pretty miss who looks a lot like the grown-up Miss Temple. We can even see where an honest young man like Bill might want to sign over a few grand to her. They'd make a likely team for a likelier story. The warmth of their being man and wife in real life comes through on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: Slightly unlikely.

Wyoming (Republic)

THE Homestead Act certainly comes in handy in Hollywood. Here it is being worked out in Wyoming by big rancher Bill Elliott who—you're right—doesn't want the "nesters" to move in and cut up his land into farms. Daughter Vera Ralston thinks they may be right—but she's swayed in her opinion by right-thinking John Carroll.

You know the rest—this runs right along on the tried-and-true Western road. There are no surprises in store, just lots of fights, but on the whole you won't mind too much watching Elliott come around to the right side.

Albert Dekker does his villain stunt and Mme. Ouspenskaya adds a charming gentle-lady touch.

Your Reviewer Says: Mild shooting match.

Desert Fury (Paramount)

THIS fury turned into a slight case of madness on the part of whoever thought this cryptically told tale about a bunch of unpleasant people out in the desert could ever come under the heading of a good picture. You just won't like anyone—except maybe Burt Lancaster who has to be the good boy and he's so misplaced he merely becomes a comic "copper." You can't believe Mary Astor could talk out of the side of her mouth as the lady boss of a desert town; or that daughter Lizabeth Scott could be so stupid as not to catch on to the dastardly doings of John Hodiak.

Everything starts off with everybody talking in half-sentences, intimating that something very big is going on. When things finally come out in the open, you discover it's just a lot of silly ado about Mary's spoiled daughter Lizabeth who's supposed to be a young finishing-school girl but looks more like a lady who could readily follow in her mother's saloon-keeping footsteps. She's just determined to ignore good honest Burt and hook up with Hodiak.

There are big tries at big heroics, but it all degenerates into a laughingstock with Miss Scott succeeding only in looking very odd in her big moments. Wendell Cory makes his gangster debut and talks through

tight lips fairly convincingly, but he's much nicer when he unscrews his face and looks like any pleasant young man.

Your Reviewer Says: No go.

The Patient Vanishes (Film Classics)

A FEW years ago James Mason played *Mick Cardby*, the detective hero of David Hume's mystery, in an English film. Seeing as how he now is a big name in the movie game, over comes this picture to show American audiences how he used to look. It's not much of a film—any detective that lets himself get caught up by the villains so many times has no right to catch the crooks in the end, but if you just can't do without Mason you may like watching his sleuthing activities.

The patient is a lord's daughter who vanishes from a rest home. There's a murder and the police are called in, but Mason beats them to the punch by his private detecting which, as we've said, does seem to have a slightly clumsy touch. Mary Clare is a wicked wife to wicked Frederick Valk, but they just can't get anywhere with their evil plans once Mason and his secretary Margaret Vyner start stalking.

The thrills-and-chills touch flops completely.

Your Reviewer Says: Mason's younger days.

✓ Moss Rose (20th Century-Fox)

MURDER, murder everywhere and Victor Mature lurking sinisterly in the background, looking tall, dark and enigmatic in his greatcoat. A moss rose and a Bible are around, too, whenever there's trouble, so naturally *Inspector Vincent Price* has a very unusual mystery on his hands. A pale pretty finger of suspicion is pointed by cockney chorus girl Peggy Cummins to Victor Mature. But nobleman Mature's mother, Ethel Barrymore, has a few tricks up her sleeve and before she's through, you've had a pretty high old time watching things work out.

The plot and the people are fairly credible. Mature looks just a little too Latin to be even a half-blooded Englishman, even though he's spent most of his life in Canada and doesn't say or do too much to give him away. Peggy Cummins looks just too fresh and pretty to be the centerpiece of these moss rose murders.

The spooky old house makes for good atmosphere and Ethel Barrymore does the same by acting very strangely now and then. Margo Woode throws looks that kill; and there's thrills and chills—chills from those murders and thrills, of course, benefit of that handsome Mature.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

✓ Cynthia (M-G-M)

EVERYBODY and his kid brother will relish this family story about *Cynthia Bishop*. She's Elizabeth Taylor, acting with a glow that's unmistakable. Things get off to a rather slow start, but they start speeding up and before the end everyone is having a fine time at a family-portrait movie slightly reminiscent of the *Andy Hardy* winners.

James Lydon steps right out in front as the young sailor who's come home to throw aside his gun for some high-school books. His role is A-1; his performance the same. Scotty Beckett as *Will Parker* has a brief moment of glory that wins the big laugh rating of the film.

George Murphy and Mary Astor pull together well; there's a scene at the end between them (Continued on page 10)

There's a *New Word* in Entertainment...



IT'S *Lavish...Lilting
Laugh-laden!*

Hollywood's topmost talent...in
Broadway's brightest nightspot!

GROUCHO MARX
CARMEN MIRANDA
ANDY RUSSELL
STEVE COCHRAN
GLORIA JEAN

in a *Sam Coslow* MUSICAL PRODUCTION

"COPACABANA"

with the **COPA GIRLS**—the 14 Most Beautiful Girls in America—and the Nation's
Top Nightspot Reporters... **LOUIS SOBOL**—**ABEL GREEN**—**EARL WILSON**
Directed by **ALFRED E. GREEN**

Screenplay by Laslo Vadnay, Alan Boretz
and Howard Harris
Additional dialogue by
Sydney R. Zelinka
Words and Music by
Sam Coslow

Released
thru
UNITED
ARTISTS

ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Beech-Nut GUM

Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it



Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.



(Continued from page 8) that has the perfect touch of pathos without being a tear-jerker. S. Z. Sakall goes through those typical—and good—Sakall motions as Professor Rosenkrantz; Gene Lockhart and Spring Byington turn in their talents to round out a good cast in a good picture.

Your Reviewer Says: You couldn't have a pleasanter time.

Oregon Trail Scouts (Republic)

IF YOU follow Red Ryder in the comic strip you know just about what sort of pitfalls he encounters. This time he has some trouble with crooked Roy Barcroft who tries to mix up some nice straight Indians. Allan Lane's equal to it all, though; and there's Bobby Blake as Little Beaver who rides around with the hero.

The good old Duchess (Martha Wentworth) fires her gun with a steady hand in the big shoot-it-out scene. This is a Western done up in knee britches, a small-fry special.

Your Reviewer Says: At 'em, Red!

✓ Northwest Outpost (Republic)

ONCE upon a time the Russians had some outposts in California. Being a colorful people, they went in for some fancy costumes and fancy doings which are just the ticket to make this light little story into an extra-pleasant film operetta. With Nelson Eddy riding around lustily, Ilona Massey looking every inch the lady in her hoop skirts and Elsa Lanchester getting off some buffoonery as the Russian princess you have as nice a little musical offering as you'd want.

Eddy looks like a robust West Point cavalryman back in those Russian-accented days and his singing, as always, is good on any stage. Ilona is the lady with the convict husband whom she's followed to the wilderness; the convict husband is Joseph Schildkraut who turns his hand to comedy dramatics with fine style.

Everyone rolls his r's beautifully to supply the Russian atmosphere, there are lots of Russian songs, a glimpse of a Russian Easter service and as much going on as you'd find in a Gilbert and Sullivan.

Your Reviewer Says: Operetta fun plus Eddy.

Spoilers of the North (Republic)

TROUBLE, trouble, trouble in this one. Paul Kelly is a sly salmon-fisher up in Alaska with an eye for the ladies and illegal business. When he's hauling up the nets and tinning the salmon, things get fairly interesting, but when he tries to be irresistible to both Adrian Booth and Evelyn Ankers it's just no go.

James A. Millican is his good and honest brother who doesn't go for Paul's lady-killing or his shady salmon fishing. There are some Indians wandering around and Adrian Booth as the half-breed wears off-the-shoulder blouses and a vengeful passionate look. Evelyn Ankers is cool and calm as the city girl taken in by Paul's questionable wiles; but in the end, of course, she turns right around to where Millican's standing and knows she's been fooled all the while.

There are a few poor attempts at comedy and some poorer attempts at dramatic murder.

Your Reviewer Says: Not worth it.

✓ They Won't Believe Me (RKO)

IF Robert Young told you all the terrible things he had done, you might not be-

lieve that he hadn't committed murder, too. He looks like a real honest young man, though; so in this one you can just sit in and listen with the jury while he tells you the tale.

It certainly isn't a very pretty one. He had a nice wife, Rita Johnson, but the trouble was she had too much money, which made him feel as though he were tied to her satin apron strings. So he decided to cut loose via the other-women way. Jane Greer's one of them and she comes through as a young hopeful with plenty to back up any hopes. Susan Hayward is a most attractive bad girl, swishing around in black dresses, making passes and cocktails for philanderer Young.

You'll be interested all the way through; and you'll figure that twist at the end would be any Larry's way of working things out.

Your Reviewer Says: You get on a jury.

Winter Wonderland (Republic)

LYNNE ROBERTS and Charles Drake get out their skis to do a ballet on the mountainside, get caught in icy caverns and effect a daring rescue, thus turning out some fancy figures for winter-sports enthusiasts. The skating and skiing scenes would catch any cameraman's eyes, equipped as they are with flaming torches, filmy ballet costumes and all the trappings.

Lynne Roberts is pretty enough to catch anyone's eye, too. She's a "native" who keeps insisting she doesn't belong up at the big expensive ski lodge where Drake is ski-master. For our money, she looked better than any of the million-dollar clients. Drake thought so too, but he really should have worked a little harder at registering emotion—any emotion.

There's a little-sister act carried on adequately by Mary Eleanor Donahue, a big-bad-father role filled by Roman Bohnen and Eric Blore wanders around looking not at all the part of the stuffed-shirt lodge owner.

Your Reviewer Says: Mild romance on skis.

Best Pictures of the Month

Dear Ruth
The Unfaithful
Miracle on 34th St.
Possessed

The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer

Best Performances

Edward Arnold
in "Dear Ruth"

Ann Sheridan
in "The Unfaithful"

Edmund Gwenn in
"Miracle on 34th St."

Joan Crawford, Van Heflin
in "Possessed"

Cary Grant, Shirley Temple
in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer"

Rex Harrison in
"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir"

Martha Raye in
"Monsieur Verdoux"

Trevor Howard, Leo Genn
in "Green for Danger"

Jimmy Lydon
in "Cynthia"

**Only a
Sucker Would
Turn His Back...**

on a

Dynamite

Dame Like

This!...



Killer mob closing in!...A blonde in his arms who might double-cross him for a dime...anything can happen to a guy in the toughest racket in tough Panama!



PAT O'BRIEN

WALTER SLEZAK

ANNE JEFFREYS

in

"RIFF-RAFF"

with
**PERCY KILBRIDE
JEROME COWAN
GEORGE GIVOT**



Produced by **NAT HOLT** • Directed by **TED TETZLAFF** • Screen Play by **MARTIN RACKIN**



Of course you can . .



go in swimming . .

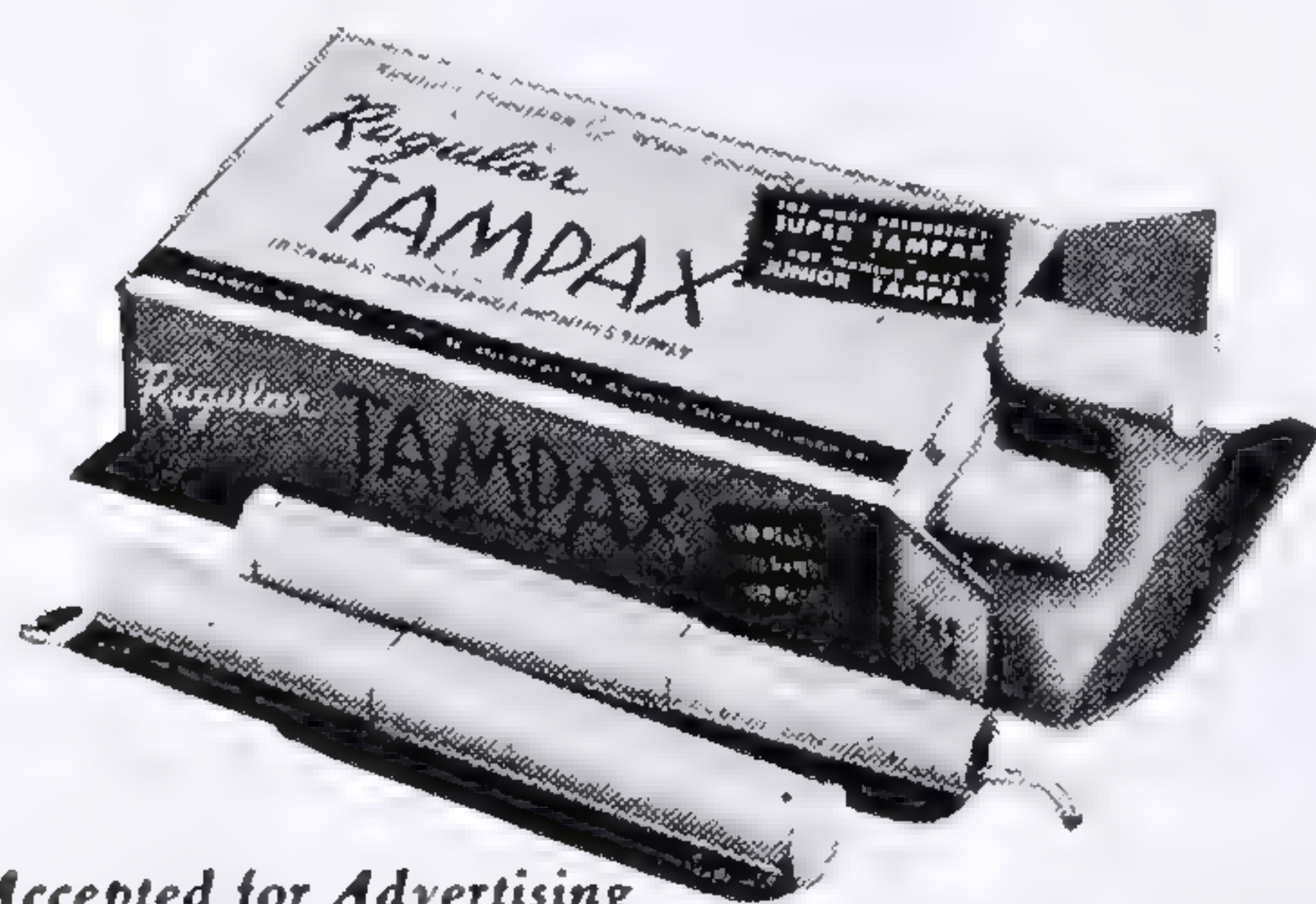


with Tampax!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Casts of Current Pictures

BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER, THE—RKO: Dick, Cary Grant; Margaret, Myrna Loy; Susan, Shirley Temple; Tommy, Rudy Vallee; Beemish, Ray Collins; Thaddeus, Harry Davenport; Jerry, Johnny Sands; Tony, Don Beddoe; Bessie, Lillian Randolph; Agnes Prescott, Veda Ann Borg; Walters, Dan Tobin; Judge Treadwell, Ransom Sherman; Winters, William Bakewell; Melvin, Irving Bacon; Perry, Ian Bernard; Florence, Carol Hughes; Anthony Herman, William Hall; Maitre d'Hotel, Gregory Gay.

CYNTHIA—M-G-M: Cynthia Bishop, Elizabeth Taylor; Larry Bishop, George Murphy; Prof. Rosenkrantz, S. Z. Sakall; Louise Bishop, Mary Astor; Dr. Fred J. Jannings, Gene Lockhart; Carrie Jannings, Spring Byington; Ricky Latham, James Lydon; Will Parker, Scotty Beckett; Fredonia Jannings, Carol Brannan; Miss Brady, Anna Q. Nilsson; Mr. Phillips, Morris Ankrum; McQuillan, Kathleen Howard; Stella Regan, Shirley Johns; Alice, Barbara Challis; J. M. Dingle, Harlan Briggs; Gus Wood, Will Wright.

DEAR RUTH—Paramount: Ruth Wilkins, Joan Caulfield; Lieut. William Seacroft, William Holden; Miriam Wilkins, Mona Freeman; Judge Harry Wilkins, Edward Arnold; Albert Kummer, Billy De Wolfe; Mrs. Wilkins, Mary Philips; Martha Seacroft, Virginia Welles; Sergeant Chuck Vincent, Kenny O'Morrison.

DESERT FURY—Wallis-Paramount: Eddie Bendix, John Hodiak; Paula Haller, Elizabeth Scott; Tom Hanson, Burt Lancaster; Fritz Haller, Mary Astor; Claire Lindquist, Kristine Miller; Judge Berle Lindquist, William Harrigan; Pat Johnson—Sheriff, James Flavin; Mrs. Lindquist, Jane Novak; Johnny Ryan, Wendell Corey.

GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, THE—20th Century-Fox: Lucy Muir, Gene Tierney; Ghost of Capt. Daniel Gregg, Rex Harrison; Miles Fairley, George Sanders; Martha, Edna Best; Anna (Grown), Vanessa Brown; Mrs. Miles Fairley, Anna Lee; Coombe, Robert Coote; Anna, Natalie Wood; Angelica, Isobel Elsom; Eva, Victoria Horne; Gardener, Houseley Stevenson; Sproule, Whitford Kane; Inquiries, Brad Slaven; Bill, William Stelling; Author, Helen Freeman; Porter, Will Stanton; Scroggins, David Thursby; Maid, Heather Wilde.

GREEN FOR DANGER—Eagle-Lion: Nurse Freddie Linley, Sally Gray; Dr. Barnes, Trevor Howard; Nurse Sanson, Rosamund John; Inspector Cockrill, Alastair Sim; Mr. Eden, Leo Genn; Nurse Woods, Megs Jenkins; Sister Bates, Judy Campbell; Postman Higgins, Moore Marriott.

HIT PARADE OF 1947—Republic: Kip Walker, Eddie Albert; Ellen Baker, Constance Moore; Joan, Joan Edwards; Eddie Paige, Gil Lamb; Rod Huntley, Bill Goodwin; Harry Holmes, William Frawley; Serial Director, Richard Lane; Mr. Bonardi, Frank Fenton; Small, Ralph Sanford; Sammy, Frank Scannell; Announcer, Knox Manning; Announcer, Del Sharbutt; Specialty Dancer, Albert Ruiz; Cooper, Harland Tucker; Assistant in Radio Station, Chester Clute; Woody Herman and his Orchestra.

LIKELY STORY—RKO: Bill, Bill Williams; Vicki, Barbara Hale; Jamie, Lanny Rees; Louie, Sam Levine; Phil Bright, Dan Tobin; Tiny, Nestor Paiva; Mr. Slepoff, Max Willenz; Prometheus, Henry Kulky; Ticket Girl, Robin Raymond; Little Old Lady, Mary Young.

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—20th Century-Fox: Doris Walker, Maureen O'Hara; Fred Gailey, John Payne; Kris Kringle, Edmund Gwenn; Judge Henry X. Harper, Gene Lockhart; Susan, Natalie Wood; Mr. Sawyer, Porter Hall; Charles Halloran, William Frawley; Thomas Mara, Jerome Cowan; Mr. Shellhammer, Philip Tonge; Dr. Pierce, James Seay; Mr. Macy, Harry Antrim; Mothers, Thelma Ritter and Mary Field; Cleo, Theresa Harris; Albert, Alvin Greenman; Mrs. Mara, Anne Staunton; Thomas Mara Jr., Robert Hyatt; Reporters, Richard Irving and Jeff Corey; Secretary, Anne O'Neal; Mrs. Shellhammer, Lela Bliss; Peter, Anthony Sydes; Dr. Rogers, William Forrest; Mara's Assistant, Alvin Hammer; Bailiff, Joseph McInerney; Drum Major-ette, Ida McGuire; Santa Claus, Percy Helton; Mrs. Harper, Jane Green; Salesman, Loren Raker; Dutch Girl, Marlene Lyden.

MONSIEUR VERDOUX—Chaplin-UA: Henri Verdoux, alias Varnay, Bonheur, Floray, Charles Chaplin; Mona, Mady Correll; Peter, Allison Roddan; Maurice Bottello, Robert Lewis; Martha, Andrey Betz; Annabella Bonheur, Martha Raye; Annette, Ada-May; Marie Grosnay, Isobel Elsom; Marie's maid, Marjorie Bennett; Yvonne, Helene Heigh; Lydia Floray, Margaret Hoffman; The Girl, Marilyn Nash; Pierre Couvais, Irving Bacon; Jean Couvais, Edwin Mills; Carlotta Couvais, Virginia Brissac; Lena Couvais, Almira Sessions; Phoebe Cou-

vais, Eula Morgan; Prefect of Police, Bernard J. Neddell; Detective Morrow, Charles Evans; Rental Agent, Arthur Hohl; Vicki, Vera Marshe; Joe, John Harmon.

MOSS ROSE—20th Century-Fox: Belle Adair, Peggy Cummins; Michael Drego, Victor Mature; Lady Margaret Drego, Ethel Barrymore; Inspector Clinker, Vincent Price; Daisy Arrow, Margo Woode; Craxton, George Zucco; Audrey Ashton, Patricia Medina; Deputy Inspector Evans, Rhys Williams; Liza, Felippa Rock; Harriet, Carol Savage; Wilson, Victor Wood; George Gilby, Patrick O'Moore; White Horse Caddy, Billy Bevan; Asst. Hotel Manager, Michael Dyne; Fothergill, John Rogers; Alf, Charles McNaughton; Mr. Bulke, Alex Frazer; Threadbare Little Man, Harry Allen; Footmen, Gilbert Wilson and Stanley Mann.

NORTHWEST OUTPOST—Republic: Capt. James Laurence, Nelson Eddy; Natalie Alanova, Ilona Massey; Count Igor Savin, Joseph Schildkraut; Princess Tanya, Elsa Lanchester; Prince Nikolai Balinin, Hugo Haas; Baroness Kruposny, Lenore Ulric; Volkoff, Peter Whitney; Olga, Tamara Shayne; Kyril, Erno Verebes; Baron Kruposny, George Sorel; Dokin, Rick Vallin; Noble Ladies, Countess Rosanska, Dina Smirnova, Antonina Barnett, Lola DeTolly and Myra Sokolskaya; Noble Gentlemen, George Blagoi, Sam Savitsky, Igor Dolgoruki and Nestor Eristoff.

OREGON TRAIL SCOUTS—Republic: Red Ryder, Allan Lane; Little Beaver, Bobby Blake; The Duchess, Martha Wentworth; Hunter, Roy Barcroft; Bear Trap, Emmett Lynn; Jack, Edmund Cobb; Judge, Earle Hodgins; Bliss, Edward Cassidy; Running Fox, Frank Lackteen; Barking Squirrel, Billy Cummings; Stagecoach Driver, Jack Kirk.

PATIENT VANISHES, THE—Film Classics: Mick Cardby, James Mason; The Matron, Mary Clare; Mollie Bennett, Margaret Vyner; Detective Inspector Carby, Gordon McLeod; Doctor Moger, Frederick Valk; Mrs. Cardby, Barbara Everest; Lena Morne, Barbara James; Lord Morne, G. H. Mulcaster; Al Meason, Eric Clavering; Detective-Sergeant Trotter, Terry Conlin; Mr. Eslick, W. G. Fay; Doctor Crosbie, Bredini O'Rourke; Nurse, Viola Lyel; Sir Wallace Benson, Anthony Shaw.

POSSESSED—Warners: Louise Howell, Joan Crawford; David Sutton, Van Heflin; Dean Graham, Raymond Massey; Carol Graham, Geraldine Brooks; Dr. H. Willard, Stanley Ridges; Harker, John Ridgely; Dr. Ames, Moroni Olsen; Pauline Graham, Nana Bryant; Dr. M. Sherman, Erskine Sanford; Wynn Graham, Gerald Perreau; Elsie, Lisa Golm; Dr. Craig, Don McGuire; Jury Foreman, Douglas Kennedy; Norris, Monte Blue; Coroner, Griff Barnett.

SPOILERS OF THE NORTH—Republic: Matt Garraway, Paul Kelly; Jane Koster, Adrian Booth; Laura Reed, Evelyn Ankers; Bill Garraway, James A. Millican; Moose McGovern, Roy Barcroft; Inspector Cal. Winters, Louis Jean Heydt; Joe Taku, Ted Hecht; Salty, Harlan Briggs; Pete Koster, Francis McDonald; Doctor, Maurice Cass; Johnny, Neyle Morrow.

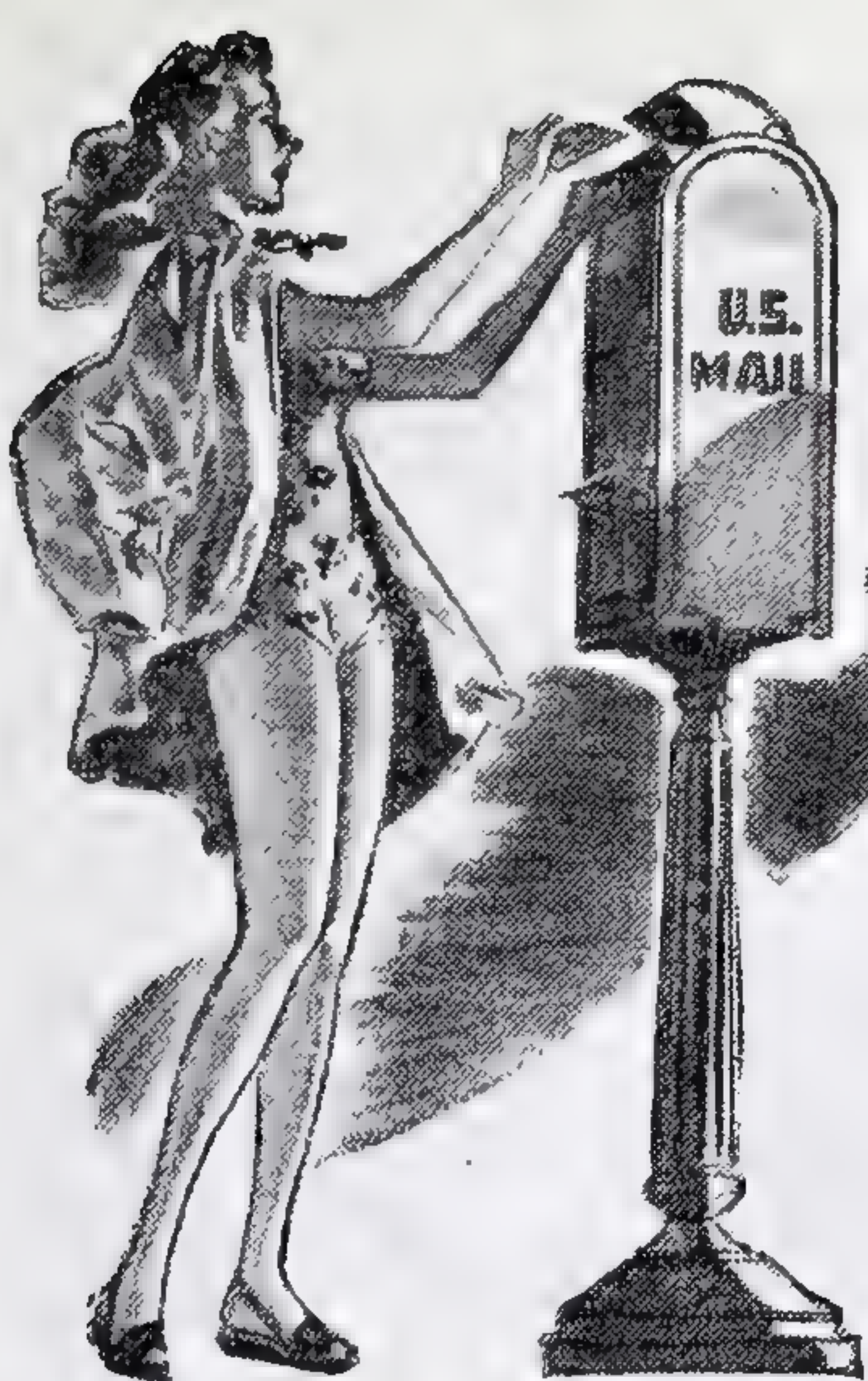
THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME—RKO: Larry, Robert Young; Verna, Susan Hayward; Janice, Jane Greer; Gretta, Rita Johnson; Trenton, Tom Powers; L. T. Carr, George Tyne; Thomason, Don Beddoe; Cahill, Frank Ferguson; Judge Fletcher, Harry Harvey.

UNFAITHFUL, THE—Warners: Chris Hunter, Ann Sheridan; Larry Hannaford, Lew Ayres; Bob Hunter, Zachary Scott; Paula, Eve Arden; Prosecuting Atty., Jerome Cowan; Martin Barrow, Steven Gray; Det. Lieut. Reynolds, John Hoyt; Claire, Peggy Knudsen; Mrs. Tanner, Marta Mitrovich; Roger, Douglas Kennedy; Martha, Claire Meade; Agnes, Frances Morris; Joan, Jane Harker.

WINTER WONDERLAND—Republic: Nancy Wheeler, Lynne Roberts; Steve Kirk, Charles Drake; Timothy Wheeler, Roman Bohnen; Luddington, Eric Blore; Betty Wheeler, Mary Eleanor Donahue; Phyllis Simpson, Renee Godfrey; Marge, Janet Warren; Seth, Harry Tyler; Mrs. Schuyler-Riggs, Renie Riano; Telephone Operator, Diana Mumby; Bellboy, Alvin Hammer.

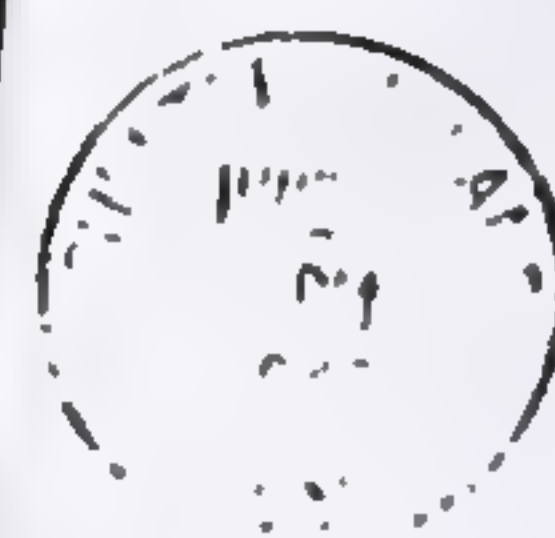
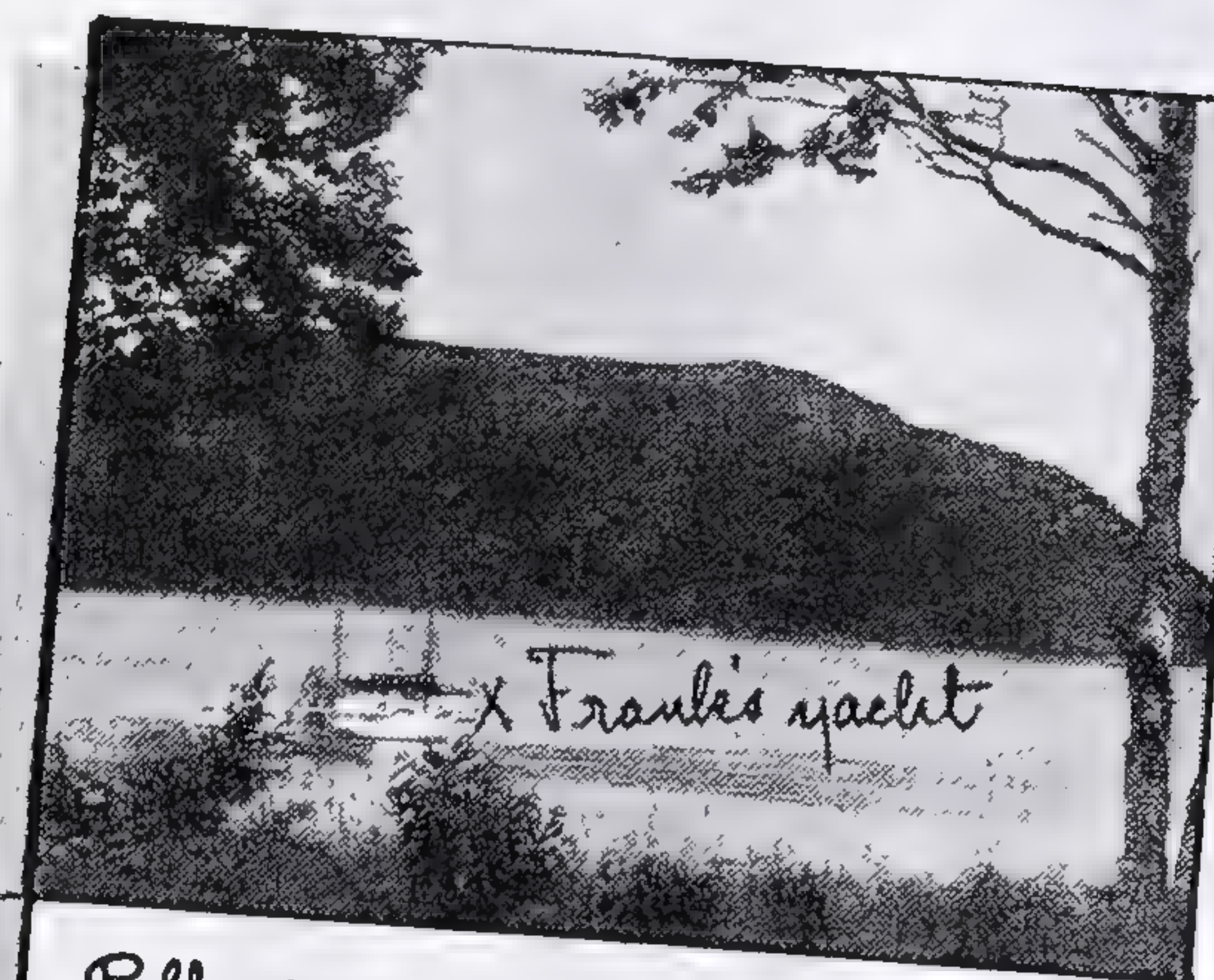
WYOMING—Republic: Charles Alderson, William Elliott; Karen, Vera Ralston; Glenn Forrester, John Carroll; Windy Gibson, George (Gabby) Hayes; Duke Lassiter, Albert Dekker; Lila Regan, Virginia Grey; Maria, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya; Joe Sublette, Grant Withers; Ben Jackson, Harry Woods; Queenie, Minna Gombell; Ed Lassiter, Dick Curtis; Sheriff Niles, Roy Barcroft; Timmons, Trevor Bardette; Judge Sheridan, Paul Harvey; Karen (nine years), Louise Kane; Jennings, Tom London; Wolff, George Chesebro; Karen (3 years), Linda Green; Bartender, Jack O'Shea.

JENNIFER JONES will be PHOTOPLAY'S exciting cover girl in the September issue—on sale August 8th, or as soon thereafter as transportation permits



There Sure was a Hex on Helen!

7



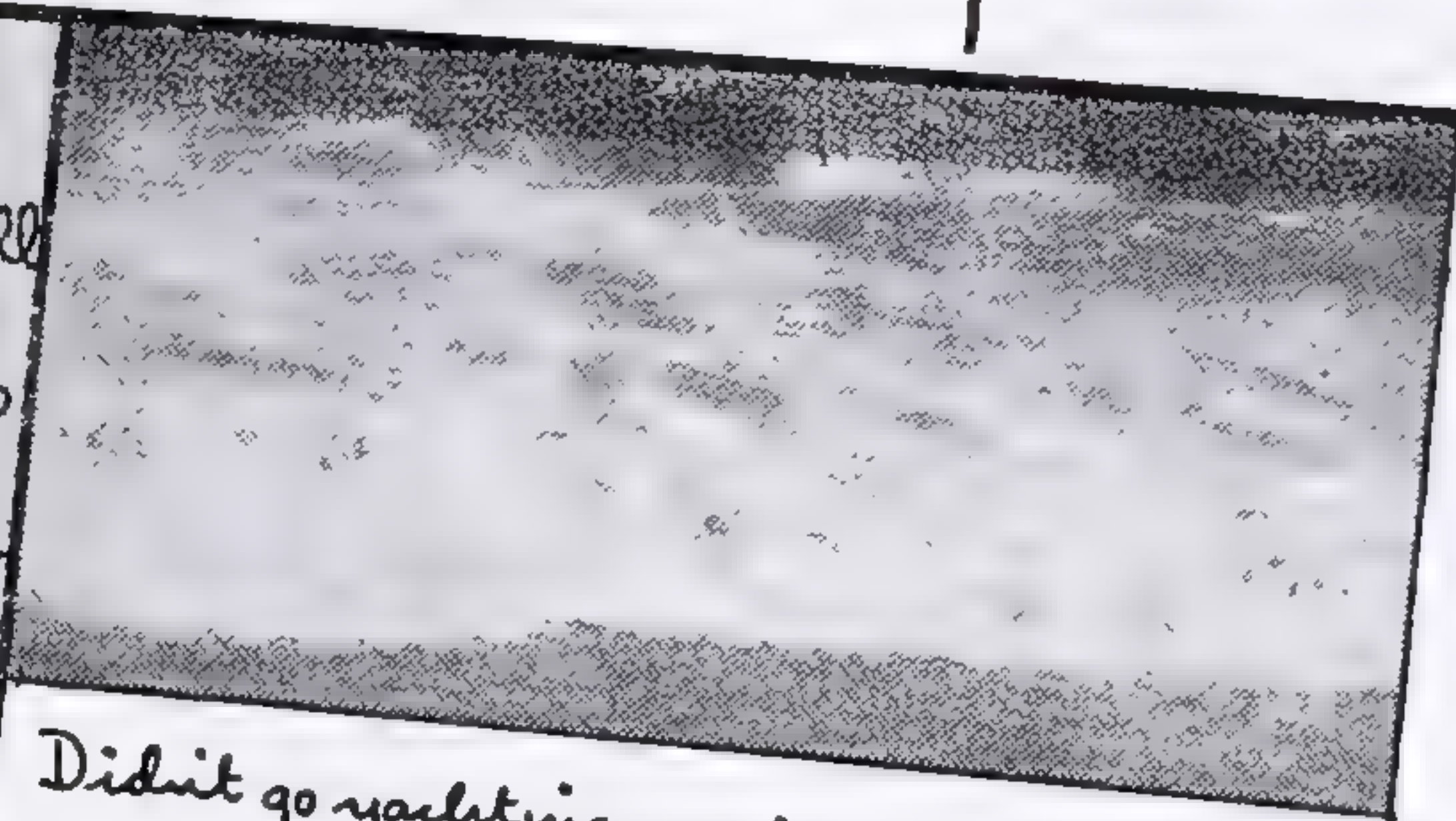
Miss Polly Jones
210 S. 59 Street
New York
N. Y.

Polly dear - I've met the man
on my very first day here and
he owns a yacht! Nautical but
nice - Ita! Ita!
Helen



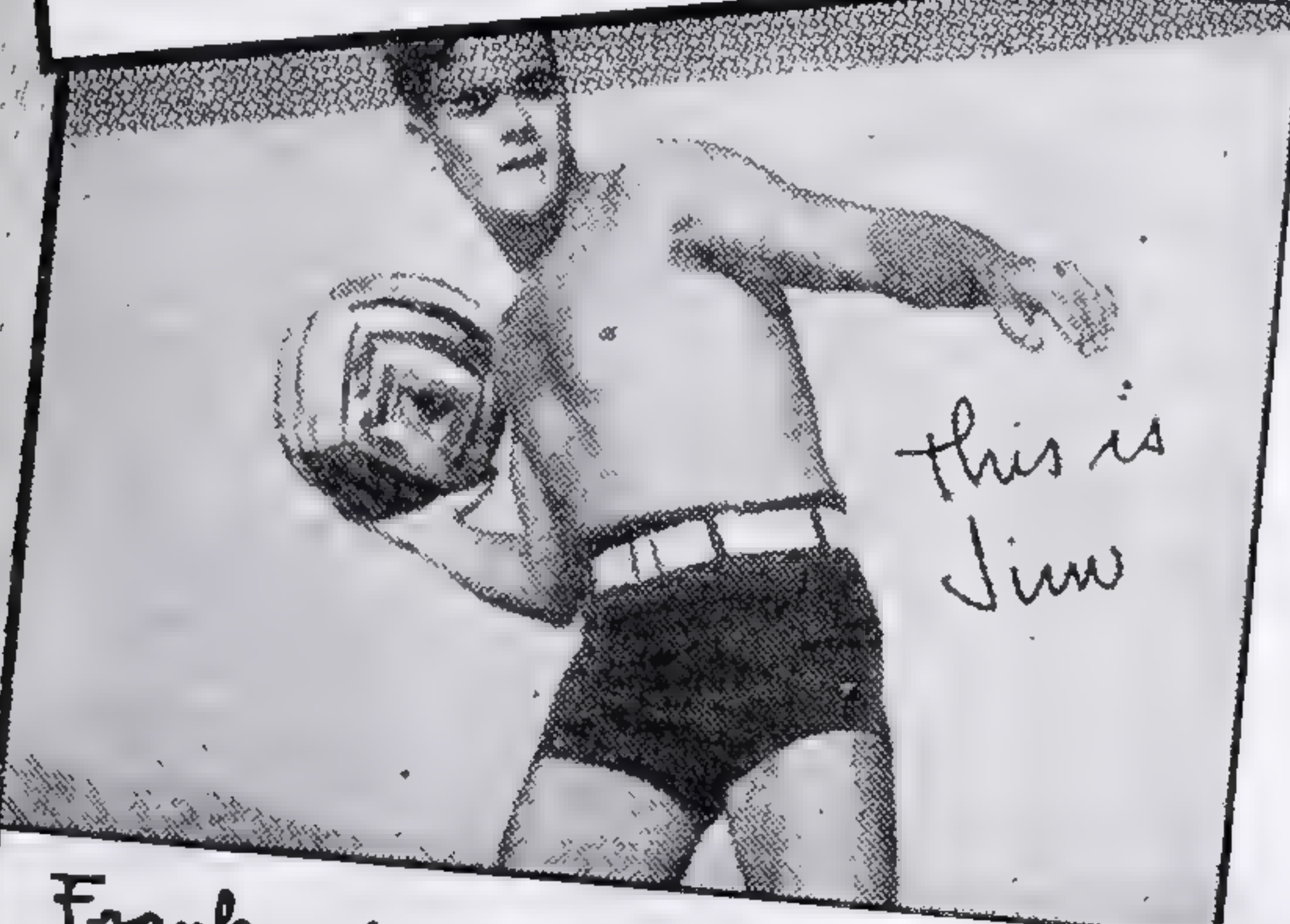
Here's a snap of me and Frank on
the "Dorinda". Isn't he something!
We're going out again tomorrow...
and every day, he says.
Helen

Miss Polly
210 S.
New



Didn't go yachting, and am I wild!
Just like the waves. Frank said
the rudder broke. Besides, his sister
came out. They don't look a bit alike.
Helen

Miss Polly Jones
210 S. 59 Street
New York
N. Y.



Frank acts awfully distant, but
I should worry! Jim is just as
nice - Took me to the dance
last night.
Helen

Miss Polly
210 S.
New
N.



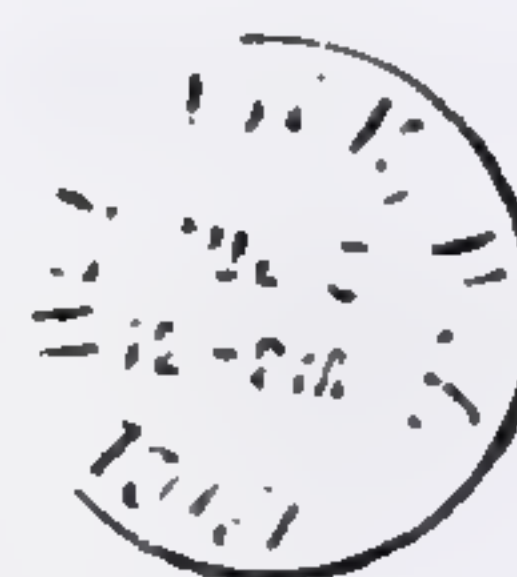
I kind of feel like jumping off here
myself. The men are a bunch of sticks
including Jim. They never ask me
to dance. You'd think I was poison-
ing or something. Helen P.S. Please
send hot-water bottle. Nights getting chill.

Miss Polly Jones
210 S. 59 Street
New York
N. Y.

...and now a postcard

somebody should have sent to Helen

Well, frankly, maybe you
are poison ivy. Maybe
the Franks and the Jims
wouldn't drop you so soon
if you'd be a little more
careful about your breath
and a little more friendly
with Listerine Antiseptic
Polly

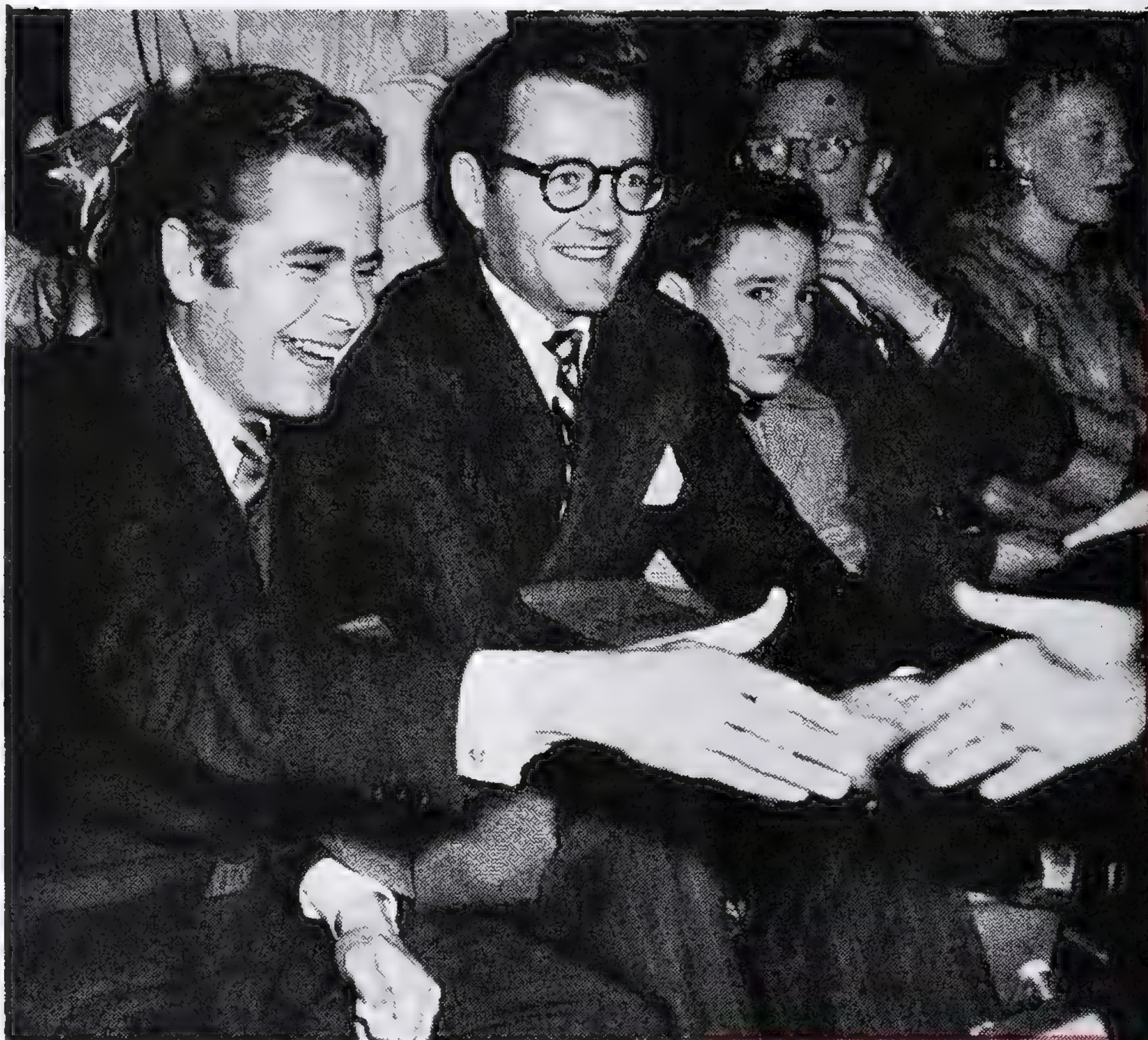


Miss Helen Randolph
Oceanside Inn
Shelter Island, N. Y.

Don't take chances with your breath.
Before any date use Listerine Antiseptic.
It's a quick, easy, delightful precaution
against simple, non-systemic cases of
halitosis (unpleasant breath).
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Before every date let
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
look after your breath

P. S. Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.



It's father's night out, so Glenn Ford and Bob Walker take in Ice Capades



Larry Parks will find himself holding the bag when wife Betty Garrett gets through with her raid

Around Town: The Betty Grable-Harry James baby which arrived ahead of schedule and will eventually answer to the name of Jessica, is said to be a beautiful little vest-pocket edition of its lovely mama . . . The minute George Montgomery and Dinah Shore discovered they were really going to become parents, they telephoned all their friends and then sat down to plan for a new nursery . . . Cal nominates for the cutest married couple in town Pat Nearney and Mona Freeman who are about to become parents. It's almost impossible to believe that Mona, who was so outstanding as Joan Caulfield's fresh-faced kid sister in "Dear Ruth," is a grown-up "matron" . . . Orson Welles became so noisy in his

loud monologues to his guests at Jay's beach cafe, the surrounding diners took to hissing and then clapping to drown out the noise. Didn't daunt the Great Exhibitionist in the least. Ava Gardner is said to be hoisting a terrific torch for Orson who is playing the field . . . John Dall and Helena Carter dancing around Mocambo and stopping at Cal's table for a chat. The two are playing in Deanna Durbin's new film "Something in the Wind" and seem to like it and each other . . . After Linda Darnell returns from her vacation in Europe, she and her cameraman husband Peverell Marley hope to adopt two youngsters, which should certainly spike those separation rumors that persist in cropping up.

The Flynns: After the family, Cal was the first to glimpse the Errol Flynn baby. Errol proudly tells everyone his new daughter Rory is a real beauty, with a gleam of pride in his eyes as he looks at her. Errol seems to be establishing himself as a good father and husband.

Thinking to show Nora a good time after her long siege at home, Errol took her to Ciro's for Sunday night supper. While waiting outside for his car, an out of town heckler accosted the actor and openly insulted him. Bystanders complimented the Flynns on their dignity in ignoring the insults. Had Errol taken exception to the remarks, as any man might, headlines on a Hollywood brawl would once again have made news.

STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



It's all done with figures. Lou Costello demonstrates for an indulgent Ice Capet



Also in on the ice fun, Cary Grant falls for that tall tale told by Bill Bendix

Photographs by Fink and Smith

Walter Pidgeon disdains the robe, but the Bob Montgomerys won't risk a chill from the rink

Dinner Party: Van Johnson greeted us at the door of Jean Sablon's Bel-Air suite saying, "Gee, everybody here I like." Which was a good beginning to a wonderful evening with the popular French singer entertaining Van and Evie, the Louis Jourdans, Wynn Rocomora, Corinne Calvet and Maria Montez and her husband Jean Pierre Aumont. Music and cocktails in the suite were followed by dinner in the main dining room. And what a dinner! Monsieur Jean Sablon knows his food.

Louis Jourdan, who has just finished "The Paradine Case," was anxious to know if there was any improvement in his accent since last we had seen him. He was very (Continued on page 16)





as easy as putting up your hair



Want to give yourself thrilling new hair beauty... while you do your housework? An Eileen Home Cold Wave will give you a permanent more beautifully, more economically, more quickly! A-B-C instructions make it as easy as putting your hair in curlers. Eileen's \$15 cold wave formula, judged highest standard in lab tests, conditions all types of hair... is especially good for children. Don't wait! Send your order today!

developed by professional hairdresser with 15 years' know-how in permanent-ing every kind of hair!

\$2 Inc. Fed. Tax and mailing charge



Coronet Beauty Products, Inc., Htfd. 1, Conn.

Please send me.....Eileen Home Wave Kits at \$2 per kit (includes tax and mailing costs).

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Mirror of herself: It's a tense moment for Joan Crawford as she views screen self at private press showing of "Possessed." Van and Evie Johnson were guests

INSIDE STUFF

pleased when we honestly stated he seemed to have none at all. Incidentally, be warned. Here's the next sensation or we miss our guess.

Cal became convulsed when Jourdan rattled off a long speech in French to Jean Pierre, and was answered in pure American—"You are so right, baby, so right."

Jean Pierre told us of his contemplated trip to Paris to make a picture and how he would miss Maria and their little daughter, Maria Christina.

Back in the suite we listened to recordings made by Sablon's sister, Germaine, now singing in New York, and Van's new record, "Goodnight Sweet-heart."

"I could have done better and you know it," Van told Cal. "Bet they won't ask me to make another one."

Corinne Calvet, who was brought here from Paris to play opposite Ray Milland, is a sweet-faced blonde but certainly not typically French as we imagine them. We all decided it was such a charming dinner party we hated to leave for home.

* * *

Happy June: June Allyson is a happy, bubbly girl these days for husband Dick Powell is recovering from the penicillin poisoning that almost proved fatal and they've bought a new home in Bel-Air large enough for that family they want so much to have.

The house is an Old English type with rooms for Dick's two children, Norman and Ellen, to visit when their mother Joan Blondell is out of town.

"Heaven knows how we'll manage to get moved," Junie said, "for as soon as I finish 'Good News' I go right into 'Virtuous' with Van Johnson."

June and Dick were receiving warm smiles from all the other customers at Martha Smith's ice-cream counter which is a sure indication that here's a couple the whole town loves and wishes well.

Correction Please: Seems those reports that Joan Caulfield wasn't making too many friends on her loan-out to Warners for "The Unsuspected" were mighty misleading. Joan herself told us at a recent party that on just one occasion she had a blow-up with director Mike Curtiz. It was at the end of a high-tension day when the wily Mike had been purposely working her up for the dramatic scene that was to be shot. Only Joan didn't know it until Mike told her afterward. Everything's okay because Curtiz wrote her Paramount bosses a glowing letter about her when the picture was finished and Joan herself says it's the best work she's done. That makes it unanimous.

* * *

Preview with Cary: At the press preview of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer," Cary Grant slid into the next seat, saying, "I want to sit by you."

"Now just a minute," Cal parried, "this can bring on complications. Suppose, for instance, we don't like your picture. What happens then?"

"Well, you just say, 'goodnight, Cary, I'll see you sometime' and I'll say, 'well, so long. See you around.'"

But we didn't have to worry about any such thing. From the very beginning we were in hysterics with Cary, the star, not far behind. It was fun having a preview within a preview as it were, for Cary kept whispering information. "Those basketball scenes were taken at Beverly Hills High School," he said, "and the kids were wonderful to us. They got right into the spirit of it."

"Now watch Rudy Vallee in this scene. He's the funniest thing I've ever seen."

He went on to explain how he had ad libbed the jail scene between him and the lawyer because it seemed more natural that way. And judging from the roars of the audience, this may start an entire new trend. "It took a week to shoot that picnic scene with (Continued on page 19)

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRESENTS

PRELL The Wonderful New Radiant-Creme Shampoo IN A TUBE!



PRELL REMOVES DANDRUFF IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* CLEAN *Radiantly* SMOOTH



HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT PRELL

DAD: That tube's so handy! Prell's just dandy! And a little goes so far!

MOTHER: No waste, no drip... no spill or slip... For youngsters it's a star!

BROTHER: And after Prell, I know all's well. My scalp feels really clean.

SISTER: You just can't hope — with any soap — For hair with such a sheen!

AUNTIE: It's safe they say, for every day — For my dry hair, it's swell!

ALL: Hair radiant, bright... no dandruff in sight, when we shampoo with Prell!

Prell is new... the new kind of shampoo... the wonderful emerald-clear Radiant-Creme shampoo that leaves hair more gloriously radiant than any soap shampoo—and—blessedly free from horrid, embarrassing dandruff. Yes, Prell contains an amazing patented cleansing ingredient, and **examinations by doctors** proved that Prell removes unsightly dandruff in as little as three minutes! Hair looks so radiantly lovely after a Prell shampoo, too... smooth and shining, it's easy to set and to manage. Get Prell today—it comes in a convenient tube... no messy jars, no bottles to break. Women, men, teen-agers, and children all like this wonderful **Prell—the new Radiant-Creme shampoo!**



***JUST IMAGINE! See them all together
in one hilarious full-length picture!***



There's *Mortimer* (Hayseed) *Snurd* vs. *Donald* (The Temper) *Duck*. Timber-r-r-r!

Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy...
Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snurd...
Donald Duck...plus three rollicking
new Disney characters...*all together*
in one of the funniest feature-length
pictures you'll ever hope to see.

There's *Mickey Mouse* in
his most hair-raising
adventure.



There's radio's favorite
blockhead — *Charlie*
(I'll mow 'em down)
McCarthy.



There's *Bongo*, the famous
circus bear who wants to
get away from it all...

Walt Disney's
FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE
"Fun and Fancy Free"

FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN — DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR



...and little *Lulubelle*,
who causes *Bongo* plenty
of heartaches.



There's the *only Goofy*, who
is more confused
than ever.

There's *Jiminy Cricket*, who's
full of fun—and fancy free.



***Parade of
hit songs***

"Fun and Fancy Free"
"Lazy Countryside"
"Too Good To Be True"
"Say It With a Slap"
and others you'll be
humming soon.

EDGAR BERGEN
in the flesh with his radio
pals *Charlie McCarthy*
and *Mortimer Snurd*.

DINAH SHORE
singing and narrating the
tuneful story of *Bongo*—
the little circus bear.

with

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy
and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters
Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant

Released through RKO Radio Pictures ©WDP



The "nose" have it! Frank Sinatra, Edna Borzage (Red's ex-wife and writer), Red Skelton at Catholic Youth benefit, Hollywood Bowl

INSIDE STUFF

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)



Jane Powell and radio comedian Danny Thomas compare notes at same howlfest

School class back in Uvalde came to Hollywood and is doing right well too." "Who is it?" Dale asked with some surprise.

"Andrews," the aunt replied, "Dana Andrews. Awfully nice little fellow he was, too."

Home for the Autrys: Gene Autry and his lovely Ina can hardly believe it. Along with thousands of others in the same fix, the cowboy star and his wife have been practically homeless since their beautiful Valley home burned down five years ago.

Right after the tragedy the Autrys moved into the rustic cottage on their ranch which had been intended only for weekend visits. But Ina Autry remained there throughout the war years while Gene was away with the Army Air Forces.

After the war Gene felt building materials should go to veterans who had no homes at all but now that materials are less scarce, Gene has already begun to landscape his four-acre homesite in Studio City and in the fall building will start. And maybe you think after five years it won't be good to own a home again. Or maybe you know all about that feeling.

Cowboy Takes Advice: It's rather wonderful the way Roy Rogers's fans take an interest in his three motherless children.

(Continued from page 16) the races," he said. "And I was black and blue all over." It pleased him, too, that the airline of his friend Howard Hughes got a plug and that RKO vice-president, Dore Schary, appeared in one scene driving Cary to the airport. In fact, he got so much honest enjoyment out of watching it we made him promise to sit by us through all Cary Grant previews.

* * *

Our Bets of the Month: Martha Vickers, unmarried and beautiful, while achieving better and better screen roles, is rapidly becoming the most popular young lady in town with all the swains hovering around. Socialite Spencer Martin seems to have the inside track at the moment.

With the release of "Fiesta" we predict handsome young Ricardo Montalban, Mexican actor who once attended Fairfax High in Hollywood (Mickey Rooney's old alma mater), will be the newest bobby-sox rage—but he's married to Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna, and has two children.

Discovered all over again is Bill Holden of "Dear Ruth." (Recently Lt. Holden of the Air Force.) His boyish good looks and natural charm swept the preview audience right off their balance. We can imagine what the kids who have either forgotten about the Holden charm or are just about to get acquainted with it, think of him.

* * *

A Visitor: An under-the-weather spell that hit Cal both ways from Sunday brought the young director Fred De Cordova to call. Cal was more than glad to see him. Freddie, who has just finished directing the latest *Janie* film, "Wallflower," laughed off the reported feud between the players, Bob Hutton and Joyce Reynolds (her first film since the birth of her baby). Freddie explained the kids were young and didn't seem to understand each other very well. "But that often happens," he said, "and at no time were Bob or Joyce temperamental." At any rate, he laughed, it helped each to give their best performance yet.

* * *

Home-town Boy: Dale Evans, who has been riding through most of those Western films out Republic way, tells of the recent visit of her aunt, from Uvalde, Texas.

After gifting Dale with a canary, brought from her home town, her aunt settled down in Dale's Valley home for a quiet visit.

"By the way," she remarked casually one day, "one of the boys in my Sunday



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Maxwell smileage:
Elsa forecasts fun as
she arrives to broadcast
on "Hollywood Tour"



INSIDE STUFF

Recently when Roy announced he intended taking his two little girls with him on his rodeo tour, letters poured in from fans all over the country advising him against it. Women with small children of their own pointed out to Roy that constant travel, change of food and sleeping hours may be harmful to the children's health. So, although he'll be lonesome for them and they for him, he took the advice and will leave all three at home.

* * *

Happy Birthday to Tyrone: As we rang Lana Turner's doorbell we heard laughter within. Then suddenly we were caught up in the midst of it. Cesar Romero who had arrived just ahead of us had presented Lana with a beautiful corsage of orchids—embedded in the discarded beard he'd worn all through "Captain from Castile." "This has to adorn the dinner table," Lana laughed placing it in the center of her beautifully laid table.

The occasion was Tyrone's birthday. A few of his close friends had gathered to wish him happiness. Lee Cobb, who was on location in Mexico with Ty and Cesar brought his lovely brown-haired wife, the actress, Helen Beverly. They told Cal about their four-year-old Vincent and expressed a wish their next child, due very soon, might be a girl.

At dinner, Cesar had us all in stitches

with his amusing anecdotes. A very funny guy, that Romero. Lana, cute and pert in trim black slacks, moaned over her aching muscles, the result of an all-day soft-ball session with Spencer Tracy down by the east side gas "woiks" for a scene in "Cass Timberlane."

Tyrone opened his gifts after dinner. A gold latticed cigarette case, a Sulka scarf, a pigskin script case were among the gifts from Lana. The cigarette case designed by Lana, is one in a million. Cesar gave Ty soft wool for a sport coat, Cal, a pipe lighter. (Ty has recently gone in for pipes.) Lana was working the following day, so we left early with many happy returns.

* * *

The Final Take: It was the last day of shooting on the "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay" set out on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox and while the bride, June Haver, had her curls combed out for the final take, Cal chatted with her in the portable dressing room. All bubbly with excitement and happiness she told us of the month she and her groom, Jimmy Zito will have together in San Francisco when Jimmy's band opens there for an engagement. June will loaf, rest and listen. Then they'll hie off to Chicago to visit all those friends and relations of Jimmy's, going on to New York where June will spend several weeks playing summer stock in (Continued on page 22)



A singer, and good, is Madame Van Wee,
She trills and she hits a very high "C,"
But she said on the air without any glee,
"I can't hit a note when a headache hits me."

★ ★ ★

Poor lady, somebody should tell her about "BC." Soothing "BC" that comforts headaches, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. On sale everywhere. 10¢ and 25¢ a package. Caution: use only as directed. Ask for a package today!

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It's a date—for a wedding next Valentine's Day for Jane Withers and fiance Bill Moss

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

Esther Williams

Star of
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"FIESTA"



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"My Beauty Facials bring quick
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Here's the Active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then, with a soft towel, pat to dry.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it *works*—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

YOU want the loveliness that makes men whisper "I adore you." Let this beauty care help you to have it!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap**

— Lux Girls are Lovelier!



(Continued from page 20) Dennis, Mass.

After the final scene, which had June emerging from a country church, she passed around the numerous presents she'd bought for cast and crew. Lon McCallister was also handing out his gifts. "Gee," he confided to Cal, "I feel just as if I were graduating or something on this last day. We've had so much fun."

Lon, we noticed, has acquired a few silver hairs over the temples which are a promise of mature handsomeness ahead.

"No, no romance," he said when we asked him. But Cal noticed that his glance kept straying between brown-eyed Vanessa Brown and cute Colleen Townsend who plays June's sister in the film. Lon chuckled when Colleen said she hoped the poison oak she contracted on this, her first picture, just like Jeannie Crain had on her first picture, meant the same good luck.

* * *

Here and There: Our congratulations went to Joan Crawford for her wonderful performance in "Possessed" and right before everyone in the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room we almost got kissed. A truly grateful girl, that Crawford . . . At the next table at Romanoff's, cute, pert Gloria De Haven, who was dieting, complained that husband Johnny Payne seemed to eat everything in sight and never put on weight. "I only shoveled eighteen tons of gravel for our new driveway today,"

INSIDE STUFF



She's "Oh, Kaye!" Friends at Beverly Wilshire Hotel got a private showing when Danny Kaye produced pic of his tiny daughter

John confided to Cal, "so why shouldn't I eat and keep thin?" We were happy to see this nice couple has patched up their misunderstanding . . . Across the way Virginia Bruce and her husband Ali

Apar were entertaining friends and nearby director John Farrow was buying dinner for Maureen O'Sullivan, his pretty wife and the mother of his four children. Maureen has returned to the screen as Alan Ladd's leading lady in "Whispering Smith" . . . Boots Malory with Bart Marshall at their usual corner table looking dejected after that run-in with traffic cops . . . Dinner at Sydney Greenstreet's home with director Jean Negulesco and his pretty wife Dusty Anderson. Jean pleased with his picture "Humoresque" and its star, Joan Crawford; Sydney pleased with his last picture "The Hucksters"; Cal just pleased to be there.

* * *

Hearts—Single and Double: Diana Lynn returned from visiting Bob Neal's folks in Texas looking happy and marriage minded . . . After personal appearances throughout the States, Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston are as

compatible as ever so that August wedding is still on . . . The long, low car belonging to Bob Walker is parked most every evening before the apartment of Lee Marshall, ex-wife of Herbert Marshall. But each claim it's only friendship . . . For the couple who apparently finds complete enjoyment in their own

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Three-way party line: Bill Dozier talks while Doug Fairbanks and his leading lady Paule Croset listen in

INSIDE STUFF

company exclusively, we nominate Olivia de Havilland and Marc Goodrich who stay at home and like it . . . Michael North, who seems to lead as romantic a life off screen as on, isn't going to marry Janet Paige as rumored. Or anybody, at the moment. And that tonsilectomy of Michael's was not due to a sore throat or even a doctor's decision. Director Mike Curtiz and a diction teacher just decided North could enunciate better without them, so out they came.

* * *

Newcomer: Introducing newcomers to the press is strictly routine in Hollywood but when Douglas Fairbanks Jr. bade us meet his new leading lady, Paule Croset (pronounced Paul Cro-say), we found ourselves delightfully surprised. Miss Croset's natural blonde beauty, honesty and unsophisticated eagerness were quite the most refreshing we've bowed to in ages.

Born in Tahiti of Swiss-French parents, Paule traveled the world wide with her father and was living in Korea when war broke out. Managing to get to the States, Paule fell in love with California and sought a screen career in order to stay here. Her English is perfect and so is her French, German, Italian and Chinese.

"I played only bits at RKO for two years but I studied very hard at the Actors' Lab," she said. Her knowledge of the world plus her good looks, won her the role with Doug.

And by the way, friends, after you've seen Miss Croset, write us and tell us your reaction. Unless something unforeseen happens to Paule on the screen, we believe you, too, will be Croset fans.

* * *

People You Like: The Gregory Pecks no sooner moved into their new Pacific Palisade home than Greg trotted off to New York to make scenes for "Gentleman's Agreement." Later he, with other Selznick stars, will direct and act in plays at La Jolla, his home town in Cali-

Are you in the know?



What brings out a suntan best?

- ☐ A smart beret-beach-bag
- ☐ A white bask-ground
- ☐ A hot bath

Beauty and the Beach *can* go together. Consider the sharp new beret shown above — that shakes into a beach-bag! (Neat?)

You can wear it with confidence. On "calendar days" you can wear any beach togs without a shadow of a doubt — thanks to Kotex. Because Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent "outlines" from tattling. And while you're sunning, remember this: Bask on a white sheet or towel. It's shadow-less . . . brings out a suntan best.



How would you discourage this?

- ☐ Keep a cool head
- ☐ Tell him off
- ☐ Let your hair down

When he gives that wayward wisp a tug — why rant? Or wear a warm, longish mane? Keep a cool head. Twine stubborn strands around two straight hairpins, and they're under control. You can master other trying situations, too. At certain times, for instance, by choosing Kotex you are sure of extra protection with that exclusive *safety center*. And you're so at ease with that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt. So snug! So smooth-fitting! No binding!



If you're a budgeteen, would you buy —

- ☐ A good mink
- ☐ A "bargain" beaver
- ☐ A magnificent mouton

You drool for a mink, but it's too rich for your budget? It's smart to select the coat best suited to your problem. Just as on problem *days*, it's smart to select Kotex — for only Kotex offers you 3 sizes to help you find the napkin that exactly meets your needs: Regular, Junior or Super Kotex — each made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So too, in buying furs, choose what's best for *you*. The very finest mouton, rather than a third-rate beaver.



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Directed by Arthur Crabtree
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RELEASE

INSIDE STUFF

Give me five minutes more!
pleads June Haver of new
husband, Jimmy Zito—they're
at the Meadowbrook where
Jimmy's band is now playing

fornia; Johnny Sands, whom you'll be asking about after "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" (he played Shirley Temple's beau), has married a childhood sweetheart. Johnny is just twenty himself... Rumors have it that after "The Pirate" is finished, Judy Garland and her husband, director Vincente Minnelli will separate. Things haven't been too smooth on the set between them... But Larry Parks and Betty Garrett are happier than ever since Betty landed that swell part with Esther Williams in "Neptune's Daughter"... Shirley Temple is taking conversational French at Berlitz School with that future European trip in mind... Spencer Tracy had to leave a local ball game after the fifth inning because an annoying photographer snapped Spencer's picture every time he rooted or cheered. Too bad when our stars can't even enjoy our national pastime in peace... Turhan Bey is now in Mexico making "The Adventures of Casanova." We hear he has been making with some of his own adventures down there.

* * *

The Sinatras Spruce up: Several years ago the Frank Sinatras bought twenty acres on a wooded hill near Tarzana with plans to build their dream house. But with building materials scarce and costly, they recently abandoned their plan for a new house and after selling several of the acres, decided to remodel their Toluca Lake house to fit their present needs.

The balcony that ran along the rear of the three bedrooms was torn out and little Nancy's room made larger as befits the needs of a growing young miss.



Frank Jr.'s room was redecorated to look more like a boy's room; the extra space left to the room of Frank Sr. and Nancy was converted into more closet space.

Every night for weeks when Frank returned home, he stumbled over painters, buckets, carpenters, tools, paperhangers and drapers. The old war-time carpet that buckled in the middle was replaced with new, softer rugs. New drapes, fresh paint and wall paper have now transformed the Sinatra home into a more comfortable and charming place to live.

Incidentally, that new television set presented Frank by CBS occupies an important spot in the play room.

* * *

Putting on the Dog: It's been an animal year in pictures come to think of it with Lassie a dog, Flicka a horse, Flagg a yearling doe, grabbing off huge chunks of public interest. Even before PRC's picture "The Return of Rin Tin Tin" was released letters began pouring in asking for all sorts of information concerning the talented canine. He is, we're told, a grandson of the famous Rin Tin Tin of silent films who made fortunes for his backers, both in films and in personal appearances.

Rin Tin Tin III was born on the ranch of his owner Lee Duncan near Riverside, California. When World War II broke out Lee and his dog volunteered for service. The dog's mother, Truline Von Pondview, also in service, was killed in action in the jungles of the South Pacific. Rin Tin Tin III, however, was too valuable as a trainer of other dogs and as an entertainer to be sent into action.

The requirements of sound and color films have raised the standards of dog actors considerably higher than those of silent film days and the fans, sensing the skill of canine performers, are most appreciative. Certainly the performance of this great dog in his first picture since the war has earned applause from all who have seen it.

Parental pastime: New parents
Jeanne Crain and Paul Brink-
man celebrate with hamburgers
and mustard at Fox Studio party



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by Taylor Caldwell

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Gentleman's Agreement

by Laura Z. Hobson

A MERICA'S new best-seller! Phil had a new assignment from his editor—a series of articles on anti-Semitism. Determined to tackle his subject from the inside out, Phil undertook an amazing masquerade. What he learned about the unsuspected prejudices of "nice" people—what befell his family—how he was forced to choose between his conscience and the woman who meant so much to him—make one of the most gripping and sensational stories you have ever read. "One of the most discussed novels of the year!"—*New York Times*

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Center of distraction! Charles Brackett, Olivia de Havilland, Peggy Cummins, at Photoplay's party for ABC execs at Louella Parsons's

INSIDE STUFF



Look who's here! Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson among those presented



You wouldn't believe it, David Niven tells Joan Fontaine at same party. Joan didn't!

Attention-getters were hostess Louella and Spencer Tracy as they paired off to watch the party's progress





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When the daisy petals tell you it's LOVE...
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Rave Color for
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PEGGY SAGE

Raving Beauty

Lavish it on your lips, your fingertips. It's Peggy Sage's new dewy, dreamy rose. Beautiful on, beautiful to everybody.

You've never never seen anything like it. You'll rave.

He'll rave. They'll all rave. What more can any girl ask?

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Olga San Juan, delightful charmer in "Variety Girl"



Lively Latin

SHE rolls her r's, her eyes and her hips in true Latin style. But she was born in Brooklyn and doesn't care who knows it. Her real name is Olga San Juan, and at home her Puerto Rican family still speak Spanish.

The White House, no less, was the scene of her debut as a singer when Olga and 134 other New York school children presented a program for the late President Roosevelt. It was a hard pull from that White House caroling to the warm little tamale of "Blue Skies" but Olga sang and samba'ed her way to success.

She was in the ninth grade at school when her father took ill. So Olga terminated her education and put to practical use the knowledge she'd gathered from her singing and dancing teachers. She began by giving Sunday presentations at New York's El Morocco. Then she was given the chance to present bolero numbers at the Astor Hotel. This brought her to a crossroad in her life. She could sign either with Xavier Cugat's band or accept an offer from New York's Copacabana. She chose the latter and with the aid of the show's producer Don Loper, who designed her clothes and coiffure, Olga was a hit.

Hollywood stars and executives carried home tales of Olga's talent and soon Paramount signed her. She capered through two Technicolor featurettes, and then went on to her role in "Blue Skies," singing and dancing with Fred Astaire, a feat that didn't scare her a bit, she says.

In true Hollywood style Paramount decided to forget Olga's singing and dancing talent and cast her in a straight role in "Variety Girl." Her raven hair was bleached a golden blonde which highlights rather pleasingly her hazel eyes and pale olive skin. Her friends can't make up their minds whether to like it or loathe it. Olga says, "For a change it's all right."

Twenty-year-old Olga is far from the bombs-bursting-in-air Latin we've come to accept as a type. Demure and rather shy, except for those rhythmic Brazilian songs and Cuban sambas, she could be a typical North American girl. She likes American food, is crazy about watercress salad, nice quiet boys and tennis.

She lives with her grandmother, whom she brought from Puerto Rico, her mother and thirteen-year-old sister, out San Fernando Valley way.

Pretty and shapely, men swarm around her in droves, but somehow Olga manages to keep her Puerto Rican equilibrium, or maybe she knows what they really do on a rainy night in Rio.

Brief Reviews

- ✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed
- ✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed
- ✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ADVENTURESS, THE**—Eagle-Lion: This Adventure is Deborah Kerr whom you'll see soon with Clark Gable. In this thriller, she gives you shivers plus laughs as the little Irish rebel who's just determined to get mixed up in some spy business. Trevor Howard helps her along. (July)

✓✓ **AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI, THE**—Loew-Lewin-UA: A *savoir-faire* piece with George Sanders playing a French rake of the last century. Also John Caradine, Angela Lansbury, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak. Plenty of atmosphere if you go for *bon mots* and the French spirit of things. (May)

BEAT THE BAND—RKO: Gene Krupa and his band try to beat some sense into this, but even with Frances Langford and Phil Terry chiming in musically it turns out a silly bit about a girl who takes lessons from orchestra leader Terry, masquerading as a classical maestro. (June)

✓✓ **BEGINNING OR THE END, THE**—M-G-M: The atom bomb comes up for some pretty good celluloid discussion with Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker and Tom Drake heading a fine cast. (May)

✓✓ **BLAZE OF NOON**—Paramount: Four big popular guys, Bill Holden, Bill Bendix, Sonny Tufts and Sterling Hayden, fly the mail back in the days when the pilots used to like frightening chickens. Anne Baxter's the girl who gets mixed up in their high-tension lives. Good people; good film. (July)

BORN TO KILL—RKO: A don't-waste-your-time bit about Lawrence Tierney who kills off people and at the same time is supposed to be irresistible to women. Claire Trevor proves that point by turning bad just for him, while Walter Slezak and Elisha Cook Jr. carry on fairly convincingly. (July)

BRASHER DOUBLOON, THE—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery takes over Bogart's role of detective Philip Marlowe to go hunting for a valuable coin. Meant to be a chiller-diller. (May)

BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME—Universal-International: Like Abbott and Costello? Then you'll probably like this gagged-up bit about their return to the home front and their tangles with copper Nat Penleton. Silly as a Silly Symphony. (June)

✓✓ **CALCUTTA**—Paramount: Enough action out in Calcutta centering around American flyer Alan Ladd, his pal Bill Bendix and Gail Russell to keep you wondering who did smuggle the jewels. (June)

✓✓ **CARNEGIE HALL**—Federal-UA: The list of guest artists in this, from Walter Damrosch to Harry James, reads like a benefit performance and that's just about what this film is. You can expect—and get—beautiful music with Pons, Piatigorsky, Stevens, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Stokowski; meanwhile you can practically forget the little plot. (July)

✓✓ **CHEYENNE**—Warners: Nice bad man Dennis Morgan is fascinating to both Jane Wyman and Janis Paige in this fancy Western that has to do with the stage-coach robbery days of old Cheyenne. An anonymous bandit called "The Poet" puts this in a different—and good—class by itself. (June)

✓✓ **CHILDREN ON TRIAL**—English Films: England shares her juvenile-delinquency problems with America in a documentary about two children reformed through "approved schools." Court procedure and the children's actual training are shown realistically enough to give punch. (July)

CHRISTMAS EVE—Bogaus-UA: Why was this ever produced? It has a confused plot about old lady Ann Harding who gathers her adopted sons George Raft, George Brent and Randolph Scott about her at Christmas Eve. (July)

COPACABANA—Coslow-UA: If you're entertained by Groucho Marx and Carmen Miranda, you may enjoy this picture set against New York's famous night club. There's a glimpse of some "Copa Girls," of night-life figures Louis Sobol, Abel Green and Earl Wilson and a "grown-up" Gloria Jean. (July)

DISHONORED LADY—Chertok-Stromberg-UA: Nothing real about this whole business except Hedy Lamarr's beauty. She still manages to look imperious even when she's a neurotic. John Loder tries to be a wolf and poor Dennis O'Keefe just doesn't know what to make of the whole thing. (July)

✓✓ **DOWN TO EARTH**—Columbia: Rita Hayworth comes down to earth as the Muse Terpsichore to play the lead in Larry Parks's musical. She sticks a celestial finger in the pie and almost spoils everything until Mr. Jordan sets her straight. Lots of songs and dances in Technicolor. (July)

✓✓ **DUEL IN THE SUN**—Vanguard: Jennifer Jones loves two men—wild-oat sower Gregory Peck and his even-keel brother Joseph Cotten way down in Texas. Its big-time overtones, plus Lillian Gish and Lionel Barrymore, still don't make it any more than a dressed-up "melodrammer." (June)

EGG AND I, THE—Universal: The rough-and-riotous best seller had everyone laughing but the film turned into a rather scrambled egg with Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert looking chic in a chic setting. There's a blonde millionairess down the road; and one of the *Kettles* is clean! Marjorie Main helps some but not enough. (July)

ESCAPE ME NEVER—Warners: Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida Lupino and Gig Young cavort around lightly for the first half, then get maudlin in a tear-jerking second half. It jumps around from the Tyrol to London slums. (May)

✓✓ **FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE**—RKO: This is the way democratic politics should work, with Joseph Cotten, Loretta Young and Ethel Barrymore running things. Loretta is the servant *Katy* in Cotten's home and what she does to the electorate makes an amusing make-believe evening. (June)

✓✓ **FRAMED**—Columbia: Glenn Ford gets picked up, then let down by beautiful schemer Janis Carter and wicked Barry Sullivan. Filled with Ford's special brand of acting. (June)

GHOST GOES WILD, THE—Republic: Everybody else goes wild in this, too. James Ellison and his butler Edward Everett Horton walk around in sheets while Anne Gwynne registers horror. Ruth Donnelly isn't scared; you won't be either. (July)

✓✓ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal-International: You won't be disappointed for a single minute by this English film based on the Dickens novel. A "young man of great expectations" falls heir to a fortune, leads a life of romance and mystery. It has everything needed for a laurel-winner plus John Mills and Valerie Hobson. (July)

✓✓ **GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE**—Columbia: Rosalind Russell is a neurotic war widow who walks through misty backgrounds trying to find out why her husband gave up his life in the war. Melvyn Douglas plays her guide; Sid Caesar gives the proceedings a shot in the arm with a take-off on "psychological" films. You may like it. (May)

✓✓ **HIGH BARBAREE**—M-G-M: A money-maker with two favorite blondes, Van Johnson and June Allyson, who start out as a little boy and girl dreaming about a fabulous mountain, *High Barbaree*. It takes lots of homey incidents in an Iowa town, the war and Thomas Mitchell to get the two on the right road to the heights. (June)

HOMESTEADERS OF PARADISE VALLEY—Republic: Allan Lane as *Red Ryder* has to clean up a lot of trouble in a Western valley with the help of *Little Beaver* and Ann Todd. (July)

HOMESTRETCH, THE—20th Century-Fox: Cornel Wilde is called upon to act like a hare-brained waster in a film about horses and race tracks. The races are fairly exciting, the romantic problems of Wilde and Maureen O'Hara less so. (July)

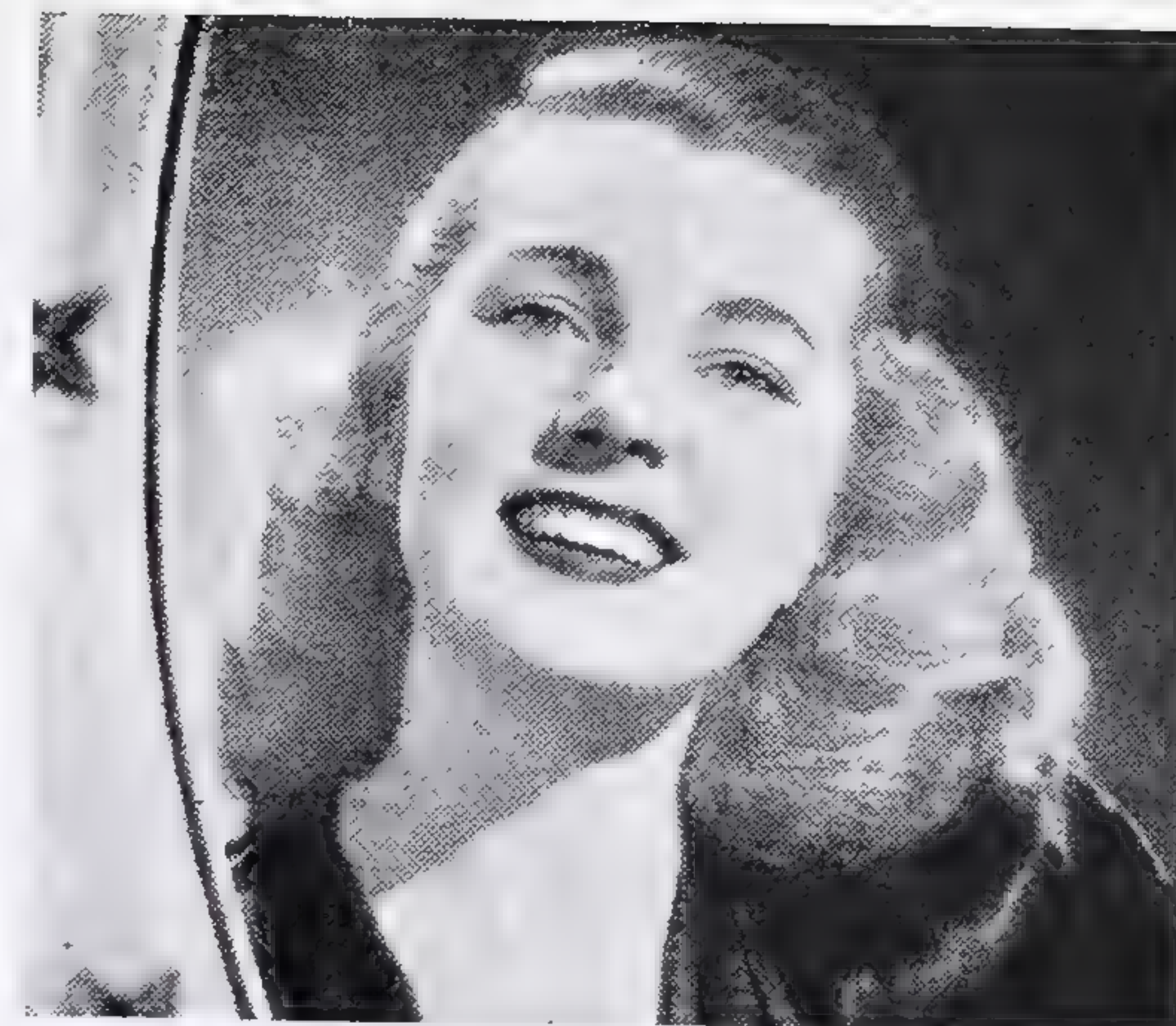
HONEYMOON—RKO: An attempt at some fun with Shirley Temple trying to catch up with soldier Guy Madison in Mexico City in order to marry him and Franchot Tone trying to catch up with her zany doings. It has colorful shots of flowers and serapes but the comedy doesn't quite come off. (July)

✓✓ **IMPERFECT LADY**—Paramount: Teresa Wright's past, especially her little mix-up with Anthony Quinn, interferes with husband Ray Milland's career in Parliament. You'll have a good evening's entertainment. Virginia Field and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are good, too. (May)

✓✓ **IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN**—M-G-M: As perky goings-on in Brooklyn as you'd want with genial Frank Sinatra as the ex-veteran who meets up with music teacher Kathryn Grayson. Jimmy Durante steals the show in his best linguistic manner and Peter Lawford is the nice Englishman. (June)

✓✓ **IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE**—Allied Artists: Unpretentious and highly amusing, this has Victor Moore as a tramp-philosopher who borrows tycoon Charlie Ruggles' Fifth Avenue mansion while Charlie's away. Lots of homey fun. (May)

(Continued on page 107)



GIRLS! Want quick curls?

WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hair-do in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Light bodied. Faster drying. Lets you style your favorite hair-do at home quickly, without fuss or disappointment.



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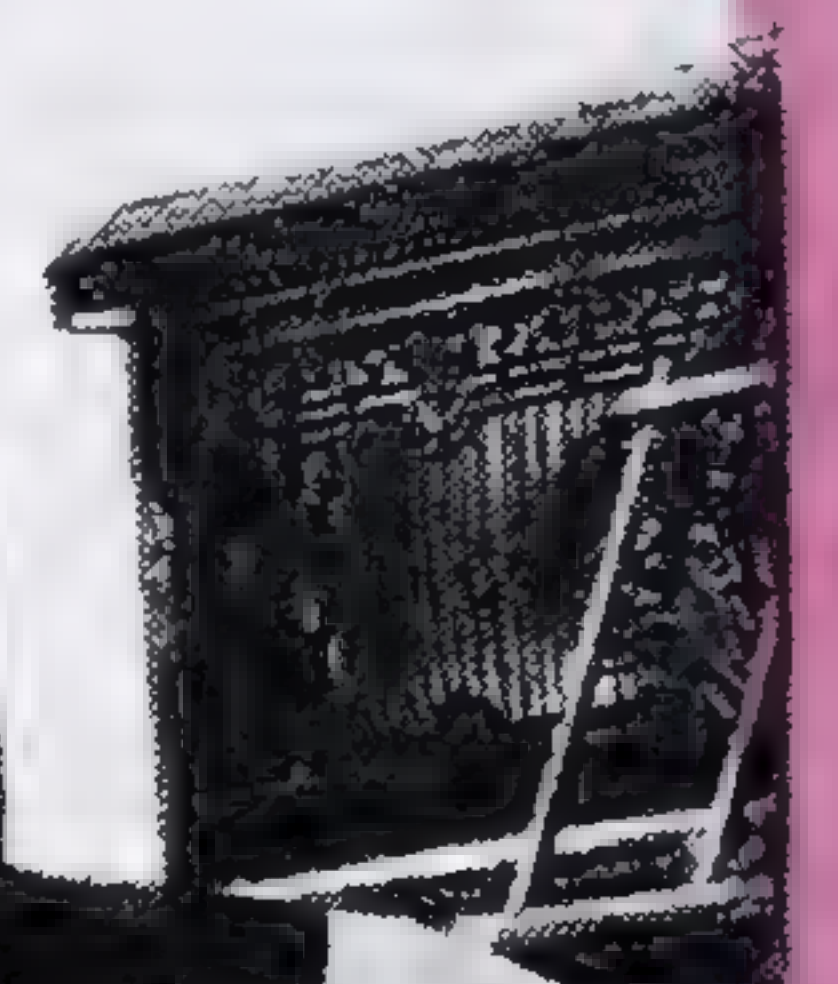
THE SONGS HE WROTE!

THE LOVES HE KNEW!



Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and melodies that set an era aflame! Gad, what a life!

The story of Joe Howard, America's most romantic troubadour!



I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Color by *Technicolor*

JUNE HAVER • MARK STEVENS

with MARTHA STEWART • REGINALD GARDINER

LENORE AUBERT • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • GENE NELSON • TRUMAN BRADLEY • GEORGE CLEVELAND

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Screen Play by Lewis R. Foster

Love's Own Sweet Song

Hello, My Baby!

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?

Goodbye, My Lady Love

What's the Use of Dreaming?

Honeymoon

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Is Hollywood

RED?

Because of his known liberalism, PHOTOPLAY asked the eminent author of "Double Indemnity," "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Mildred Pierce" to discuss for our readers the question, "Is Hollywood Red?" In all fairness to Mr. Cain we are publishing his thoughts on the subject just as he put them down on paper.

Irvin Sammis



AN EDITORIAL

BY JAMES M. CAIN

Mr. Leo Birinski, in recent years a picture writer, before that a playwright, once did a play called "Narrentanz," which had quite a vogue in Middle Europe, and which furnishes a viewpoint, it seems to me, on this question of Communism and Counter-Communism currently so hot in the picture business. It was based on a curious and little-known aspect of the Russian Revolution of 1905, in which certain spots were designated by the Revolutionists as neutral ground, where for various reasons, such as the safety of their archives, they permitted no disturbances, and life was quiet. In the play, the Governor of one such place was shown as quite unhappy, because though other governors were getting large sums from St. Petersburg to suppress the revolution he was getting none, a situation thus arising which was distressing to the gubernatorial, to say nothing of the Slavic mind. So, to stir up a little revolution he arranged an *attentat* on his life, a shot outside the window neatly pulled off by his secretary; but the chief revolutionary, thinking fast, made the thing personal, rather than political, by saying he fired the shot because he was in love with the Governor's wife. From there on in, as you might suppose, it was a delightful piece of nonsense.

But it embodied a principle which I believe both sides in this dispute might reflect on with the utmost concern. It is this: There can be areas where even the most fanatical Red can properly keep hands off, and where even the most well-intended counter-Red activities can easily verge on the absurd. That pictures should become such an area must be evident to all who have their well-being at heart. For, despite the megalomania of Hollywood, which tends to assume that because it speaks to the world it also speaks for the world, the conflict

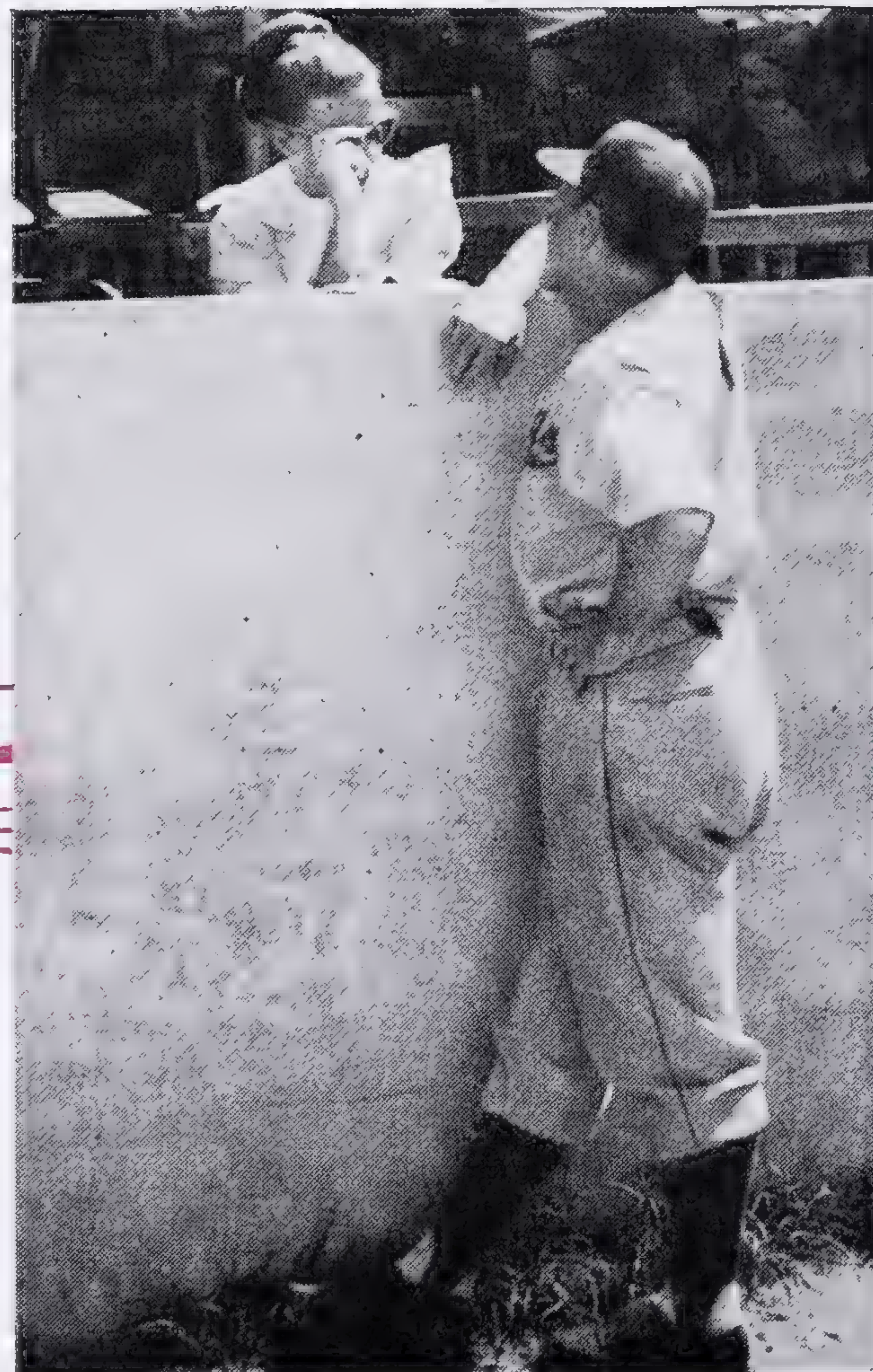
(Continued on page 104)



Morris

"A fine and gentle girl . . ." Laraine Day, star of "Tycoon"

Time out for chin-chin: Laraine and Leo, during Dodgers' play in Havana



IN my thirty years of interviewing I have never talked with a woman laboring under such emotional strain as Laraine Day on the day she came to my home straight from the courtroom.

For five days a battery of lawyers had been trying to prove collusion in Laraine's divorce from Ray Hendricks.

She had sat within the range of a legal finger pointing her out as one who had flaunted the divorce laws of California so she could quickly get rid of one man to marry another in Mexico "without regard for the code of decency or conventions."

She had listened to Leo Durocher, the man she

loves, called a man who deserts a woman in time of crisis. "Where is this Romeo? Why isn't this dashing cavalier at her side when she needs him most?" the prosecution had shouted.

The strain had left marks that a day, that a week or a year cannot erase, no matter how hard she tries to forget. Laraine was so pitifully thin it was obvious it will take a long time to build back her emotional and physical health.

All the time we talked her hands trembled so noticeably that she had to clasp them to keep them under control. Her eyes filled constantly with tears that could not spill over in the welcome relief tears usually bring to most of us in trouble. Even

him all over again!"

and only interview since her headline divorce and marriage to Leo Durocher

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Attentive groom: Leo, on set shortly after their marriage, helps ready Laraine for picture shot



Laraine and Leo leave Ebbets Field where Leo said his goodbyes



a stone image would have been affected by this girl.

I think right here is the place to say I have no intention of arguing the moral or legal questions arising from Laraine's divorce from Ray Hendricks and her subsequent firecracker-setting-off marriage to Leo "Lippy" Durocher.

The Judge presiding on the case proclaimed her divorce from Hendricks valid. He did not condone her conduct in quickly marrying Durocher. These legal technicalities are out of my province. Legally she is divorced from Ray Hendricks and what I, personally, think about the second divorce and remarriage of Laraine (*Continued on page 90*)



Joan Crawford—artist: Star of "Possessed"

She writes her own ticket—

whether it's a million-dollar

contract or the latest man

in her life. That's why she's—

Un-

A FEW weeks ago a picture which M-G-M is considering reissuing was being run off in a luxurious projection room before an audience of two people.

It was the story of a dancing girl and a hard-boiled stage manager, and despite the fact that the picture was made in 1933 it was as undated as the day it was released.

There was a girl in a very tiny characterization who stood out marvelously. Her name was Eve Arden. There was a singer, new to Hollywood in 1933, who came in for one chorus, and was swell. His name was



Joan the woman: Will she marry handsome Greg Bautzer?

Joan the mother: with Christina and Christopher



possessed

Nelson Eddy. A Hollywood-new dancer in it was a knockout, too, even though he did only one number. His name was Fred Astaire.

The title of the picture was "Dancing Lady" and the stars of it were Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

The audience of two that watched it a few weeks ago was Joan Crawford and myself. We were seated in her home projection room.

When Joan switched on the lights, I looked at her in absolute wonderment. Fourteen years had passed and yet the woman we had just seen on the *(Continued on page 110)*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

I Was There

Horseshoe Hymie has the luck
to catch Lana Turner and Ty Power out
on their first public date night

BY HYMIE FINK



"Anatole Litvak, Ty's house-mate, was supposed to join them—but didn't show up in time"

"No side-door exit for these two.
They even stopped for autographs"



"Maid's night out brought them out in the open"

I WAS at Ciro's on my regular rounds of the night clubs. Nothing much doing, so I phoned La Rue, Mocambo and the Chanteclair to ask who was there.

Horseshoes! The headwaiter at the Chanteclair said Lana and Ty just walked in. I took my car and beat it out to the Strip to this newest lush dine-and-dance spot.

Sure enough, there were Lana and Ty. Strictly a cameramen's field day because this was just about the first time they had been seen publicly together in Hollywood since their hectic romance had blossomed. Anyway, the first time we boys had caught them—and you know how we hate to hear about a romance and then go camera-empty. And now here they were.

Seems since it was maid's night out, Ty had picked Lana up and they had dropped by for a "quick bite."

Ty and I gabbed about our stay in Mexico when Ty was on location for "Captain from Castile." He thanked me for the swell layout of color shots I took on that trip. That gave me my chance to ask for some pictures. Both he and Lana were mighty nice, said I could take as many as I wanted, as long as they didn't have to pose.

That's what I call horseshoes!





"I caught up with Lana and Ty at the Chanteclair, swanky new dine-and-dance restaurant"





Partners in "Triumph":
Star and author Erich Maria
Remarque discuss the script of
his biggest-selling novel

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Triumph for Ingrid

Six crucial months marked the
climax of Ingrid Bergman's fight to
become another woman

MY STORY begins with a lonely little girl. . . .
Her mother died when she was two years old.
Her father, it is true, sought to be
both parents to her—and her friend. But he
was an artist and so, more often than not, he
was preoccupied with his paints and his brushes
and his cameras, his own loneliness and his dreams. Nor was
he with her long. He died when she was twelve, and she
went to live with an aunt and uncle, who were very
strict. She used to stand outside the schoolhouse,
this little girl, and watch her classmates, met by
their mothers, go off on shopping sprees and
gay excursions in the town. And sometimes she dreamed
that she too came out of school to find a mother
waiting; that she slipped her hand into a mother's
hand and they walked off together laughing and
talking. It (Continued on page 72)

Bergman, "greatest of them
all," as the mercurial *Joan Madou*
in "Arch of Triumph"
Graybill





Pete, his shiny new car and the small but delightful house in Brentwood he bought for his parents

ACCIDENTALLY YOURS

It took an injured arm, a world war, three pairs of

wanderlust feet and boogie woogie—but now he's all yours

PETER LAWFORD was walking down Hollywood Boulevard. He was discussing the weather, the new sports jacket, Mocambo, and a few serious things like that with his Metro friends, Jack Cummings and Jack Donohue.

Suddenly from out of the nowhere—a record shop to be precise—some hot boogie music changed the Boulevard into a jive palace. Forgetting his companions, Peter went into his dance. People stopped and stared. Even in Hollywood it's not a common sight to see a well-dressed young man of twenty-three with a face you know you've seen in the movies, jiving and swinging on the sidewalk. But more important, Pete's two companions, stopped and stared.

When they came to, Jack Cummings, the producer of "It Happened in Brooklyn," put in a call to Isobel Lennart, the author of the Brooklyn opus. (Continued on page 83)



Home isn't home—for an Englishman—without a dog

Peter Lawford—England's reverse lend-lease to bobby-soxers in "It Happened in Brooklyn"

← Engstead

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



BIT OF IRELAND

Warm your heart with Peg who was born in Wales, lived in Ireland and has Hollywood for a middle name

BY DOROTHY DEERE



The house Peg lives in—a bit of England in Hollywood

PEGGY CUMMINS of the candid yet enigmatic green eyes, is distractingly unlike anyone you've met. Describing her, you reach for adjectives as cool and calm and simple as she is—and discard them for words of warmth and depth and utter contradiction.

Her hair is cool sunshine, her skin is warm snow. Her unpowdered snub nose astonishes you with its proximity to a mouth of womanly fullness. A figure as clean-lined as a child's, but intricately curved. She is totally uncalculated, yet with all sorts of promises in the lilt of her voice.

"How did I feel about losing 'Amber'? Well, I can't deny it was like having a lovely jewel, or some other wonderful gift, and then having to give it back.

"It's hard, but you have a choice. You can let yourself ache over your loss—or you can think instead of how wonderful and exciting it was while you had it. (Continued on page 113)



Nobody told Peggy and her mother about a housing shortage, so they rented one three days after arrival

Irish from Killiney: Peggy Cummins, now in "The Late George Apley," soon in "Moss Rose"

Powolny

HOLLYWOOD



Out on the lot you spot surplus war planes, many still bearing the marks of numerous bombing missions, stacked beside an ocean-going ship in dry-dock



You approach the outer walls after coming through Cahuenga Pass



There's glamorous Joan Crawford posing in the portrait gallery. Joan knows so much about camera technique she should be eligible for a card in the cameramen's union

Crashing the set of "My Wild Irish Rose" you see Andrea King, as Lillian Russell, darling of the nineties, wearing a king's ransom in rented jewels



TOUR ▶▶▶▶▶

Ever tried flying around the

world in eight hours? You'll get

the same sensation when you join

Photoplay's whirlwind jaunt through

Warner Brothers' famous celluloid city



Shades of Paul Revere! Are you in Hollywood or Cape Cod? This New England village, a permanent feature of Warner Brothers' back lot, was built in 1931



You watch Osa Massen, star of "Night unto Night," help keep the shiny fire engine in trim. The Studio Fire Department is one of the most modern in private industry

This is the nerve-center of the celluloid city. See the fan mail and publicity buildings over there?





A smiling "yes" for Martha Vickers on her way to work at Warners! These same studio guards can be the best "no" men in Hollywood when necessary

There's Alexis Smith, dressed up just like grandma, riding a studio scooter



You catch Lew Ayres on his way to change his clothes for the role of the lawyer in "The Unfaithful"

Why not join Bob Hutton, Geraldine Brooks and Martha Vickers for some food and table hopping among the stars at the Green Room





Here you are at the heart of the studio—
this electrical plant generates enough
current for a city of 40,000 inhabitants

HOLLYWOOD TOUR

THE sun is up over the Hollywood Hills . . . the world of make-believe magic is stirring. Time to be off on the second stage of PHOTOPLAY's super-colossal Hollywood Tour—an exciting visit to one of the biggest celluloid cities in the world—the Warner Brothers Studios at Burbank, California.

We drive through the picturesque San Fernando Valley, celebrated in song, with a backdrop of the Hollywood Hills. At last we pull up before the gates of the studio. Through these portals pass some of the most glamorous figures in cinemaland . . . Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers and lots more . . . as well as the thousands of more anonymous but (Continued on page 82)



Your next stop, first-aid station and
hospital—one of the most modern
and well-equipped in the industry



Getting a little nostalgic? Many a
star's ship has come in at this chand-
lers' wharf, a prominent feature of
the permanent New England village

The decision was not hers,
but in turning her back on a dream
she faced a brighter future

THIS SIDE OF Heaven



This portrait won June Haver
entry in M-G-M contest



She played the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise
Symphony" at seven—and won first prize

TO THE little blonde girl sitting bolt upright in her straight-backed chair on the stage of the old Albee Theater in Cincinnati, this was the ultimate ordeal. This was the culmination of a long series of trials which had placed her, at last, among the four who had survived out of 1,900.

June Stovenour (whom the world was later to acclaim as June Haver) stole a glance at the small brunette who was sitting beside her. An inner prescience warned that this one would prove the sternest competition she had yet met. There was a determination, almost fierce, in the young face beside her. June suddenly felt a spurt of uneasiness. To reassure herself she forced her thoughts back over the path she had traveled leading to this final moment.

There had been the hard-won prize for oratory; the four music contests in each of which she had achieved first place, playing the "Andante" from the "Surprise Symphony" by Haydn for Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. She had won the Shirley Temple contest, singing a medley of Shirley Temple songs and doing a (Continued on page 86)

BY HYATT DOWNING

Summer tapestry: June Haver,
star of "I Wonder Who's
Kissing Her Now"

Powolny





The Littlest Ladd

A barefoot boy has joined the cast of "The Happy Family"—the billing now reads, "The Four Ladds"

BY WYNN ROBERTS

THE small, luxurious but definitely crowded Ladd house was in a turmoil. Flowers were arriving. Telegrams were arriving. The phones were ringing.

The hospital nurse, who had accompanied Sue home, conferred with Kathleen, the nurse who has been at the Ladds' ever since their daughter Alana was born four years ago.

Susie had been carried upstairs and installed in the master bedroom, the self-same exquisite room in which she had waited an interminable eleven months for young David to make his debut on earth.

Alan, who had forgotten all about the studio

while rushing up- and downstairs on emergency errands, paused for one moment in the dark green drawing room, and lighted a cigarette. He was about to draw a sigh of relief at having an instant alone, when he became aware of Alana. She had slipped noiselessly into the room and was standing beside him.

"It's time for my dinner, Daddy," she said.

Distracted by a thousand details, Alan spoke quickly. "George will give you your dinner," he said, referring to the Ladd butler.

Alana's tiny figure began to shake as terribly as though an icy wind had struck through the room.



Gay caballero and a busy ranchero—Alan Ladd, star of "Saigon"

Hesse

The Littlest Ladd



The littlest Ladd and the biggest Ladd have a man-to-man talk



Though she almost lost her life when David was born, Sue Ladd has never looked better than she does right now

Then, without warning, she started to scream.

"I grabbed her and I said, 'You get into that dining room and eat,'" Alan now tells the story. "I was ready to give her hell, for I hate rude children, but then I suddenly realized what was happening to that youngster. For four years Susie and her nurse and I had been constantly with her. We'd fed her and dressed her and done everything for her.

"But now she was being ignored for a small, red thing up in a corner of her room, in the bassinette that had once been hers. She had known nothing but love and care, and now she felt shut out.

"I gathered her up in my arms, and I apologized to her. I went into the dining room with her and ordered dinner for just us. It was the first meal



"I learned a lesson," says Alan. "Now when I come home from the studio, I stop first and play with Lannie"

A baby brother could be fun too, decides Alana

we had ever had by ourselves, and it made her proud as Punch.

"I let her eat her ice cream while sitting on my lap and as she finished she whispered up to me, 'Daddy, you don't like sons better than daughters, do you?'"

"It took a moment before I could answer her. Then I leaned down and whispered back, 'Of course, I don't.' And that's the truth. It's wonderful to have a boy—but it's no more wonderful than having a girl. I know that other guys go around singing and dancing and passing out cigars when they have a son—but I don't get what that proves. I'm glad David is here. I'm glad that Sue is well again, after that very tough time she had. But that boy will (Continued on page 79)





Jeanne Crain looks the sun straight in the eye in a yellow midriff, set off by black—and an intriguing Egyptian drape

SUN AND

Stream-lined simplicity by day—dream-lined elegance by night; the fashion accent in Hollywood is now on a dual personality

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town



Mona Freeman—with charming plaid ruffles at her hem and a “blessed event” on the way

Shirley Temple carries her garden out on her dress



SHADE PARADE

THERE are two definite trends in Hollywood this season and the word is "trends," not "styles." Fortunately for all concerned these trends bring a wide variety of styles, fabrics and silhouettes. The days of stereotyped fashion are over. It's no longer necessary for any gal to conform to set rules of design—whether flattering or unflattering—simply because these rules are set up as the "fashion" or "look" of the season.

Most of the stars are choosing to wear clothes of great simplicity for daytime wear. Of course they're accented by smartly designed hats and sleek accessories. The hair styles, I note, are modest, most of them a variation of the chignon—minus rattings and lacquer. Then at five p.m. the picture changes; coiffures become loose bobs or exaggerated creations, but still pretty. And beginning with the cocktail hour (*Continued on page 115*)

Gossamer flair for dancing and romancing, Diana Lynn's removable lace apron goes in for back chat



Lizabeth Scott plays a star role at home too in this taffeta dirndl topped by a jersey blouse

There's summer magic in Joan Bennett's dead-white lace frock with eye-catching sparkles at the pockets



EASY DOES IT

"A bachelor might just
as well go to a movie!"

"Some people even
ask me if I like
sauerkraut"



*Photographs
by Valeska*



"Loneliness can be
an awful thing"

"Just name it and I'll
play it—if it's in
the key of C"



**You don't interview a guy like Jimmy,
as Susan finds out. You just relax
and talk—about the gosh-darndest things!**

BY SUSAN PETERS

JIMMY STEWART and I were not exactly strangers. We had first been introduced a long time ago at a party given by Joan Crawford. I had said, "How do you do." He had responded, gallantly, "How do *you* do."

Fate had thrown us together on another memorable occasion. Mr. Stewart, coming into Chasen's restaurant, had stopped at my table and we had had a soul-to-soul talk revolving around our mutual regard for the delights of Mr. Chasen's spinach salad.

However, you could scarcely call us bosom pals, even in the Hollywood manner. So when I was assigned to interview Mr. S. it was quite a different proposition from the other articles I had written in PHOTOPLAY's series, "My Hollywood Friends." This time I would have to start from scratch without benefit of long association and mutual regard.



Jim made a golf date with Susan's son Timmie



Quizzical Jim Stewart of "A Miracle Can Happen"

Consequently, there was much pencil-chewing before I was able to compile a list of crafty questions, all calculated to elicit confidences that would make this interview a sensational, soul-searching session. Such questions as, "Do you like sour cream in borscht?" and "Which shoe do you put on first in the morning?"

In he came, at the appointed hour, a lank, diffident man in a leather flying jacket, a scarf, trousers, shoes and a head cold. He eased his six-foot-several down on my sofa, and with his first words my fancy list of questions flew out of the window.

"Ya know," he drawled, "some interviewers ask the doggondest questions. Why one girl asked me once if I liked sauerkraut! Honest! Now let's face it, who the heck cares?"

Well, you don't have to (Continued on page 76)



The Cautious Nymph: Joan Caulfield of "Dear Ruth" does her own investigating—of the underwater situation!



Virginia Welles of "Variety Girl" prefers one-piece suits, but settles for two

PARADISE

Photoplay's bemused investigator
takes a second look at the swimsuit crisis
and decides it's much ado about nothing

BY HERB HOWE



A modest *muchacha*, Olga San Juan does a two-way stretch



Bloomer girl: Mona Freeman of "Dear Ruth" wades right in

A SPECIAL investigating committee has been quietly looking into Hollywood bathing suits. Those symbols of our Hollywood way of life as worn by the founding mothers, the Mack Sennett Bathing Girls, are in danger of vanishing like sunbonnets.

Already we have diaper trunks; other suits have reached the vanishing point or points at which rhinestones, sequins or bubble gum are affixed to appease propriety; and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee is rumored to have been forced to retire to Wisconsin woods to strip for squirrels.

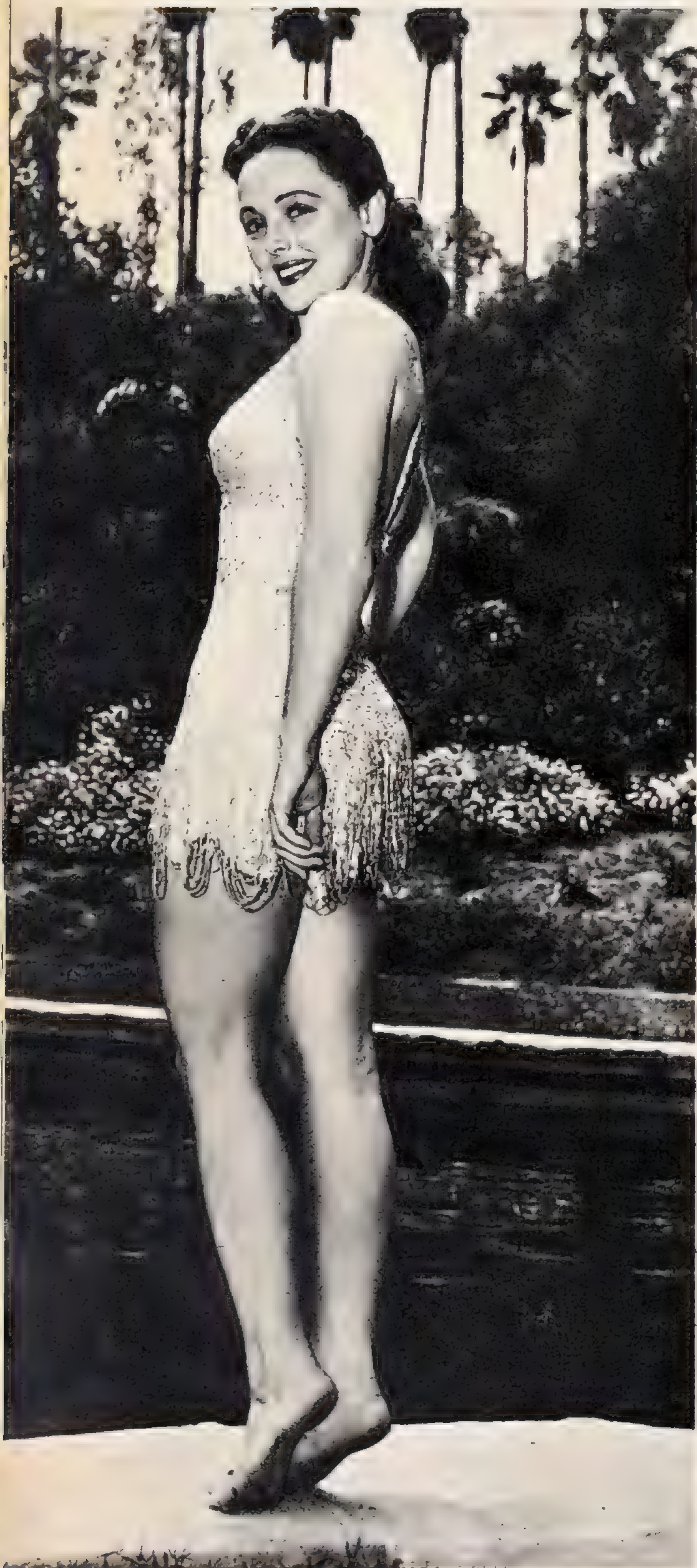
Everyone says civilization is collapsing. But need the Bathing Suit collapse along with it?

Miss Romay, a Latin wriggle in hoop earrings and beaded suit, of all things, was first witness subpoenaed by the investigating committee.

"There are tricks in bathing suits," Miss Romay testified.

"We observe," said the committee.

POOL'S PARADISE



A Latin trick! Lina Romay had nothing to hide—proved it in a beaded lastex no-swim suit



Esther Williams, star of "Fiesta," reeled off a line about baby oil, wards off pool wolves in one-piece swimsuits

"No dear," said Miss Romay. "Tricks in design to make women look better. They hide things."

"Continue!" cried the alert committee.

"Some people have little rolls of fat here," said Miss Romay, clutching in vain at her hips and then poking the committee exultantly, "there!"

She was sharply reminded that investigation of investigators is not congressional.

According to Miss Romay, women have a tendency to overflow their banks and designing suits to make them look streamy is an engineering feat beside which the damming of the Colorado is a beaver's job. The trick lies in the cutting. Irene, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is a shear genius.

"She could make an old tub look like a speedboat,"



On the gold standard: Olga San Juan, another "Variety Girl," makes her mark in this number, but warns against diaper suits

said Miss Romay smiling pointedly at the committee.

The committee was on the point of holding Miss Romay in contempt for that crack but on second glance decided just to hold her.

The second investigation, after a breathing spell, revolved around Miss Olga San Juan or rather Olga revolved around it, being another Latin rumbalutionist. (The committee disclaims partiality but holds, with President Truman, the warmest feeling for our Latin American sisters.)

Miss San Juan chose to appear in a one-piece banana-gold metallic job in tribute to Puerto Rico where she spent her early childhood eating bananas.

"Viva Puerto Rico! Olé bananas!" cried the committee rising.

A modest *muchacha*, as Latin girls invariably are, Miss San Juan was wide-eyed with warning against diaper swim trunks. Miss San Juan saw a horrifying thing happen at Santa Monica. A girl lost hers in the breakers and drifted around for hours like a glass-bottom boat.

Miss San Juan warned her Paramount colleague, Miss Virginia Welles, who, being cute as a sandab, had been persuaded into one of those baby suits. Miss Welles despised it. She swims like a whizz from Wisconsin lakes and prefers a one-piece suit as good swimmers do. Besides, she thinks a two-piece makes a short girl appear sawed in half.

Miss San Juan, full of Latin (Continued on page 70)



It's still done with mirrors! Cyd Charisse of "Fiesta" reflects onlookers in her suit



How

A touch of earth: It gives roots to your sense of values, says Joan Leslie, starring in "Repeat - Performance"



Cure for mental cobwebs: A horse, a breeze and a trail through the woods



beautiful is your mind?

HOW many times has this happened to you?

You walked into a party where the most beautiful girl in the world was holding court. Awed, you said to yourself, "What chance has any average girl against such knock-out beauty?"

But by the end of the evening—what had happened? You had discovered that it was not Miss Glamour at all who held the men spellbound for the bulk of the party—no, indeed. It was Miss Mousey, the plain woman in the quiet black dress. She had a certain magic, it almost seemed a definite beauty . . . and you spent days trying to figure out what it was.

That's happened to me, too, and it will happen to both of us over and over again. But next time we'll be prepared to understand that woman's power. Because, right here and now, we are going to examine her magic and see of what it consists. And we're going to use lovely Joan Leslie as our spokesman—for Joan's formula for living would make her beautiful if she had no physical beauty at all.

"I think the most important (Continued on page 88)

Count ten before you answer.

**Then read this and see whether you
*change your mind***

BY ANITA COLBY



**A furry friend is a heart-warming way
to learn responsibility. This is Sandy**

**As the world grows smaller, minds must
grow bigger. Courses are Joan's answer**



THIS is my

As delightful a portrait as
you have ever seen of a debonair
husband by his dynamic wife

BY MARIA MONTEZ AUMONT

Star of "Pirates of Monterey"

Vivid Maria, gay Jean Pierre, co-stars in "Atlantis"

FLASH—Camera! At this moment Maria Christina took her first step to delighted cries from her parents



Husband



Jean Pierre Aumont, the insouciant half of this colorful duo

WHAT is it like to be married to Jean Pierre Aumont? I will simply tell you this: I budget our lives; Jean Pierre unbudgets them. It is I who make all hotel and train reservations; it is Jean Pierre who makes us miss trains and lose hotel rooms! My husband is delightfully happy-go-lucky—I am much, much too methodical. The result is complete pandemonium. But I wouldn't do without it because I couldn't do without Jean Pierre!

Jean Pierre is like this, exactly:

Picture the eve of our departure for Europe a few months ago. My suitcases were being carried to the car for the drive to the airport—packed with dresses and hats. There was no sign of Jean

Pierre. As usual, he had left his packing until the last second. Finally I called to him frantically—and he appeared. He was carrying one dejected old suitcase, tied up with rope!

I was horrified. "Jean Pierre!" I wailed. "Is that all you're taking with you? Did you put in your tails? Remember we will be entertained like mad in Paris!"

He shrugged and grinned at me. "No tails. In Paris these sad days they are passé. I left them in my closet."

You already know what happened. The instant we reached Paris, we were invited to London to the Command Performance of the King and Queen, the first time royalty had (*Continued on page 108*)

SMOKEY

Where there's smoke, there's
fire—if it's Rory Calhoun, who's
all ablaze about everything

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

IF YOU had met Rory Calhoun for the first time one day this past spring, you would have decided here was a first-class roustabout.

The black hair with its widow's peak looked as if it had just come through a high wind—or vice versa. The broad shoulders were anything but enhanced by the rumpled shirt which wouldn't stay down in the back. It wouldn't for the very good reason there was nothing to stay down, the shirttail being conspicuous by its absence.

But the crowning touch was the remnant of lipstick still shamelessly evident on his face.

A flash of triumph lighted his electric blue-green eyes. For his were the ravages of success. He had just completed his first solo flight. Whereupon the seasoned fliers seized the astonished fledgling, ripped off the tail of his shirt and tacked it up on the bulletin board of the airport with the name and date on it and the number of hours he spent in the air.

The lipstick? That, too, was the result of masculine hands which inscribed cabalistic designs on his face. Thus was he made a member of the secret order of the air. Nice going—especially for the shirttail.

Rory had had no special aspirations to be a birdman until he'd gone out to an airfield near Los Angeles for some publicity pictures. Then suddenly he became obsessed with the idea of learning to fly. And learn to fly he did—in just two weeks and seven lessons.

While the congratulations on a remarkably short period of training were still raining (*Continued on page 102*)

Smokey and his mother: He likes the small-town feel of their house in the Valley

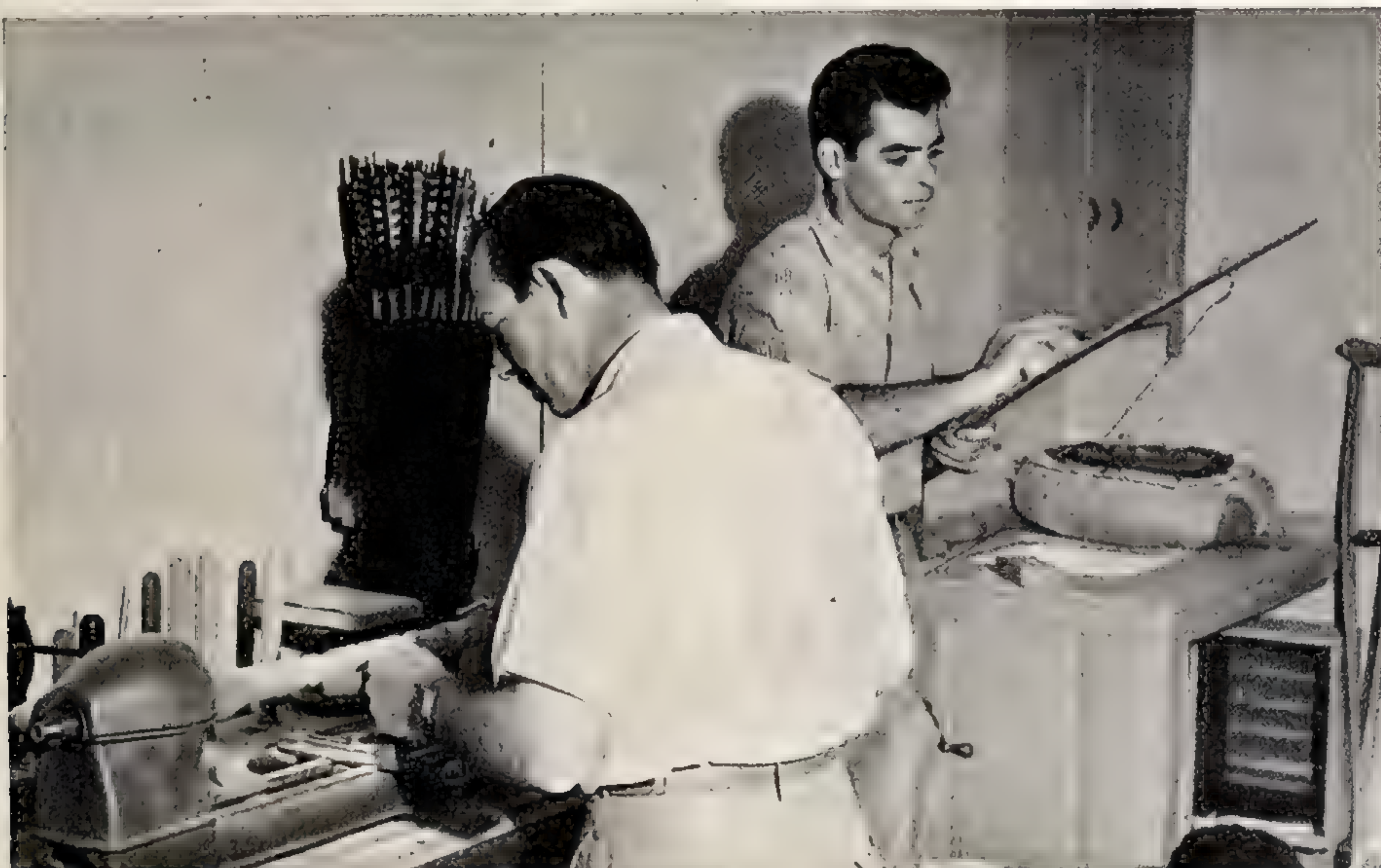




Rory lights up like a neon sign when you catch his interest. He's been holding yours in "The Red House"



Rory, as young woodsman, with provocative Julie London, in "The Red House"



A jewel of a workshop—Rory and his father are excellent craftsmen

What should I do?

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I happen to be a man married to a lovely woman with two daughters by a previous marriage. A more wonderful wife, and a more perfect companion could not be found. I am thirty-eight and my wife is forty-two. We have been married three years. When I met the family, my wife's daughters were twelve and ten; so they are now sixteen and fourteen.

The younger daughter is smart and co-operative. She gets top grades in school, reads widely, and helps her mother, who has retained her office position, do the housekeeping. She is always thinking of sweet things to do for both of us.

The older girl is lazy, poor in school, slovenly around the house and about her person, and sullen in her relationship with all of us. She has no respect for any sort of authority. We allowed her to attend a formal party recently, specifying that she was to be home by one o'clock. She arrived at two-thirty. Two weeks later, we allowed her another date, stating that this time she must be in at midnight. She arrived at one-thirty.

In family discussion she waits until she finds out what the rest of us believe, then she takes the opposite stand. When asked what she plans to do after she is graduated from high school, she said she had her own ideas, "which is all that is necessary."

I know that a good school would be just the thing for her, but unfortunately a good one is beyond our means, and we wouldn't think of trusting her to a mediocre faculty.

Both my wife and I would like your advice on this matter.

G. B. C.

I am sincerely glad that you wrote to me about this problem.

Nowadays, psychiatrists suggest that children be spaced four years apart for this reason: A child of four may be reasoned with, whereas a child under four supplanted by a new baby feels itself alienated from its mother. It misbehaves to gain attention. If the mother fails to understand the child's panic, and punishes instead of reasoning with it, the child feels indeed that it is an outcast.

In your family, the younger daughter gets all the compliments, the older all the rebukes. The reasons for her misbehaviour are beyond her own understanding. You and your wife must help her.

(Continued on page 80)



Claudette Colbert, star of "The Egg and I"

*Photoplay Fashions
In Color Start
on Page 93*

Can Love keep this Sweetness?



Your piercing joy as he whispers, "Always and only yours."

His heart in turmoil from the softness of your hands. Oh, there's magic in a woman's soft hands.

Your hands can keep this magic softness — even more surely now — with Jergens Lotion care. Amazingly — Jergens today is finer than ever. Makes your hands feel smoother, softer — protects longer — due to recent research. Jergens benefits your hands with two ingredients many doctors rely on.

Other women — the most charming — prefer Jergens Lotion way above any other hand care. Look:

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.
Young Marrieds give more than 4 to 1 preference to Jergens.

New York Models go nearly 5 to 1 for Jergens Lotion.

Won't you trust your hand care to this famous Jergens Lotion? Never oily — no stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax).

Your daintiness — surer with new Dryad — new kind of deodorant cream.

Skin specialists approve Dryad.

It stops odor instantly, safely.

Helps check perspiration daintily.

Smooth as face cream.

Stays cream-smooth, thanks to secret ingredient.

Safe for skin and fabrics.

Daintily perfumed.

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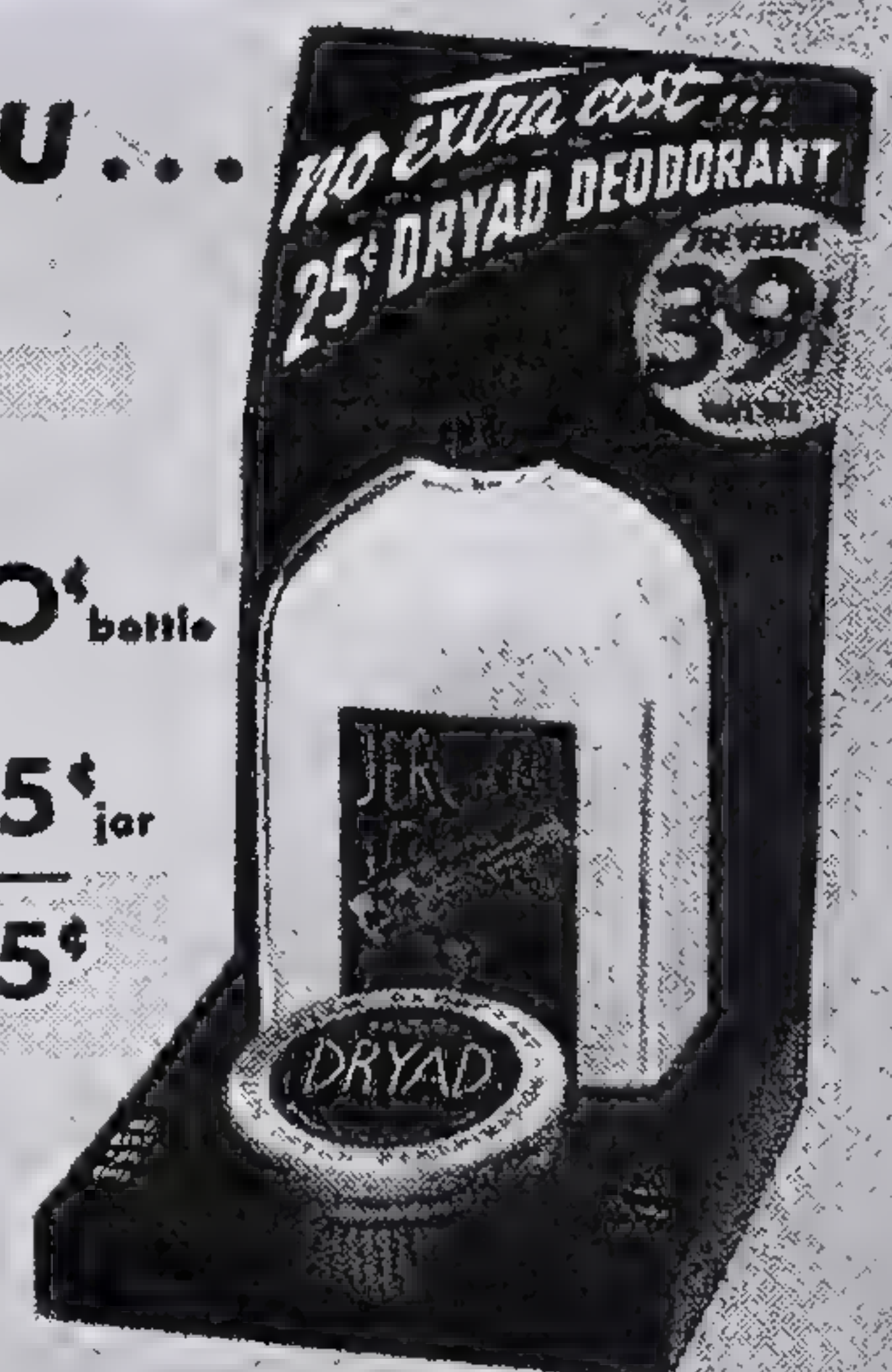
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Famous JERGENS LOTION.....50¢ bottle

New DRYAD deodorant.....25¢ jar

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Meds are different: the "Safety-Well" for extra protection; soft, luxurious cotton; neat applicators—so handy to carry, so easy to use, so simple to dispose of.

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Slender MEDS with **REGULAR** absorbency in the light blue box

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29¢ for 10 in applicators



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Acceptable for advertising in the
Journal of the American Medical Association.

Pool's Paradise

(Continued from page 61) propriety, interposed to say she thought a girl should not be sawed in half unless the man promised to marry her, as Mr. Welles did Miss Hayworth.

"Not even then," said Miss Welles, a spirited tike and earnest actress who was about to take off to the University of Wisconsin to take a summer course in drama.

MISS ESTHER WILLIAMS, only professional woman swimmer to succeed as an actress, is best authority on what a girl should wear in the water.

"I always wear a thin coat of baby oil," said Miss Williams.

Baby oil, the committee was hastily informed, is absorbable and protects skin from drying effect of salt in sea and chlorine in pools.

Those rhinestone and phosphorescent suits you have seen on Miss Williams are chichi for pictures only. If she wore them at sea the fish would chase her. Bright objects are bait for fish. Miss Williams in rhinestones might make quite a catch; on the other hand, the fish might. To throw off sea lions and pool wolves, she wears a white one-piece with tight-fitting trunks. Still tempting.

Miss Cyd Charisse says she comes from the Texas Panhandle but if you come within range of her eyes and siren voice you know she comes from around Scylla and Charybdis where the girls wrecked those mariners. It is deemed inadvisable to allow Miss Charisse in the ocean because our Navy is based here and we can afford to take no chances on having it wrecked, in spite of how they may feel, the world situation being what it is.

But when it comes to a pool party, ah, that's a different matter. La Charisse dazzles the denizens by appearing in a pink satin suit hung with mirrors, no less. Thus the oncoming pack is confounded by suddenly seeing their own images gleaming back at them.

In fact, there is no end to the mad things worn at swimming parties in pools. There are suits of ostrich feathers, suede, sequins, gold mesh, gold and silver lame that's waterproof, Tarzan leopard skin and imitation bare skin.

Swimming pools are in as many sizes and lovely shapes as the contents of suits. Atwater Kent, a business tycoon who gives dazzling parties, has a pool large

enough to float Cleopatra's barge or Elsa Maxwell, and does. Miss Romay's pool has only sufficient draft for a flat-bottomed boat and therefore insufficient for Lina who is digging another in a niche of hill. This will resemble one of those secret mountain pools of fiction on to which a lonely man stumbles to behold a nymph disporting.

However, there will be none of that, says Miss Romay. She is never without her earrings she says, and anyone stumbling around her pool may encounter her big brother Pancho or papa Porfirio.

Jimmy Durante, the old social climber, just completed an eighteen-thousand-dollar pool only to have frogs invade it. The frogs at night sound exactly like Jimmy. It's infuriatin', says Mr. Durante. Girls passing at night might think he was calling to them and leap in only to get a frog in the throat.

Lewis Milestone has dumped tons of sea salt into his pool to give it the tonic zing of the sea that makes a man tingle. Hearing of this, Miss San Juan dumped chili peppers in her pool.

Bathing suits are worn everywhere in Hollywood in summer, for sports events, for shopping on the Boulevard, for business such as car-hopping, soda-jerking and assisting dentists to keep patients' minds off the drill. They are even worn on diplomatic missions.

That scintillating ambassador of good thrill, Miss Lana Turner, on her trip to Mexico packed in white satin suits aflame with red flowers edged in sequins. Up till then the biggest horticultural show in Mexico had been the floating gardens of Xochimilco. But these floating islands are flat. Miss Turner is not. As a float Miss Turner was voted sweepstakes by Mexican caballeros who are notorious flower-lovers.

Mexican feeling toward the United States was never warmer, said President Aleman. Now President Truman is being urged to drop Miss Turner in the Kremlin pool. It is argued the effect would be more devastating than the atom bomb.

If man ignobly prefers the bomb to Lana, all life may revert to that primordial ooze from which our polliwog ancestors emerged inadvisedly when taxes were low.

But bomb or Lana, the committee sees no cause for melancholy. "Toujours gai!" is the committee's motto.

The End

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EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

Described by Ace Announcers

DON DUNPHY and BILL CORUM

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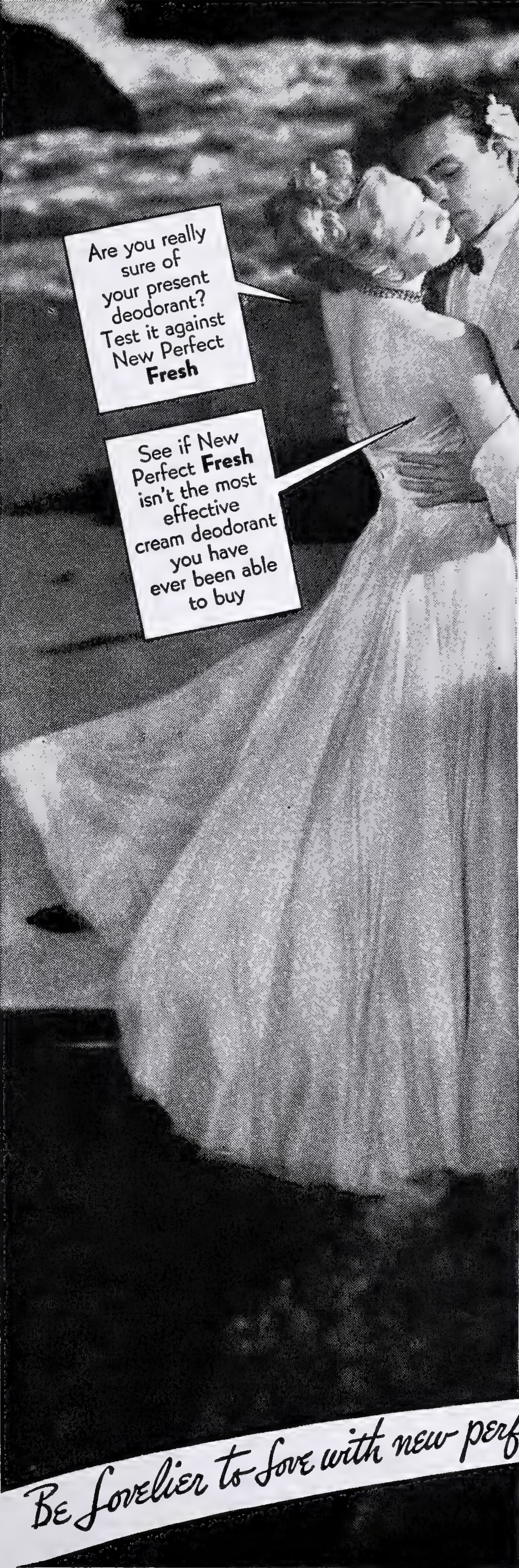
Over All

ABC

Stations

10 P.M., E.D.T.
10 P.M., E.S.T.
9 P.M., C.D.T.
9 P.M., C.S.T.
8 P.M., M.T.
7 P.M., P.T.

Don't miss "Will Rocky Be A King Without a Crown"? by Don Dunphy in the current **SPORT** magazine, now on sale!



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deodorant?
Test it against
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See if New
Perfect **Fresh**
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Never before in History!

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Yet dresses are perfectly safe from rotting . . .
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New Fresh is delicately perfumed, delightful to
smooth on. No gritty crystals or annoying hard
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But don't take our word for it—test it. Test
New Perfect Fresh today against your present
deodorant—see if it isn't the most effective—the
most pleasant cream deodorant you have ever
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Fresh now—for carefree underarm protection
even on hottest days. Available at all drug and
toilet goods counters.

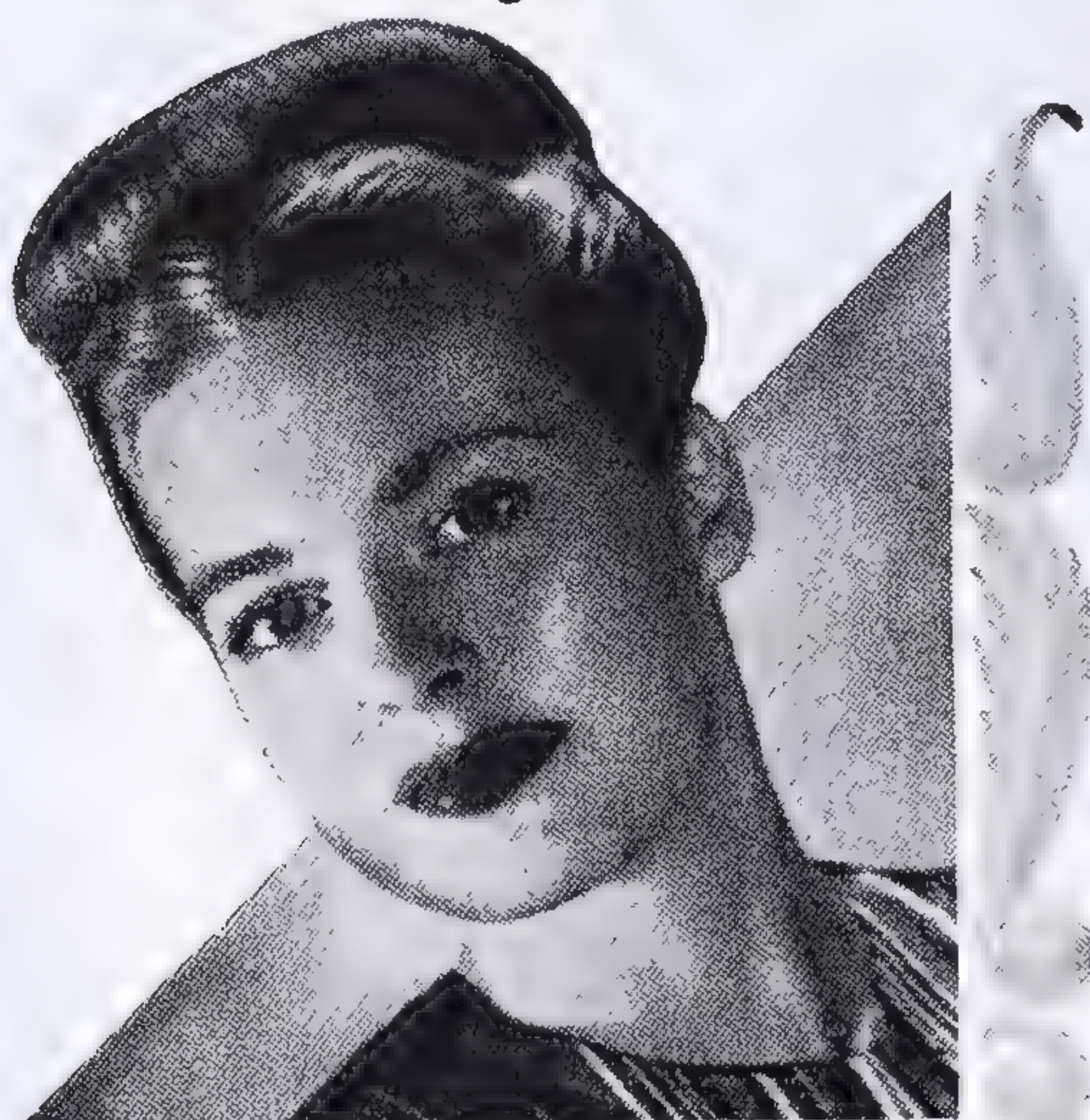
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So Widely Used Among The
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Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours

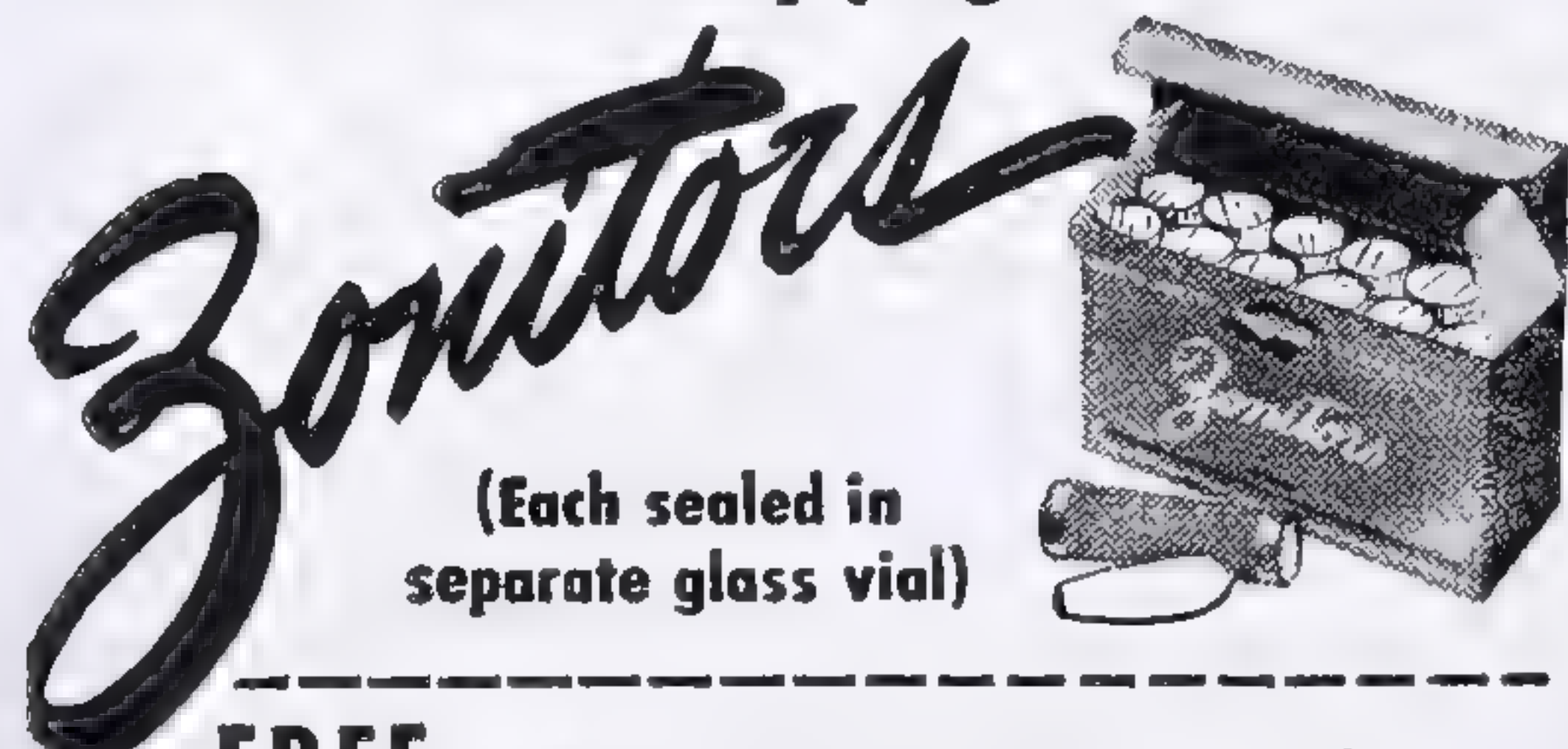
For a long time there has been an urgent need of a higher type method for intimate feminine cleanliness. One that would be easier, daintier, more convenient—one that would be *powerful yet absolutely safe* to delicate tissues. Now, thanks to modern science—you have *Zonitors*!

Positively No Burn—No Smart

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Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so *powerfully effective* they *immediately* kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE Zonitors kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.



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Triumph for Ingrid

(Continued from page 39) was a wonderful dream.

The lonely years passed and this girl, in her teens, found it less and less fun to be with boys and girls her own age. She began withdrawing from people to such an extent that she found it difficult to say or to do those little things that other girls seemed to do quite casually. All because, growing too fast, she felt herself unattractive; as if she were all head and feet.

More and more she went alone to the snowy hills of her northern homeland and found physical freedom at least, flying down those hills on skis. Where there was nobody to see she became quite adept in executing the most difficult turns. Presently she became a ski champion.

It was John Bernadotte, grandson of the King of Sweden, who told me about her being a ski champion. She had never mentioned it. She wouldn't. Her childhood and adolescence had left her much too shy and reserved. So shy and reserved that she's been an enigma in Hollywood.

For the girl of whom I write is Ingrid Bergman.

I predict, however, that from now on Ingrid will hold her own in Hollywood's social ranks. For she has emerged from her six triumphant months on Broadway lovely and poised, secure and unafraid.

NO one, of course, could experience the sensational success Ingrid has known this year and have remained the same. It's been a long time since New York's drama critics have had such praise for any star. And the public concurred. At every performance at the Alvin Theater where Ingrid played, the "Standing Room Only" sign was out. And illustrious persons from every walk of life ordered their tickets to see her weeks in advance.

At the same time movie houses all over the country—showing her latest films, "Saratoga Trunk," "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Spellbound" and "Notorious"—were crowded to capacity. No actress ever has known a more gala year.

PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal went to Ingrid as a result of the national poll conducted by Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research Inc., in which men and women, rich and poor, young and old, voted her the most popular actress of 1946 . . . The Minister of Sweden travelled to New York to honor her with the King of Sweden's Award . . . Helen Hayes, First Lady of the American Theater, presented her with the Drama League Medal.

"Ingrid Bergman's presence here is an historical event," she told the people of the theater gathered at that luncheon. "The theater has been enriched. It is not only her talent and her beauty but also her graciousness that brings me to say we are proud of her."

"She says she is going back to Hollywood to make a picture. But we are only lending her to Hollywood. For we of the theater have adopted her and she now belongs to us."

Ingrid had prepared a little speech of acceptance. But she never made it. As Helen Hayes spoke in her quiet, earnest way, Ingrid's hands began to tremble. And when she arose to face a great ovation she could not talk. She blurted out a few meaningless words, then said impulsively, "I have to kiss Helen Hayes. Excuse me!" Whereupon she rushed to Helen Hayes and threw her arms around her and for a full moment they held each other close.

There were other awards, too numerous

to mention. Preceding her to Hollywood went a crate of them, packed carefully by Ingrid herself.

Invariably, too, when she left the theater the crowds at the stage door would be so great that ushers and stagehands had to clear a lane to her car. "There she is," the cry would arise. And as she passed down the little break in the hundreds of people massed in the street, smiling in her gentle way, there would be such whispers as "Isn't she beautiful . . ." "See the shine of her hair . . ." "She's the greatest actress of them all. . . ."

After one such experience Ingrid was silent as she and her manager, Joseph Henry Steele, drove away. Then, turning to him, she said quietly: "Joe, how long do you think this can last?"

Naturally Ingrid has been aware for years now that she ranks as an attractive woman, even in Hollywood. Nor has she been lonely. She has had her husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, and her daughter, Pia. She has had a few selected friends. But still the behavior pattern she acquired in her youth, when all behavior patterns are formed, persisted in her reticence and her shyness.

Usually six months would be too short a time to change a personality pattern as deeply rooted as Ingrid's. But not such a six months as she has just known. For in these months she has tasted greater triumph than comes to most in an entire lifetime.

I noticed the first change in Ingrid, dramatically enough, the night the eminent Maxwell Anderson announced he hoped to get her for "Joan of Lorraine." We were at a party at George Cukor's. George, directed Ingrid in "Gaslight."

"I'm working on the story of Joan of Arc as a new play," Maxwell Anderson told me.

"Don't you think George Bernard Shaw did that pretty well?" I countered.

"My story is different!"

"Who is to play Joan?" I asked.

It was a tactless question. Katie Hepburn was there. Garbo too, although, as always, Garbo slipped out soon after Ingrid arrived. There is rivalry here, I think, Garbo feeling that Ingrid, also Swedish, has usurped the place she once knew upon the screen. Both Katie and Garbo were eager to play Joan. Definitely I put Maxwell Anderson on a spot.

But he did not mince words. "Who is to play Joan?" he said. "Who but Ingrid!"

Ingrid blossomed that evening, talked and laughed as never before.

Several months later I met her again, this time at the Anderson's country house up in New York State. Helen Hayes was there with Charlie MacArthur, Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary. Milt Caniff, the wonderful comic strip artist, and his wife.

I was struck by the difference in Ingrid at once. She did not creep into the room. She was not listless. She was not shy. Watching her, I no longer thought, "What a pity these stars can't be normal!" She came into the room, smiling. She listened respectfully to the opinions of one and all. But she also asked intelligent questions and offered colorful and interesting opinions. And she had a delightful humor. In fact before that party was over everyone had a definite inkling of the way they were to feel about Ingrid before her season on Broadway was over.

So I say that it was the great compliment paid her by (Continued on page 74)

Be smart on a Budget - See Photoplay Fashions on Page 93

Who would know better than the girls in white?



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101 out of 120 report no chafing
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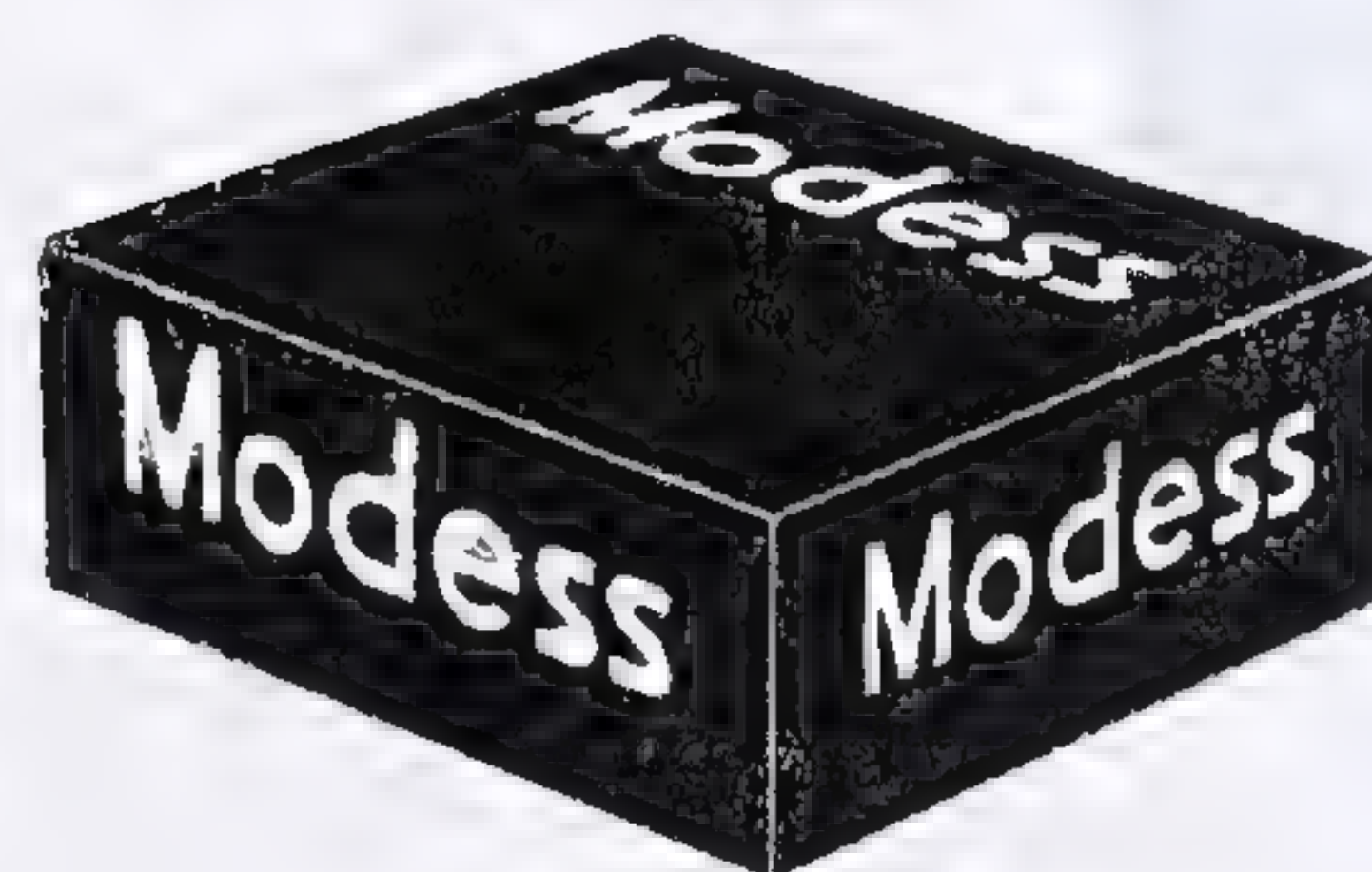
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(Continued from page 72) Maxwell Anderson when he chose her for his "Joan of Lorraine" that began her metamorphosis.

Ingrid is back in California now. A new woman. And, I suspect, a happier woman. For, freed of the inhibitions her lonely youth so long imposed upon her, she now is able to relax, to meet all the charming and intelligent people who have always wanted to know her, to have fun.

She flew back to California the day after her theater contract ended and the play closed—because there was no other actress who could or would follow her on Broadway. She was weary. Her New York schedule had included two charity appearances every week, numerous professional luncheons, interviews, photographic sittings, all the acclaim, all the honors—and eight performances a week in a role which undoubtedly was the most demanding, physically and histrionically, that the stage has seen for many a moon.

She also was very homesick for her husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, and their eight-year-old daughter Pia. In spite of the fact that the doctor and Pia had visited her in New York at Christmas and the doctor, alone, had flown on for weekends whenever his work permitted.

"I am going to call my friends," she told me, "including the producer and director with whom I will make 'Joan of Lorraine' as a movie and say 'Hello, how are you?' And then I am going to ask them not even to call me for three weeks—to make believe I am not yet home."

"So I may rest—and visit my family—and do little else, except perhaps walk in my woods and read some new books."

She is a great walker and a great reader. Almost always she walked from her hotel to the theater. And whatever her schedule she reads at least two books a week. Her appetite for knowledge and experience is great. She wants to travel all over the world, meet different kinds of people in different walks of life, talk to them of their work, partake with them of their food.

She has an exploring mind.

Home to Ingrid is a house of stone and rafters up in the hills which rise above the fashionable Benedict Canyon. She calls it "The Barn" because it is, literally, a house built onto a great raftered living room. Directly opposite the living room door is a fireplace alcove. Ingrid calls this her den. And the embrasure of a window here, as deep as the great stones from which the house is built, she has heretofore designated as her trophy room. But it won't hold her trophies now.

To the right of the entrance door there is a large bow window with a built-in seat complemented by a table. This she calls her breakfast room. The other side of the room is the dining room. A kitchen, three bedrooms and baths complete the house.

The land consists of almost two acres, one-half of it in woodland. And it is here she loves to walk. For once you are in her woods there is no sight or sound of human habitation. You are alone with the birds and the insects and little wild animals and the wind that moves in the trees.

It will be January before she completes the movie "Joan of Lorraine." Then, after a couple of months' rest, she will go to the London studios to play a dipsomaniac in "Under Capricorn," with that master of thrills and chills, Alfred Hitchcock, directing. Whether it will be the stage again after that or another movie depends upon the characters that are offered her.

"I like crazy characters," she says with quiet firmness, meaning she likes characters who are offbeat. Straight leading lady roles usually bore her. Always she is thinking of the parts she would like to play even when she gets to be sixty or seventy years old. For acting is her whole life. Without it I firmly believe she would shrivel up and die.

Thus she has come a long way. And thus my story which began with a lonely little girl ends with a great actress—and even more—a great and happy woman.

THE END

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(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



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Ella, the twin at the right above, has the Toni. Could you tell?

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Easy Does It

(Continued from page 57) hit me with a shilelah for me to get the idea. The perennial favorite of "What's the best thing to do for a code id the head" offered safer ground. We combed the inevitable sure-cure remedies and reached the inevitable conclusion that there isn't a gosh-darned thing you can do about it, really, except carry a spare handkerchief and blow.

From there we digressed to my son Tim. I don't recall Jimmy talking, being too much the gentleman to interrupt me. However, Mr. S. has a way with little people. He and Tim hit it off famously. In fact they made a date for golf.

Jimmy has taken up golf since his return to mufti. He confessed to staggering scores requiring one caddy for the clubs and another for an adding machine but found solace in the fact that his close friend Bill Grady, Metro talent exec, has been playing ever since he's been Irish and still sends his score card to a C.P.A.

Then, of course, we discussed pictures and Hollywood. Jimmy rides the middle of the road on all things concerned with his work and the territory surrounding it. In this he is unique. He does not propound theories about picture subject matter, production methods, or directorial technique. He is an actor and would retain that status without thought of being a triple-threat genius.

"One job at a time is enough. I like to act and that's my business. I still have lots to learn about it so I'll leave the other jobs to fellows that know. I'm busy enough makin' pictures."

And busy he is. His latest job is a sequence in "A Miracle Can Happen" in which he teamed with his side-kick Hank Fonda, the first time in all their years in pictures that these two close friends have played together. One hears tell it's one of the most hilarious things to hit the screen. But I didn't get that from Jimmy. They play it safe in Indiana, Pennsylvania, where he comes from.

Recently he's finished "Magic Town" with Jane Wyman and like every picture he does, he enjoyed it. Again he's unique in that he has no preference as to roles. Westerns, farces or dramas, any darn thing so long as it's good entertainment and the part calls for a tall, slender guy who doesn't have to talk too fast.

He's more concerned about the public than anything. He's curious as to what the bobby-sox brigade will think of him . . . and he can't understand why some stars complain about the gamuts of gamins they must run when entering night clubs.

"Heck, they don't have to go to those places if it bothers them do they?" There's a question that's a pretty good answer!

The only desire he expressed in regard to his career, was to make a picture with Ingrid Bergman and his reason, "I think she's good," sounded infinitely more flattering to Miss Bergman than it reads.

Jimmy dropped just one key from his otherwise casual comfortable scale of philosophy when I steered our talk to marriage. He followed his middle-of-the-road policy by having nothing to say against either marriage or bachelorhood until the word "loneliness" crept into the conversation. He said, "When you get home from work tired—too tired to go out or to have people over, you get kinda lonesome. Loneliness can be an awful thing."

We analyzed the problem and had very little trouble arriving at marriage as the solution. But that presented still another

problem—to wit, the right girl.

His decision on that? "Loneliness is no reason to go looking for a wife. The right one just has to happen. If you're over-anxious you're liable to guess wrong—and you can be just as lonely with the wrong wife—maybe lonelier."

On the more futuristic side of this marriage topic we discussed children. Here Jimmy just feels sorta "left out." It seems every bull-session eventually winds up with the fathers extolling Jr.'s latest achievement. Then out come the latest snapshots. "When this happens, I can't get a word in edgeways. A bachelor might just as well get up and go to a movie."

I suppose you all know he plays the accordion and the part of the piano that's in C. And that he lives in a small cozy house and has a wonderful housekeeper named Daisy. But did you know he's a veritable Izaak Walton with rod and reel? His specialty is sword fish.

It all started one morning when the tabloids announced a run of marlin just off the coast. This struck an adventurous chord in Mr. S. so he promptly called cronies Leland Hayward and Ward Bond, chartered a boat and set out to acquire the necessary equipment.

HE recalled that the proper marlin bait was flying fish and recalled, too, an integral factor regarding these air-minded marlin tempters. It seems that shortly after a flying fish's demise, the eyes fall out! The wily marlin, chancing upon an eyeless flying fish will say, "Oh no, brother, you're too hard to digest with that hook in you," and take it on the lam. So the even wilier fishermen must sew the eyes in cautiously and with finesse in order to fox Mr. Marlin. This calls for the proper thread and needle.

Mr. Stewart entered a store and asked the clerk for some thread. The clerk solicitously asked, "For what use, sir?" and the preoccupied Mr. S. answered, "To sew some eyes in a flying fish."

This sent the incredulous clerk in search of a larger clerk behind whom to hide. Eventually, however, our hero acquired the thread, also the proper needle for sewing flying-fish eyes, the tackle, the pole, and lasso (you lasso marlin!) and was ready. At 3:00 a.m. breakfast. At 4:30 a.m., Mr. Stewart and company boarded the boat and cast off. At 4:40 a.m., Mr. Stewart completed sewing his first eye. At 4:41 a.m. Mr. Stewart became suddenly ill and remained in this unfisherman-like condition for the remainder of the day.

The story goes, if you would believe the old salts who recall the voyage, that nary a marlin was seen that day. Nor has the tall fisherman with the green complexion been seen round that port since.

There's a moral to this story. Remember, "A stitch in time saves nine," whereas "a stitch in a flying fish ruined Stewart." But then the world is made up of give and take and if I hadn't been given the assignment of interviewing Jimmy Stewart you might never have known what it takes to catch a swordfish.

So you see, I did get a scoop after all!

THE END

We are sure PHOTOPLAY readers will be delighted to know that Susan will shortly start work in "Sign of the Ram"—her first picture since her accident nearly three years ago. She will play from her wheel chair—but don't expect a good-goody role. She will surprise you.

Lots of luck, Susan!

Be Smart on a Budget - See Photoplay Fashions on Page 93

Beauty Spots



Karin Booth, in
"The Unfinished
Dance," a la page boy

By
Mary Jane Fulton

QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

KARIN BOOTH is one gal who can dress in a hurry, and look as though she's spent hours getting ready. She'd overslept, but twenty minutes after we'd phoned her to say we were downstairs, she joined us for breakfast looking so gorgeous that all male eyes focused on her. . . . Knowing what a time the average femme has getting dressed, we asked how she did it. Laughingly, she replied that it's just a matter of habit. She keeps her clothes constantly "in order," so that she doesn't have to make one big job of it. She doesn't put off shampooing her hair, or manicuring her nails. Thus, at a moment's notice, she can appear looking her loveliest.

TIPS ON POISE

KARIN confided that, like many actresses, she is inclined to worry about doing a scene well. So she tries not to be afraid, and to have confidence in her ability. You'll have a chance to see how well this tall blue-eyed blonde's idea works in her latest M-G-M picture, "The Unfinished Dance." . . . Another tip on poise which she gave us, and we believe you'll find it worthwhile trying, is to think well of yourself, so others will, too. Karin claims if this attitude isn't done to the point of conceit, it has a definite psychological, beautifying effect.

STAR ATTRACTIONS

If your eyes are your best feature, she suggests giving them star billing by subtle use of eye make-up. And if you have lovely teeth, experimenting until you find the most flattering lipstick shade. . . . The new cream lipsticks, incidentally, are claimed to have greater indelibility, and of course there's the liquid type, which requires a special remover. . . . Karin believes in her good luck, but "insures" it by folding new dollar bills once before spending them. Born June Frances Hoffman in Minneapolis, Minnesota, there must be a bit of Scotch in Karin Booth!



Karin again—upswept

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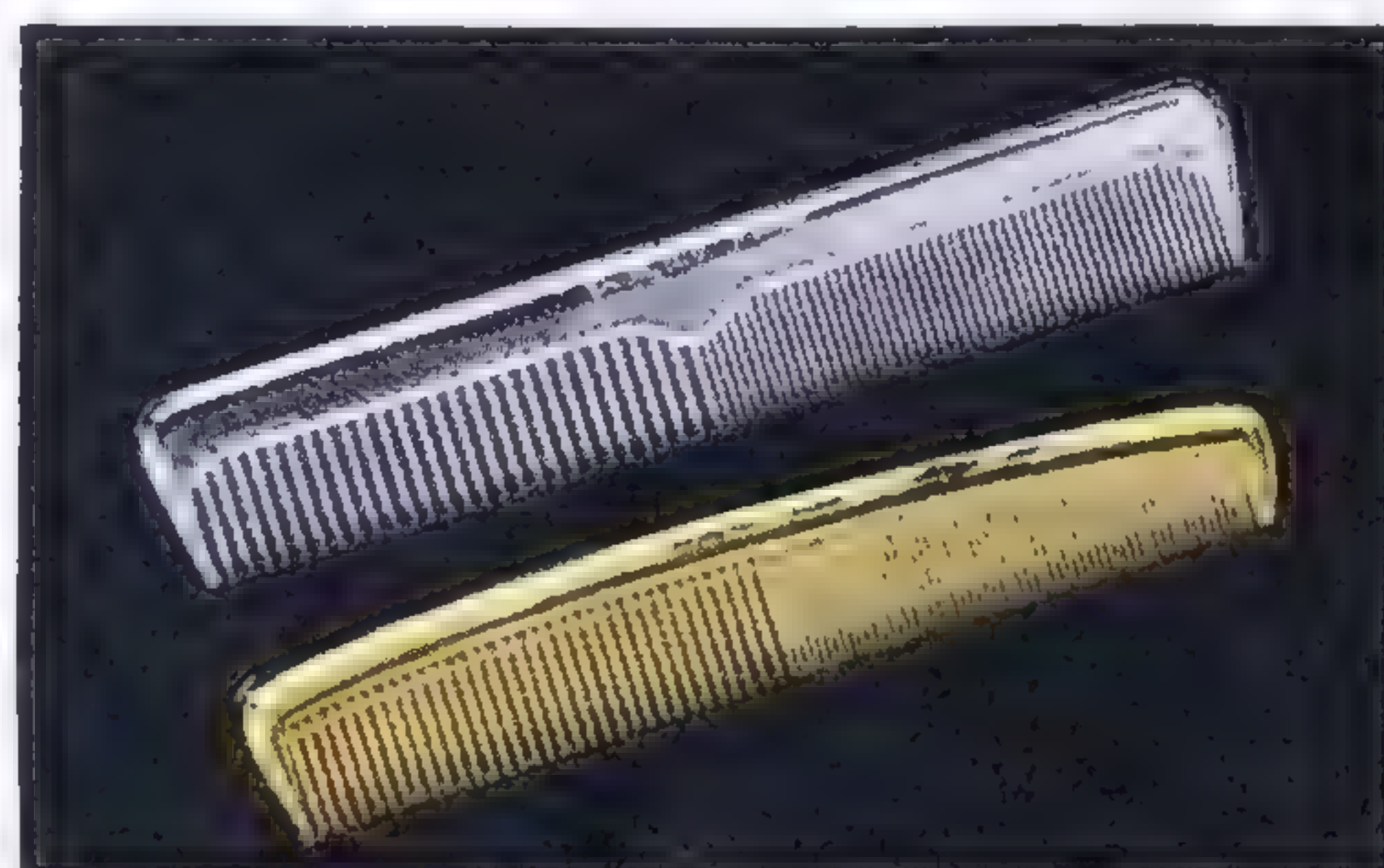
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J E W E L I T E B Y P R O - P H Y - L A C - T I C

The Littlest Ladd

(Continued from page 53) mean no more to me than my little girl.

"The only difference is that now when I come home from the studio, the first thing I do is stop and play with Alana for awhile. She isn't actually jealous but she is sensitive, and I don't think any child should ever be hurt. Currently I get loved all over the place by her when I come home, but she's gradually taking an interest in the baby, and I know things will work out so that she'll become proud of him. At the same time she will be proud of herself because she is bigger and older than he is. The other day she looked down at him and said, 'Daddy, he can't ride a horse yet, can he?'"

YOUNG DAVID isn't doing anything yet—except all those wonderful things that all miracle babies do at approximately six months. And David is definitely a miracle baby, let his fond parents tell it. Alan and Sue go through the usual parental routine of insisting he looks like the other one of them, but to this reporter he looks more like Alan, just as Alana does, though his face is rounder than his sister's. However, his eyes are exactly as blue and his hair as blond. He is a "long" baby meaning he will be tall, and natch, according to his doting parents, he "never cries."

He was named for sentimental reasons.

"The first job that Sue ever got me—the first real break I ever had in pictures—was in 'Rulers of the Sea,'" Alan explains. "Life was absolutely tops to me then. I was falling in love. I was getting my chance—and I was sent to Catalina on location, which meant I was going to eat regularly for a change.

"I was assigned to bunk in with a guy named David Kline. He was old enough to be my father, and that's how he treated me. A week hadn't passed before I got to love the guy. I thought he didn't have a dollar. He knew that I didn't.

"Actually he was one of the best-off guys in town. He'd had an amazing career, running shows, carnivals and stock companies. His wife was Gaby Fay, who had been the first *Tondeleyo* of 'White Cargo,' which was one of those first 'wild women' parts, but they had come to settle down in Hollywood and his wife changed her name and became, of all things, the serene *Ma Hardy* of the screen, Fay Holden.

"Dave and Fay had exactly the kind of marriage to which I aspired for Sue and me. Our friendship grew. I got my Paramount contract. I got my Susie. As the years went by, we grew closer and closer together. Dave understood my problems and his advice was always the soundest I could get on any subject. He was one of the best, and when he died a couple of years ago I knew I had lost something from my life that can never be replaced.

"Often when we talked, I told him that if Susie and I ever had a son, he'd be called David. He was a quiet fellow. He didn't say a lot, but I always knew, by the way he beamed at that idea, that he went for it in a big way. If his namesake grows up to be half the man he was, that will be very much okay."

Small as he is, you may be sure that David Kline's namesake has already changed everything. To be truthful about it, his parents don't exactly know what to do about him. The Hollywood house is too small with him added to it. The ranch house, which Susie converted into a dwell-

ing despite its having been born to be a garage, is barely big enough for three Ladds, let alone four. And even as you and I, they have discovered that everything costs too much.

However, four of the ranch horses worked in "Whispering Smith," along with Alan, himself. Susie says, "Imagine those poor innocent horses working," but Alan grins and says, "They ate regularly. Why shouldn't they work?" If you really want to know those horses earned twenty dollars a day for a matter of three months on "Whispering Smith," which should buy them quite a few oats, wild or otherwise.

Alan says, "I'm fighting for security, which in my case means fighting for the kind of productions that will keep me at the top. Now with David, I want to do so many things for him and Lannie. The bond between me and Susie has never been closer. David adds to this.

"It's a growing thing, the difference between romance and a real marriage. Susie and I have had both, that wonderful excitement between us, and now this thing of a home and our two children. It is a bond that steadily grows deeper and deeper. It isn't easy to talk about. In a way you don't need to talk about it at all—but one thing you do need to do is to plan for it—to plan to protect it.

"My luck has held so far. Every one of my pictures has done better business than I dared hope—especially 'Two Years Before the Mast' and now 'Calcutta.' I'd like to get a purely romantic picture for a change, but those seem mighty hard to find. So far as actual working conditions are concerned, I never enjoyed making any picture as much as 'The Big Haircut' with Dottie Lamour. There is a girl in a million and after two days on a picture, you know why Crosby and Hope have fought to keep her with them."

Sue is still shopping for a bigger house for the family. David is still at the stage where he only requires the space of a bassinet. Kathleen can care for both him and Alana, but add another six months and that blissful state will be impossible.

Alan's dream, meanwhile, remains as it was before David came. He wants to build up the ranch so that eventually it will be a resort spot, which he will run, and support the whole family thereby.

With this thought in mind, he has recently enlarged the swimming pool, and put in a great refrigerator and irrigation system. Sue grins at this long range planning and says, "Is this thrift really necessary? Don't forget we are going to make millions from Alsulad."

Alsulad and Marijuana are their two racers who are now busily engaged in eating the finest oats over at Santa Anita. Marijuana nearly got them in trouble during the telephone strike, when they had to wire the man who was going to breed her, "Marijuana ready to be picked up at ranch." Western Union asked lots of questions about that one.

But underneath all the kidding, Susie is just as serious about the future as Alan is. It seems impossible that it can hold anything but the loveliest things for them—but regardless, they know they will be together in it—so how could it be anything but perfect?

Alan sums it up when you ask where he's registered David for future education. "What college could possibly teach any boy more than dear old Paramount?" he asks.

The End

HATTIE had Hair-Do Fatigue



Smooth at six—
dressed for her date, with a honey of a smooth, sleek hair-do. But, does the hair stay that way? Alas, no.



Tangled at ten.
Hattie's hair just seemed to tumble, and so did her rating with the lads. (How they notice hair!)

'til she discovered Nestle HAIRLAC

—the delicately perfumed hair lacquer

Now Hattie knows what to do—she bought a bottle of Nestle Hairlac and conquered all those wayward wisps. Why don't you get a bottle today? At drug and dept. stores. 50¢



Keeps all styles of Hair-Dos Well Groomed



A TRULY FRESH LIPSTICK

SIX SMART SHADES in gold-hued metal jewelry-style cases.

\$1.00 PLUS TAX

A new lipstick that is *DATED*—to assure you it is truly *FRESH*, with oils and color unimpaired. Goes on, stays on, better. The date is on each box.

Forever Amber
Lipstick - Perfume - Cologne

Kathryn, Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Turn to Page 93 for the New Clothes Modeled by the Stars

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) This girl probably feels she's unloved. That you do care deeply about her welfare is shown by your letter. Tell her, then. Find things about her to compliment. Instead of accusing her of negligence, why not tell her how pretty her hair is, and add that it always shines after it has been washed.

Give her the emotional security of feeling that you have confidence in her. It may take time and enormous patience, but she will respond.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Almost three years ago I had polio and was confined to bed a year. I was so happy when I was able to come home in the spring. I had recovered quite a bit and was walking and riding well when I had a horrible accident: A horse fell on me and crushed my crippled leg.

I was taken south to visit relatives so I had a wonderful time. I had dates—the boys pushed my wheel chair to the swimming pool and once I was in the water I could outswim most of them.

I was overjoyed when I came home and the doctor told me I was able to learn to walk again. A month afterward I started back to school on crutches.

You can imagine how I felt when I began to realize that I didn't fit in with the kids I had known. I have no close girl friends, and I don't rate any dates.

Finally I mentioned my plight to my singing teacher and she said, "You have such a beautiful voice that you should be thankful for it and not let anything make you unhappy. You will go far in this world—farther than anyone else I know."

I should be grateful, but I can't help being lonely. Tell me how to win the right kind of friends to ease my loneliness.

Estella C.

I think your singing teacher's philosophy is excellent: If you have a talent, as apparently you have, devote your entire strength toward preparing yourself for a career. Have the spunk and resourcefulness to bring fun into your own life, to study your music and to bring unexpected happiness to others.

If there is a government hospital near you, you should make arrangements to sing there each weekend; if a children's hospital, encourage youngsters who are suffering, by your return to health.

The sure way to contentment is to concern oneself with the needs of others.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In the February issue there was a letter from a girl signed "Jane U." who was six feet tall, and who complained of having no boy friends. I am nineteen, six feet tall, and weigh one hundred sixty-five pounds. I find that girls over 5' 7" are best for me to dance with and have the best personalities. I understand that you aren't running a lonely hearts club but I would appreciate it very much if you would ask this girl to write to me.

PFC C. G. Johnson, Jr.
B Company, Marine Barracks
Saipan, M. I. c/o FPO,
San Francisco, California.

Since "Jane U." failed to supply an address, I am publishing your letter. I hope she will see it and write to you. I also received a very nice letter from PFC Henri Despies, 833 O.B.D. Co Ordinance School, APG, Aberdeen, Maryland, who was eager to get in touch with "Jane U." PFC Despies is 6' 2", and is nineteen.

I hope all of you become pen pals.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I recently turned twenty-one. At all times I have striven to be a gentleman, but have found it doesn't pay. The older generation teaches us to have good manners, and be civilized human beings.

Well, it seems the better manners a person has, the more quickly other guys take advantage of him. The girls just think he is a sad sack.

I was taught to respect womanhood, but I've noticed that the guys who howl and maul get the girls.

Jim L.

Your letter reminds me of an interesting anecdote told about the prize-fighter, Gentleman Jim Corbett. As he was walking through a hotel lobby one evening, a bumptious, fuming bantam collided with him. Instead of apologizing, the man in error yelled at the pugilist, blaming him for the accident. Mr. Corbett just bowed and begged pardon. A friend with Corbett said, "Why didn't you tell the little fool off?"

"I can afford to be polite," said Corbett. "I have the punch to back it up."

You might remember that hereafter,

As for the "guys who howl and maul" getting the girls, it depends upon what kind of girls you have in mind. Every delivery of mail that I receive contains letters from girls eager to be popular without having to submit to mauling.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Could you please give me a list of linens that a girl, planning to marry in the fall, should have for her new home?

I've looked high and low in books for sensible advice. Most writers of etiquette books give a list that sounds like a banquet at Buckingham Palace and simply scares me to death.

Forsythia M.

I believe in starting married life with minimum essentials. Styles in table linens change almost as frequently as styles in clothing. A few years ago no one owned such a boon as a set of plastic place mats.

Since you are moving into a home, rather than into an apartment, I presume that you will have two bedrooms. In this case you should have six sets of sheets and pillow slips, so that at all times two sets will be in the laundry, two on the beds, and two on the closet shelf.

You will be able to figure out your own

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

towel requirements. In addition to family needs, you should have a dozen small guest towels.

As for table linen, I should think that six changes would be enough, including place mats of various types as well as linen cloths with napkins to match. There should be one festive cloth for large family affairs. You will also need about two dozen doilies.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

This is my first year in this town as we just moved here. Almost at once I made friends with a girl and she introduced me to her friends. At midterm I was voted most popular girl in the school.

This honor caused me plenty of trouble, because my girl friend who had introduced me around had won "Most Popular" for the past three years. She didn't say very much, but I knew that she was horribly disappointed.

The next thing I knew, a boy I had liked very much stopped asking me for dates. Then one of the girls gave a party and for the first time I wasn't included. A few days later, another party was given, and once again I wasn't invited.

Finally a committee from our gang made a date to see me, and explained that my "girl friend" had told everyone that my father was a drunkard, and that he came home from work every day and beat up my mother and me. She had said that I was very brave—imagine!—to put up with it, and that our life was terrible.

I said it wasn't true; but she had thought of that and had told the kids that I would deny it. Now what can I do?

Dalcye G.

Apparently you haven't discussed this problem with your mother. If you had I feel certain she would have hit instantly on the right solution, which is this:

Simply give a party in your own home—a big party. This needn't be expensive as you could serve hot dogs and soda. In addition to the usual gang make a point of inviting the trouble-making girl.

During the evening, your father should appear and make himself agreeable. Let your guests see for themselves that your father is a sober, pleasant man who loves his family.

Once you have made your point, I think you should see as little as possible of your erstwhile friend. She strikes me as being the sort of person who could be voted Least Likely To Succeed, if she is going to persist in fabricating evil stories every time she loses a contest.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and in high school. I go with a boy in my class and we have a wonderful time except for one thing.

I have a sister ten years old and she seems to think she should go every place I go. She is backed up by my mother who says I can take my choice: Either take my sister along on dates, and to school dances, or I can stay at home.

A ten-year-old sister is a dreadful drag on a girl's popularity. Luckily I'm sort of pretty or I'd never have a date.

PLEASE, help me.

Adela S.

The relation between two sisters is usually determined by the wisdom of their mother. To have a sister can be a blessed gift or the source of lifetime bitterness. Your mother should realize that. In the first place, a child of ten should be in bed by eight o'clock. In the second place, no child of ten should be allowed to attend

movies on school nights, and certainly there is no reason for her accompanying you to high school social functions. By insisting you accept your sister's presence at all times, your mother is building up resentment between the two of you.

I do hope that this letter, when shown to your mother, may prove effective.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Ten months ago I married a widower. His wife had died of a heart attack while he was in the Marine Corps, leaving him with a baby son.

I should really be very happy. I have a husband who loves me dearly and whom I love with all my heart, a nice home, good health, my own car, and a cute little son.

But—I am jealous of my husband's son and vice versa. The boy was two years old when his mother died. He is so spoiled now, that he won't even sleep alone. He insisted on sleeping with us ever since we have been married.

I get up at five each morning to prepare Frank's breakfast, so the baby gets up too. He can hardly hold his eyes open, but he follows his daddy everywhere and is cross the rest of the day.

Twice we have hired "sitters" to stay with the boy so we could have an evening out. He cried and carried on so we had to dismiss the sitter and stay home.

I have tried to be good (I have a step-mother whom I love), but it's hopeless. If he sees a toy in a store he wants, but can't have, he cries, hits and kicks me and even throws things at me afterward.

I have said nothing to my husband about the boy's behavior for fear it would cause trouble in our marriage. Could you please give me some help?

(MRS.) J. B. M.

It is natural for your husband to be devoted to his son, but he should be wise enough to see that his attitude towards the boy will eventually make both of you complete slaves of a spoiled child.

First of all, the child should be sold the idea of sleeping in a room alone. Any physician will assure you that the worst possible thing in the world for both parents and child is the arrangement you have described. The way to sell him the idea is to take him with you to the home of friends whose children have their own rooms. Then you can say, "Isn't Bobby lucky to have his own bed in his own room." Give the impression that there is something superior and desirable in having his private quarters. He'll catch on and demand his own bedroom.

You might try the same motivation in regard to the sitter. Tell him about other children who stay at home with nurse-maids while their parents are away. If he doesn't take kindly to suggestion, simply leave him with a sitter and walk out. The boy must learn cooperation now, or he will certainly become a problem child.

Buy some good books on child psychology and read them with your husband. Show him that you are interested in the welfare of your son, and in building a satisfactory life for yourselves.

Claudette Colbert

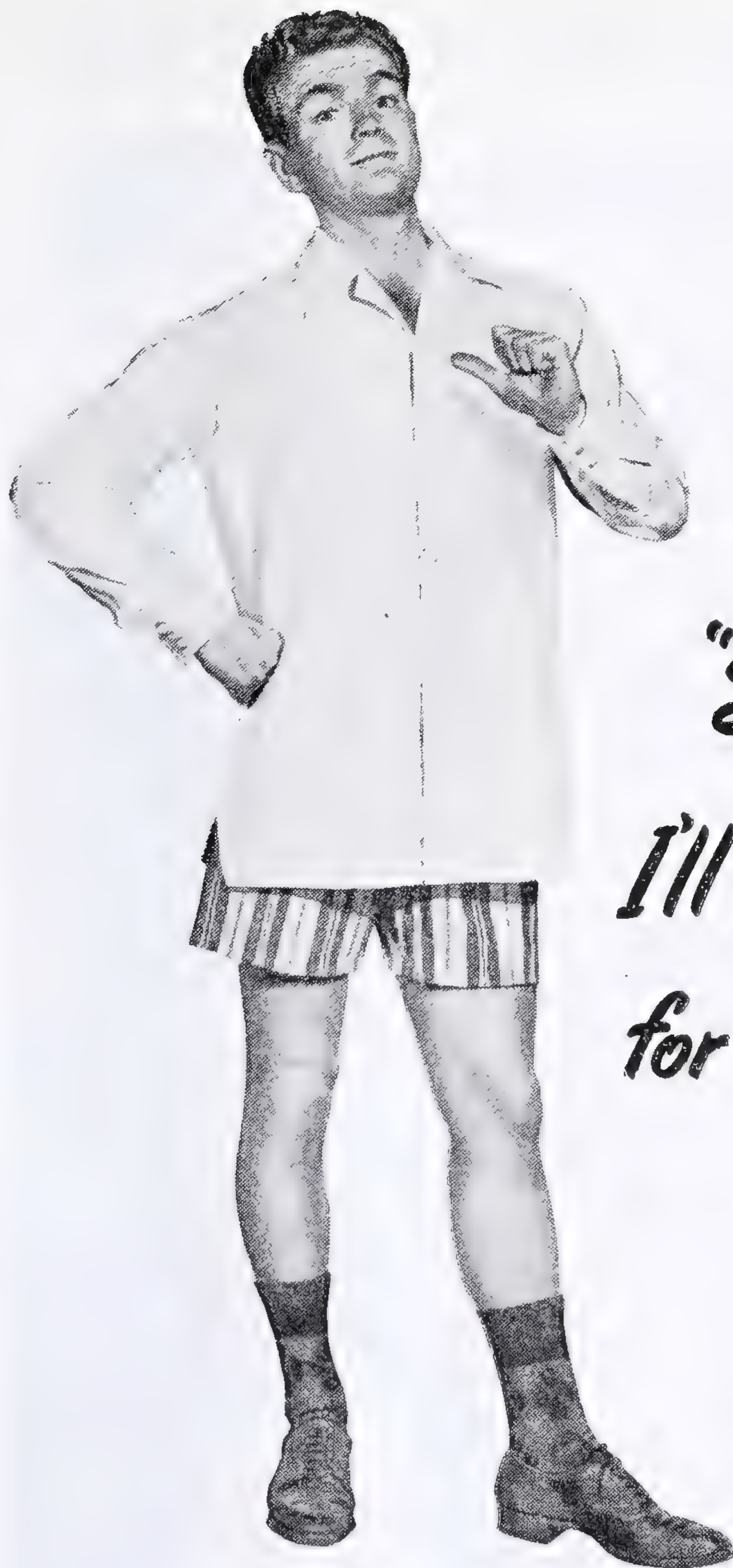
Dear Miss Colbert:

I saw "The Secret Heart" twice and fell in love with the theme song. Could you please tell me what the name of the melody is and whether it has been recorded?

Bonny B.

The melody is "La Plus Que Lent" by Debussy, and it has been recorded by a number of different pianists.

Claudette Colbert



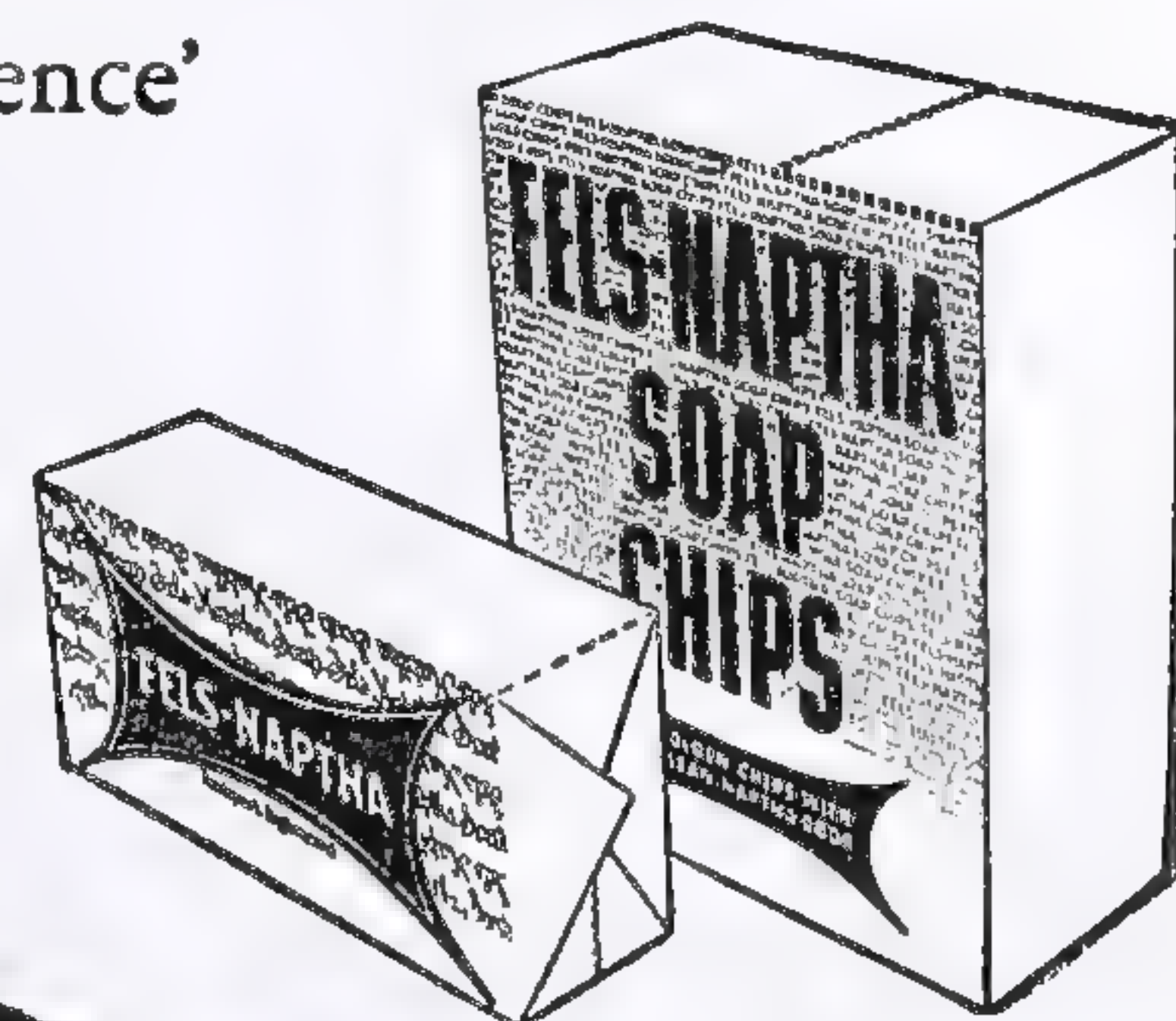
"SURE
I'll be a Model...
for Fels-Naptha"

"I'm nobody's pin-up boy—but any time I can do the Fels-Naptha folks a favor—count me in. The missus says I'm a fast man with a shirt and if it wasn't for Fels-Naptha Soap, her permanent address would be R. D. 1, Laundry Tub Row.

"Well... she keeps me stocked with clean shirts (white, that is) and she's ready to step whenever I am. So if I'm the type you're looking for... shoot! It's on the house."

1 1 1

Welcome, Brother! You are now entitled to membership in the Fels-Naptha Boosters Club. 'Experience' meetings held every week on wash day. Be sure to bring the 'missus'. We want to hear her own report on Why Fels-Naptha is the Best Laundry Soap on the Market.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

How Arthur Murray Girls

guard daintiness

while

dancing!

Lovely experts

rely on this

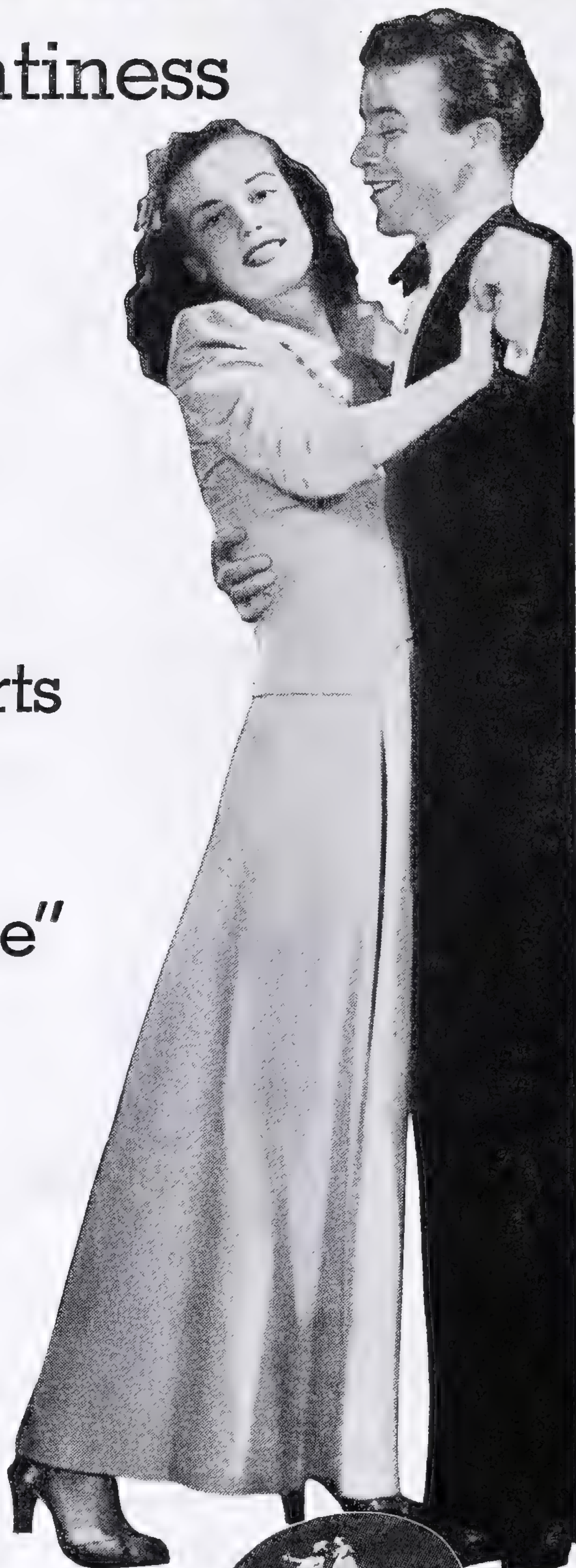
"safe-and-sure"

deodorant!

SCHOOLED IN GRACE and graciousness . . . Arthur Murray's charming young instructresses take care to keep themselves *completely dainty* through strenuous hours of dancing.

FOR SAFE-AND-SURE PROTECTION they rely on Etiquet above all other deodorants. Etiquet works *effectively, efficiently* to keep them free from underarm odor, check perspiration. And they know from experience—Etiquet can be *depended upon* through hours of active exercise.

SO FLUFFY! SO LIGHT! Etiquet goes on easily—is soothing to the skin. And Etiquet stays moist in jar—is harmless to delicate fabrics. Now *you* can guard your daintiness as carefully as an Arthur Murray girl—*protect* your personal charm with Etiquet. Get Etiquet at any cosmetic counter—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure
deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Hollywood Tour

(Continued from page 47) equally industrious individuals whose daily labor makes possible the flickers on your home-town screen.

Our first impression is one of beauty . . . wide streets lined with nodding palms, luxurious shrubbery and landscaping. Then, of spaciousness . . . 140 acres subdivided by twelve miles of streets. It's a real city in a make-believe setting, with its own police and fire departments, school, library, restaurants, theaters, and communication system . . . twenty-two sound stages resembling airplane hangars, and scores of squat buildings housing shops, laboratories, dressing rooms, offices, a giant electrical plant, etc.

Through streets of lavish exterior sets representing small communities in England, France, Italy and early New England, even the sky-scrapers of New York . . . make-up men, prop men, and an occasional star thread through the busy automobile traffic on bicycles, bright red motor scooters, or motor bikes . . . the simplest and easiest transportation in this far-flung community. They are the citizens of this celluloid city—3,200 to 4,000 of them.

So much to see, so little time to take it all in. The Green Room, where the stars eat, which in typical Hollywood fashion is not green at all, but a sort of gray-blue, with colorful chintz drapes and vivid flowers . . . the luxurious dressing rooms, living room, kitchen and bath, compact and liveable apartments . . . what's all this about a housing shortage? Stage 21, the largest sound stage in the world, which can be flooded with water four-feet deep, to provide a realistic background for ocean epics . . . the Portrait Gallery, where the stars are immortalized . . . the airplanes and the ocean-going ships . . . the fan-mail department where eight men and women, working eight hours a day, clear 60,000 letters a month.

Hurry, hurry, hurry . . . the sun is dropping behind the Hollywood Hills, and we still haven't seen it all.

And next we have a full day with the Agars—Shirley Temple and her John—beginning with breakfast beside the Beverly Wilshire pool and ending—well, wait till you see!

THE END



Just for Laughs
tune in

**"CAN YOU
TOP THIS?"**

Starring

★ SENATOR FORD

★ HARRY
HERSHFIELD

★ JOE LAURIE JR.

Hear what America's three top wits think about America's most mirthful subjects in this laugh-loaded, completely unheard program.

And read their best in the current August
True Story Magazine now on sale on the newsstands

EVERY SAT.—N.B.C.
Consult your local newspaper for time and station

Accidentally Yours

(Continued from page 41) "Write in a logical spot for a song and dance for Peter Lawford." And Peter was off to a new career as the new heartthrob of films.

Because when the girls who squeal young men into fame saw and heard Peter's number, "'Tain't Right to Love You Like I Do," at the sneak preview of "It Happened in Brooklyn," they screamed, "'Taint Right To Neglect You." For a few minutes they even forgot Frankie Boy and carried on fit to kill for Mr. Lawford. Now he's a star.

And all because Peter accidentally heard some music on Hollywood Boulevard. What would have happened to Peter and his career if instead of boogie woogie, the someone in that record shop had played the "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven?

But that's the way it's always been with Peter. Accidents of the moment have always changed the course of his career. He is accidentally yours!

It was accident that pushed him into British pictures when he was seven, an accident that brought him to California, an accident that kept him here.

And there is only one thing in Pete's life that will not happen accidentally. And that is his marriage. On that subject, his ideas are almost too definite.

"In the first place," says Pete, "I won't marry till I'm thirty." And that's surprising because he has been linked romantically with most Hollywood glamor gals.

Time was when Lana Turner and Pete were the handsomest twosome in Hollywood. "Lana's a girl to have a million laughs with," admits Mr. Lawford. "But—" The "but" means that they did not ever consider the less funny business of marriage. Before Lana there was Judy Garland. And now if it isn't Marilyn Maxwell, it's Audrey Totter, or Marie Winsor.

"I've never been in love," says Pete. He has a definite dream about the type of girl he will fall in love with and marry.

I WANT someone soignée, smart, chic. This you don't find in a girl less than twenty-eight years old, and by that time they're usually married—to someone else. The most attractive girls in this town are married," sums up the choosey star.

Here are some "musts" for Pete's wife.

"One, she must be a lady. I don't care if she's in pictures or not. Two, she must have a sense of humor, that's imperative. Three, not a social climber. Looks will help, but she doesn't have to be a raging beauty. She must have poise. She must know how to dress—if she doesn't know this when we marry, she'll never know it. She must never be loud or raucous. Or over-ambitious. Hollywood is full of over-ambitious girls—they're around every corner. And phony girls. The woods here are full of phonies."

The girl will probably be a New Yorker because—"I think New York has the most attractive girls in the world." Pete should know because he's been around the world several times.

In 1934 he stopped off in California for the first time, with his parents. They fell in love with the Golden State. And remembered it later.

Pete's father was a Lieutenant General in the first World War. Peter, who will be twenty-four, September 7th, was born in England. In the normal course of events, he would have entered Sandhurst and the Army.

Turn to Page 93 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color

Hold's 144% Better



At last—a bobby pin that really holds fully 144% better by unbiased certified test* . . . a totally new kind of bobby pin! You'll see the difference at once—these bobby pins look like lightning. You'll feel the difference at once, too. They're strong, yet flexible—gentle as a lover's embrace. Note, too, the invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, super-smooth finish. They stay more securely, feel better, keep your hair looking neater, smarter all day through.



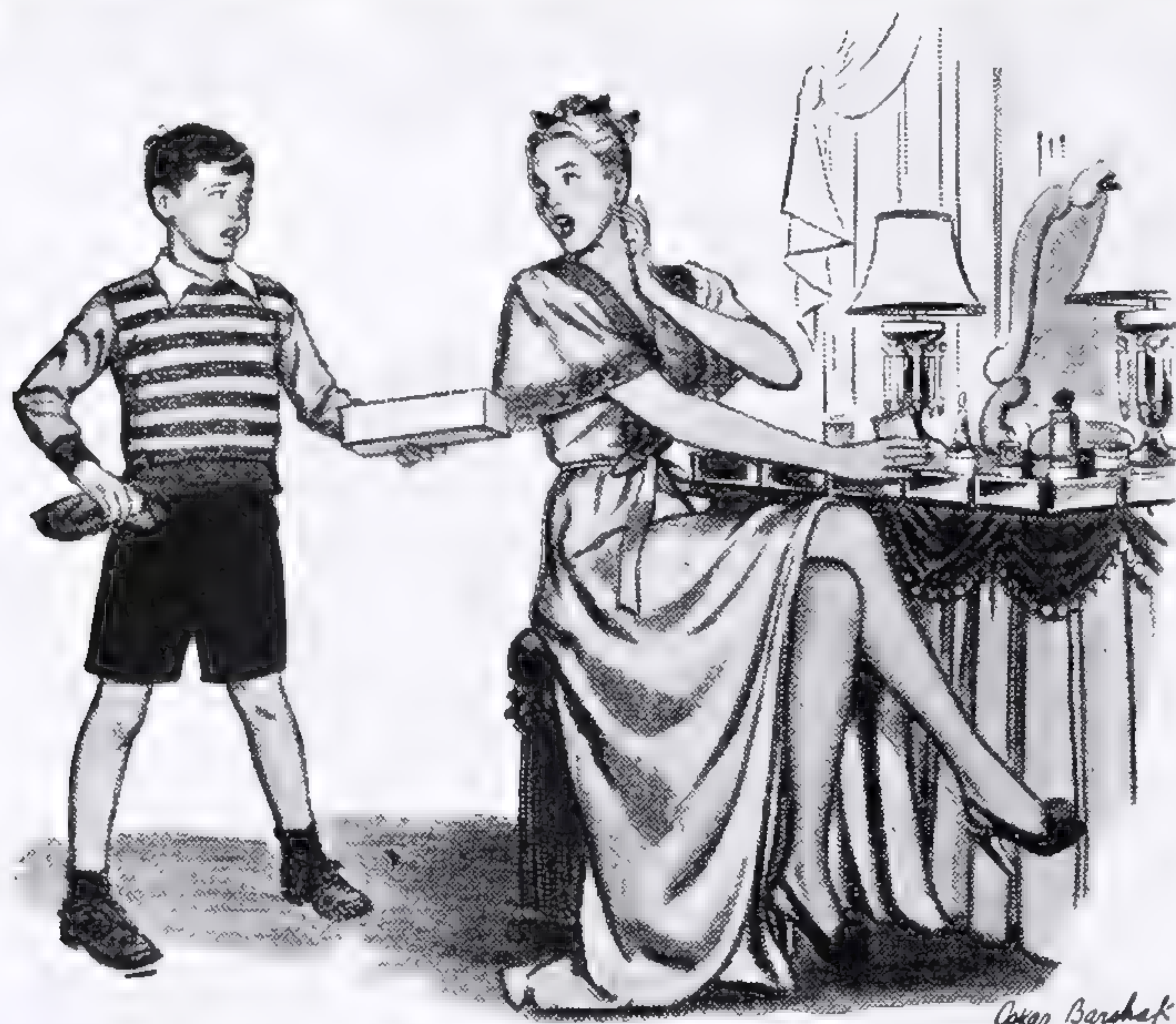
Gayla
HOLD-BOB
SUPERGRIP



*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946

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INCORPORATED
CHICAGO 16, ILL.

"But I didn't say tissues... I said KLEENEX!"



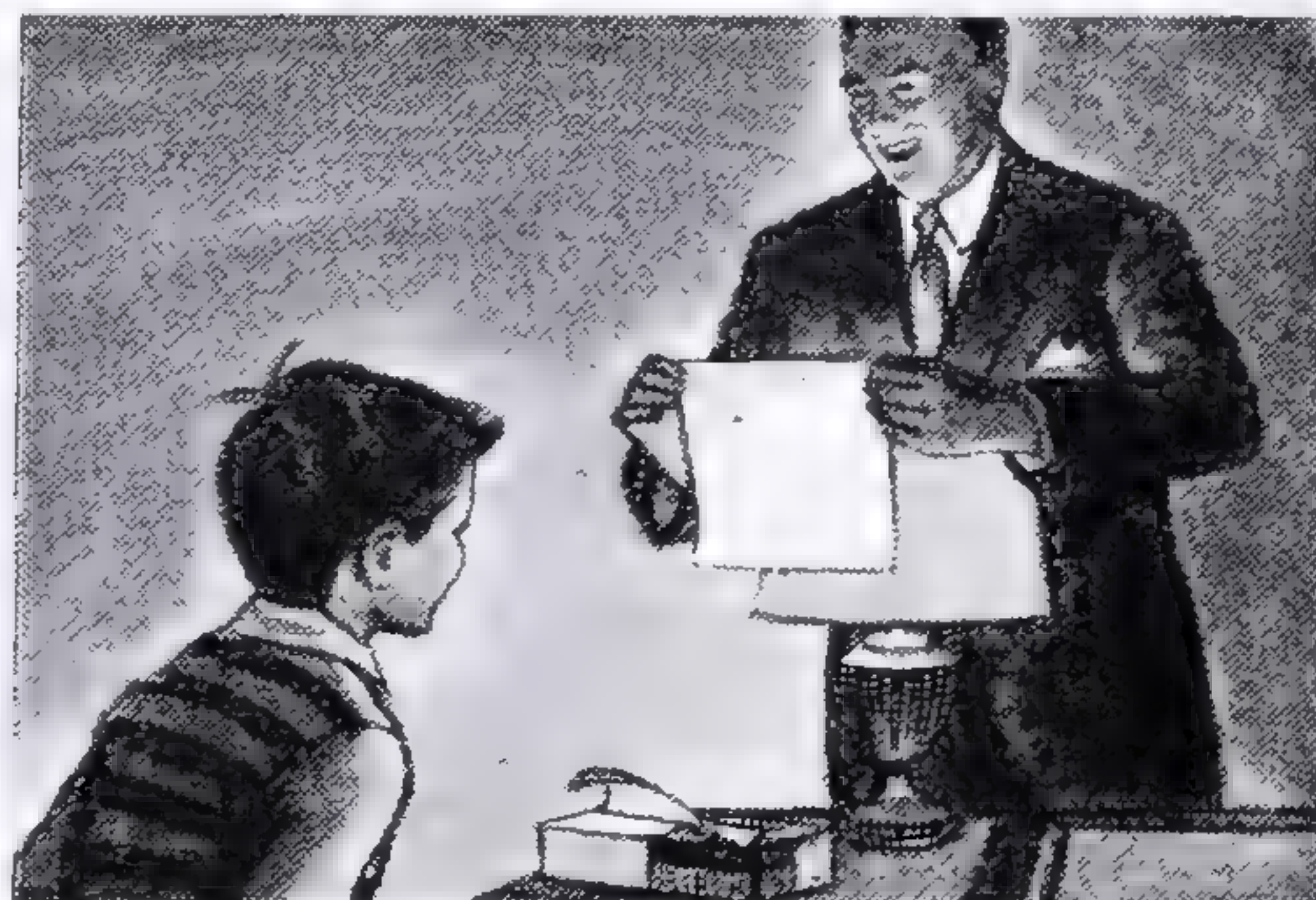
It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex Tissue*. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



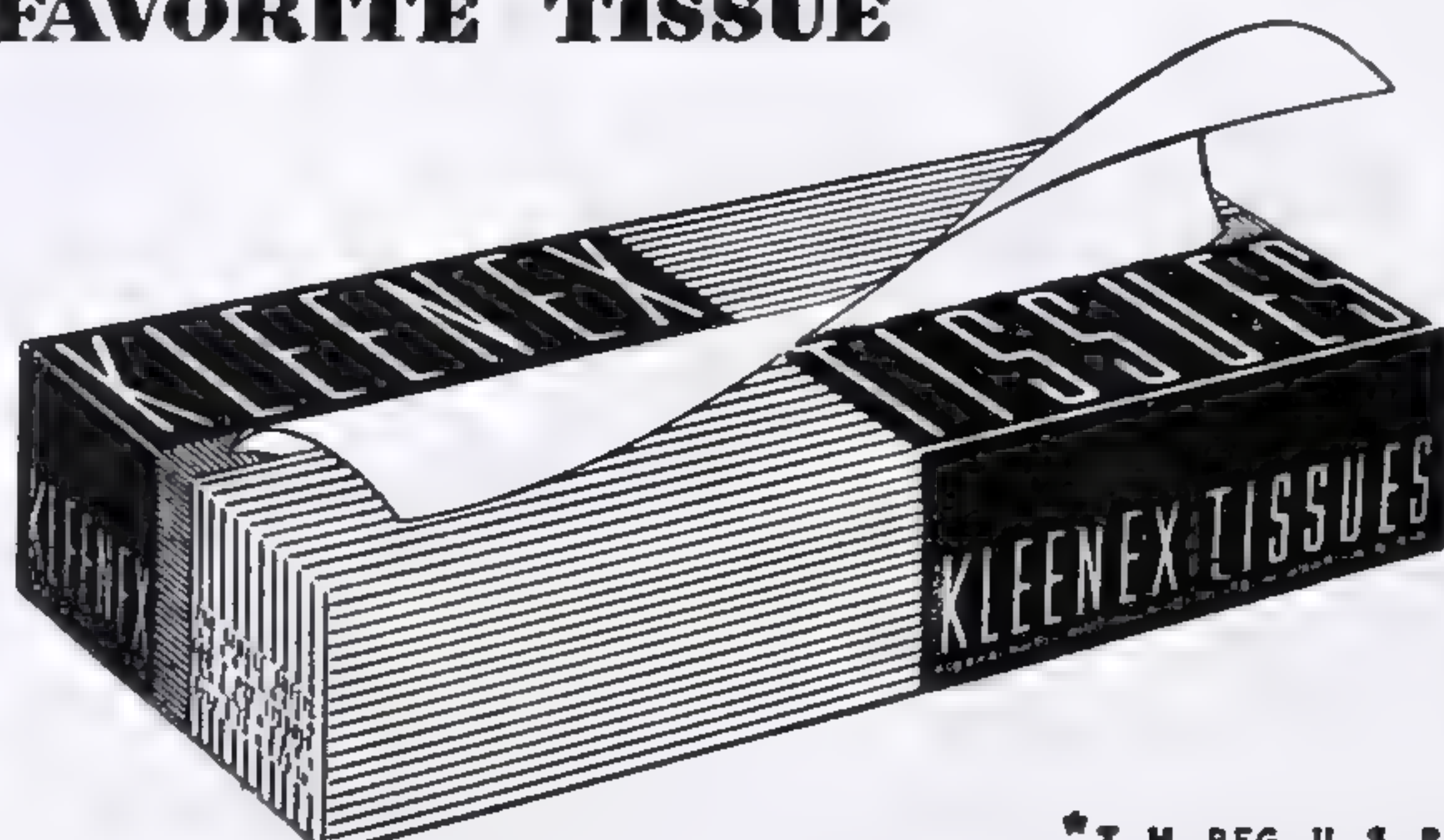
I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!



I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft*. And husky! Your eyes tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know... There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"My mother was in politics with Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Thomas Paulson," says Pete, "and Sir Thomas had interests at Elstree. For a treat—I was seven at the time—I was taken to a studio to see how pictures are made." Monty Banks, at that moment was looking for a little boy to play an important part in "Poor Old Bill." "You're it," Banks shrieked jubilantly when he saw Pete. There was parental opposition. But Pete begged, "Just this once!" And that was the first of six pictures that young Lawford made in England.

"I was in France with my father in 1937," he continues. "And I was playing with some kids when I tripped and fell through a window, and almost lost my arm." Pete still carries the scar on his left hand. It was this injury that kept him out of the service during the war.

It took a long time for the boy to recover from the shock and loss of blood, and his doctors said the best thing would be for him to spend the winter in a warm climate. "Like California," said Pete with finality. And that's where they came, always of course with the idea of returning to Europe. And it wasn't long before Peter had "accidentally" landed a part in "Lord Jeff."

But then Hitler marched into Poland! The Lawfords, who had booked passage on the Rex, cancelled and went to Florida.

THERE'S another side of Peter Lawford beside the fun and exuberance you see. He is a very good son. With their funds from England cut off, it was up to Pete, he felt, to support the two people who had lavished everything they had on him. The way was long and hard before he finally landed the part of Irene Dunne's son in "The White Cliffs of Dover," followed by "Two Sisters from Boston" and "Cluny Brown." He was on the way to realizing his great ambition—a house of their own for the two people he loves best—his parents.

And it's quite a house—small, but very fancy. Pete bought it last October. There are two bedrooms, a den, a living room or 'drawing room' as Pete calls it, on one acre of land in Brentwood.

Pete designed the color scheme himself—gray and maroon striped wallpaper in his bedroom with a gray leather headboard on his bed. The way he bought the bed was also an accident.

Pete saw and ordered the magnificent bed in a Chicago shop during a wait between trains. "First they sent me the headboard. Then three months later I received the box springs and mattress, but no legs! It took me six months to put the bed together." Now that it is all set up, the oversized double is a beautiful sight for tired eyes.

Most of the lamps in the house came from New York. In the living room the lamps are maroon and gray, and the long-haired rug is gray. It's all very modern, in keeping with the son of the house.

Maybe that's why the bobby-soxers are hep to him. He's modern and new, and their own generation. They understand him, and he has a pretty clear idea of what makes them tick.

Pete has changed—even in the comparatively short time that he has been a movie star. "At one time," he says, "my chief ambition was to own a Dunhill gold cigarette lighter." He shows me the gold badge of success in Hollywood and radio—you'll know what I mean if you've read "The Hucksters"—every self-respecting executive and star of radio and screen must have a gold lighter! "Now I don't want to be a millionaire, I just want enough money so I don't have to cut corners."

This should be a cinch for Pete because he is sure to get a new contract at Metro

after the release of "Good News," his recent co-starring stint with June Allyson. And to give you an idea of his new importance, for three months they held Esther Williams's picture, "On an Island with You," until Pete was available.

But a bigger change in Pete is his way of living. He used to live in night clubs. "Now," he tells me, "I'd rather go to people's houses. Every Saturday I go to the Gene Kellys'. And one of my great friends is Frank Sinatra. I may not see him often, but I know that if I needed help, Frank would be the first I'd turn to."

Pete used to go around a lot with Van Johnson, before he married Evie Wynn. Now he doesn't see too much of Van—no one does except Evie. Keenan Wynn is Pete's closest friend. He helped Pete with his early pictures at Metro—and still does.

Pete's wardrobe deserves a chapter to itself. He has to have a lot of clothes for his pictures in which he is usually cast as a well-dressed man-about-town. It's a miracle how he gets them all into his small home. "I love clothes," says Pete. He thinks Cary Grant is the best-dressed actor in

**IS THERE SOMETHING
YOU'VE WANTED
ALL YOUR LIFE?**

Dreams come true on radio's new and delightfully different daytime program, "HEART'S DESIRE."

All the drama, humor and love that go into real people's hopes make a heart-warming listening experience, every day, Monday through Friday.

**LISTEN TO
"HEART'S DESIRE"
ON ALL MUTUAL STATIONS**

*Consult your newspaper
for exact time and station*

*Don't miss the special "Heart's Desire"
feature in the August
TRUE STORY Magazine*

Hollywood. In fact, he's Pete's idol. "He has everything—charm, he knows how to wear clothes and he's a great actor."

In spite of his wardrobe, and swanky new red car, Pete is careful with his money. A saleswoman once tried to get Pete to buy some hand-knitted socks. "How much are they?" he asked, examining them carefully. "Five dollars a pair," she told him. "I get mine for eighty-nine cents," said Pete triumphantly. There was no sale.

Pete has two failings. He hates to get up in the morning, and he's always late for appointments. "But it's never my fault when I'm late," apologizes Peter. "It's always an accident."

Sure, it's always an accident, but just as long as these accidents keep Pete in Hollywood, that's all right.

THE END



**with this talcum powder,
so fragrant and cooling**

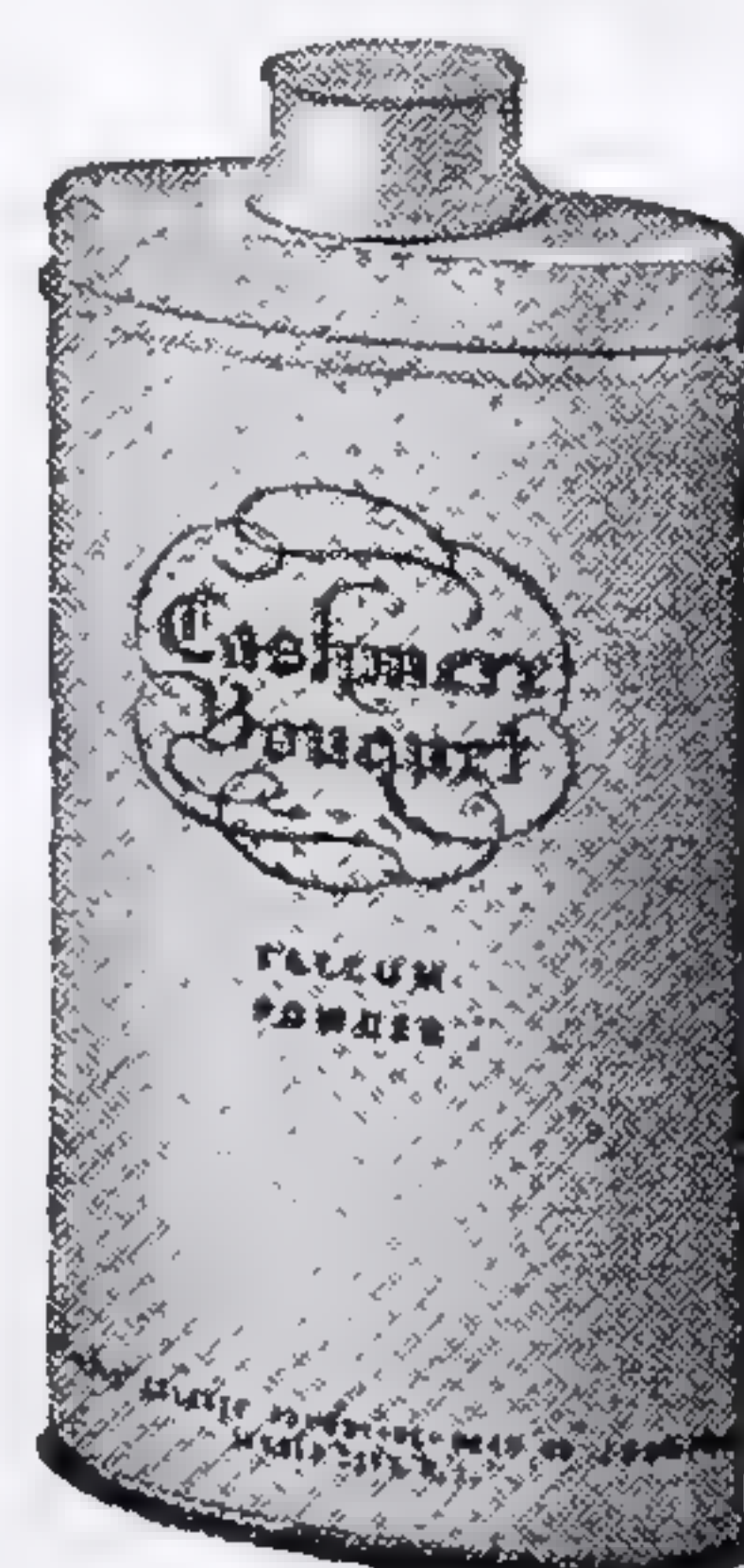
KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool. Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere

Bouquet Talc. Its silken sheath of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talc lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Pamper your person
with Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder.
Smartly packaged
with a big
velour puff.



**Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc**

with the fragrance men love

This Side of Heaven

(Continued from page 48) jump-rope dance. Oh, she thought wearily, there had been too many contests, even though she had won them all—too many medals and gold cups, and not enough fun playing with other kids of her own age.

She looked again at the dark little girl beside her. Suddenly, her spirits rose. In that instant she knew that this contest would end exactly as the others had ended because this was the greatest prize she had ever striven for—a screen test and the opportunity to go to Hollywood, the heaven which made all other promised heavens seem drab by comparison. Hollywood, for June, was more than a land of make-believe; it was reality itself, the epitome of desire. Even now among those who had crowded into the theater to witness this final contest, she could see the two men who had inspired this occasion. One was a Mr. Hal Roach and the other was Russell Stewart, a cameraman for M-G-M.

The appealing child in the pink organdie dress had finished her routine, and turned again to her chair amid a mild flutter of applause. "She has lost," June thought, "and she knows she has lost." She was conscious of a poignant sense of pity for the girl and, watching her closely, she could see the tears shimmering in her brown eyes. "Now she'll have to go home," June was whispering to herself, "and all the kids will say: 'Yah, yah, yah! You thought you were so smart and you didn't win.'"

But when you are very young the mind does not retain the feeling of tragedy and abruptly June's thoughts were jerked back to the vital moments which lay just ahead. The dark girl was rising from her chair. There was assurance in her young stride, an awareness of the people who had come

to see her in the smile on her lips as she met the applause that greeted her. Here, June felt intuitively, was no child inured to defeat. This girl was a thoroughbred and she knew it.

June's mind flashed back to something the girl had said in the theater lobby. "What do you want more than anything else?" a newsman had asked.

"I want to win so that I can come back someday to this same theater and tell all these nice people how much I love them," the girl replied.

June had carried the words onto the stage with her and now they were beating again through her mind. "She's sure she's going to win," June thought. "She thinks she's prettier than me, prettier than Shirley Temple, prettier than anybody. Well, she just isn't!" But even as these brave words were printing themselves indelibly on her mind June realized that the little dark girl was meeting her test like a trouser. Her sense of timing was professional, her young voice was a bar of music.

FOR the first time in the eight crowded years of her life June knew fear, a dark numbing thing which crawled up from somewhere inside her. Her hands were trembling and her mouth grew dry and cottony. She tried to swallow and couldn't.

And then June remembered something her mother had said that same morning: "Darling, do your best to win, but if you don't, just remember that some of the finest actresses in the world are great because they had the courage to overcome failure." June repeated these words to herself—and in that moment grew calm. She scarcely heard the master of ceremonies announcing to the audience that June

Stovenour would now present her interpretations of Mae West, Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Helen Hayes.

The spotlight found her as she crossed the stage and the opening lines of her script, the lines which her mother had herself written for her, began to shape themselves in her mind.

Down in the orchestra seats Hal Roach had gazed at each of the contestants with jaded eyes. He had seen too many stage-struck juveniles. The world seemed to be populated entirely by precocious youngsters and gushing mothers. His mind had grown numb during this quest, sponsored by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for a child star who could divert at least a ray of the lambent light that was currently beating about the tiny form of moppet Shirley Temple. So Mr. Roach and Mr. Stewart had been sent forth on a motor tour of the country beating the hedgerows for some child who might share just a little of the glory being heaped upon the curly head of the fabulous Shirley.

Now Mr. Roach was nearing the end of his journey. Thus far the results had not been encouraging. That little brunette might just possibly do. Certainly she had been miles in front of the others. Just one more remained. After that he would go back and talk to the child's mother. He sighed. There must be some way of making a living which did not include talking to ambitious mothers. He dozed.

Suddenly he felt a hand shaking his arm. "Get a load of this new kid," Stewart hissed. "She's a ball of fire. Boy, maybe this is it. Wake up, man, and watch this little blond kid do Hepburn. She's layin' 'em in the aisles."

Hal Roach straightened in his seat,

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"The three of us alone at last!"

blinked his eyes and a yawn died on his lips. Something was happening up there on the stage, something that he had not seen since Mary Miles Minter and the Gish sisters. And even they had not been so dewy-young, so unbelievably immature, as this little yellow-haired girl. What she was doing to Mae West would have startled that artist into a critical survey of her repertoire of tricks. It was astonishing, even alarming, to watch a slip of a girl exhibit such subtlety, capture all the fine nuances of another's mannerisms.

When June had finished and flashed her dimpling smile at a gaping audience, deafening applause shook the old Albee Theater. There never was any doubt as to the decision of the judges. The people themselves had made that for them. June's eyes searched for the two faces she most wanted to see at that moment—those of her mother and Jane Craig, her elocution teacher. She found them both, Mrs. Stovenour was smiling quietly, Jane Craig frankly crying.

AFTER the curtain had dropped June turned to thank the friends who had crowded onto the stage. She found herself looking into the tired eyes, now curiously lighted, of Hal Roach.

He gazed at her speculatively, almost a little sadly. Then he said: "Kid, you've won the right to a screen test. But you've won more than that. I'm offering you a Hollywood contract. Do you want it?"

Did she want it! June couldn't breathe because of the choking suffocation in her throat. She could only gasp: "Oh, Yes!"

Roach stood quite still, gazing down upon her. At last he murmured: "Yes, I guess you do. And somehow I wish you didn't."

That night a conference was held in the Stovenour home. June was perched on the edge of her chair, listening to the grave words which passed between her mother and father, aware that something more important than her young mind could grasp was taking place.

At last Mrs. Stovenour said gently: "June, if we accept this offer it will mean that Daddy will have to give up his business. Your sisters will be forced to leave school and all their friends. It would mean that you could never be a normal little girl again, and your Daddy and I want that for you more than anything else in the world. So we have decided that we'll just pretend that none of this has happened. Maybe sometime the chance will come again."

It took a long time for June to realize that though she had had one foot in heaven she could go no further; that the dream for which she had striven so feverishly was to remain after all, only a dream. Tears sprang in her eyes as she turned wordlessly from the room and went out into the yard where a group of worshipful friends were waiting. Then a tall youth whom June had always considered the most distinguished boy she had ever known took her hand and said almost roughly: "I'll buy you a soda."

Her friends crowded about her in a tight circle. These, she suddenly understood, were gallant knights and ladies come to pay homage. This was no pavement which she was treading. It was a carpet, royally purple, which had been magically spread before her. The tall boy was clad in shining armor and presently he would kneel and lay his jeweled sword at her feet. She looked up at him shyly and smiled. "Thank you," she murmured, "I think a soda would be lovely."

THE END

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

is no help to a happy marriage!



**Thousands who are tired and pale may find renewed energy—
restore healthy good looks—with Ironized Yeast Tablets**

Do everyday tasks exhaust your energy and leave you fatigued and irritable? Do you look older than your years? Is your color poor? These signs often come from a blood condition. You may have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

The red cells in your blood may be below-par in color and size—they may be too weak to transmit full energy to your body. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men and children—have this Borderline Anemia.

How Ironized Yeast Tablets Build Up Your Blood and Vigor

And if this common blood condition is robbing you of your usual color and energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells. Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other conditions—so consult

your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high"—to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

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BORDERLINE ANEMIA why it can make you TIRED • PALE • LISTLESS



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula
Ironized Yeast
TABLETS



The Stars Model
Photoplay Fashions on Page 93

How Powers Models 'GLAMOUR-BATHE' THEIR HAIR TO RADIANT BEAUTY



These 'Queens of Beauty'—famous for their shining bright hair—were among the very first to discover the amazing beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo and these *million dollar* Powers Models claim *no other* shampoo leaves their hair more radiant with natural brilliant highlights.

Kreml Shampoo actually 'glamour-bathes' each tiny strand of hair to reveal ALL its natural gloss and sheen and it keeps it shining bright for days. Kreml Shampoo also has a 'built in' oil base, which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It removes dandruff flakes the very first time you use it!

Buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo and see how easy it is to 'glamour-bathe' your hair to tantalizing beauty. (Takes only 10 minutes—right at home.) All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

KREML SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



How Beautiful Is Your Mind?

(Continued from page 63) attribute a girl can have," Joan tells me, "is not beauty of face and figure, but the beauty that comes from within. And I can prove it. If you look at nearly all the famous women in history—past or present—you can prove it too. For the flat truth is that most 'famous beauties' of history weren't beautiful at all. They've gone down in the minds of generations as lovely women because they gave the *illusion* of loveliness by their charm, poise, intelligence and personality. And because they were truly interested in other people, and in the affairs of the world. Take a look at their pictures—and then think of what they achieved."

Joan started me thinking, all right—and I came up with some currently famous women who give the impression of beauty because of their mental outlook. See if you agree with me. I think that Mrs. Wendell Willkie is a fine example; so are Gertrude Lawrence and Helen Hayes; and so are many moving picture actresses who are not actually beautiful—although we firmly believe them to be. By the power of their personalities they create the aura of beauty.

All right. Now let's get down to exact Leslie figures on how to acquire this kind of beauty—the only lasting kind.

"FIRST on my list is to supplement the elementary education most of us get in high school, by taking college courses," says Joan. "I want to broaden my knowledge of people and customs—with airplane and radio the world has become so small that understanding of other countries is absolutely essential. And I want to know how to take my place as an intelligent member of society."

Joan is taking several courses at a university near her home. She also keeps her mind brushed up by an easy home schedule—she reads at least one newspaper thoroughly every day, one news magazine every week, one home and one fashion magazine every month. She attends at least one lecture, concert, or play every month. This makes Joan able to take her part in any conversation.

"Second on my list is a healthy body, which will automatically reflect a happy frame of mind," Joan went on. "For the body should not be forgotten—it should be the background of the mind. I keep my body in tune by getting exercise outdoors, where the rest of me is also in tune. There is something about such essentials as earth, sky, and sun, that makes me realize how really unimportant we are as individuals in the huge scope of things."

Joan spends hours in her garden, working with trowel and soil. She also takes long rides on her horse—meanwhile learning a great deal about the California countryside she rides through. She has learned to identify all the trees and bushes, all the birds that fly across her path, and all the little animals around her. Often, too, she goes off on long walks with her dog Sandy—which brings her to another point.

"I think that caring for some small animal, feeding it and training it, gives you a sense of responsibility that is of great use in the world—where you have to take your responsible place with other people."

Another way that Joan has learned responsibility and developed a sense of values is to take on the task of bookkeeping for her household and for her own needs. Still another is cooking on the cook's night out—regardless of distracting offers of dates.

Now to the fourth requisite:

"Laughter, a real sense of the ridiculous,

Stay Sweet with

LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF PEPPERMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Miss Sally Hughes, popular young model, says: "For minty refreshment at its best I take LEAF Chewing gum everytime!"

is a wonderful quality for happy living . . . a sense of humor, if you want to call it that," said Joan. (A man once told me, "No woman is truly attractive without the light touch.") But Joan doesn't mean the kind of laughter that hurts someone else. She doesn't mean cruel practical jokes.

"I'll give you an example of a cruel joke," Joan went on, "I once knew a man who wrote poetry and was very proud of his poems. They may not have been very good, but he thought so and he liked to read them aloud to his friends. A big group of his friends thought up a practical joke to play on him—they all gathered and asked him to read aloud a collection of his works. He did so, and as he did, one by one the members of his audience slipped away silently until as he finished, only two were left. They thought it was a very funny 'rib' and they laughed themselves sick over his humiliation. But I wanted to cry when I heard it.

"But there are affectionate, practical jokes that are pure fun and hurt nobody. I'll give you an example of that too. Fred Astaire and Hermes Pan pulled this one on Ginger Rogers years ago, when Fred and Ginger were starring together in their famous dancing pictures. One day, Fred and Hermes asked Ginger to come to a projection room and see the rushes on the picture they were making. So off the three of them went to see the film—all carefully doctored ahead of time. Every time Ginger swayed with the music, there was a sharp ripping sound as if she'd torn her clothes. When she leaped into the air and came to the floor again, the sound effects resembled an explosion. When she bent her knees there was a terrible creaking sound as if her joints were ninety years old.

"Ginger watched for a few moments of stunned disbelief. Then she burst out laughing, and together with Fred and Hermes simply loved the whole gag. *That's* what I call an affectionate, kindly type of practical joke."

NOW let's stop a moment and sum up Joan's formula so far, before going on to the last—and most important—requisite. An informed mind, a healthy body, dependability, and a sense of laughter will take any woman a long way toward her goal. She will be *almost* beautiful to the beholder.

But here's the fourth and final essential that assures her beauty without any question. It's the real secret—and it's Joan's basis of operation.

"I try to have understanding love for everyone around me—for my family, friends, and eventually I hope I'll have it for the man I'll marry," says Joan.

We all know women who are generously loving in their attitude toward everyone they meet, and are therefore deeply loved in return—although they have little more to offer the world than love. What more is there, when you think of it? Everyone is lonely and a little uncertain. Everyone is attracted toward kindness and understanding.

"No matter how beautiful your face may be in youth," says Joan, "time goes on. And as it goes, it writes a story on your face—the story of your character. Beauty of spirit is written on the faces of such people as Lincoln and Florence Nightingale—the faces of people who loved mankind. Whatever your spiritual story is, never forget that it too will be written on your face as you grow older.

"How beautiful is your mind? I think it can be as beautiful as your capacity for love."

And that is Joan's creed. I believe it to be as true as life itself. Make your mind beautiful, and you will have beauty.

THE END

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Gaby Greaseless
Suntan Lotion helps the sun
make you lovelier.

Gaby gives you a rich, even tan—
without painful sunburn!

This dainty, greaseless lotion actually
filters out the sun's harmful rays
while it promotes a glamorous Gabytan!

No messy oil . . . no stickiness . . . no
skin-drying alcohol. Trust your tan to Gaby!

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"I'd Marry Him All Over Again!"

(Continued from page 33) Day to the deposed baseball king has nothing to do with my story. This is an interview with Laraine Day, the woman, and is not a discussion of the moral aspect of the elopement. That has all been thrashed out in the newspapers.

I AM interested in Laraine Day as an actress and as a human being. For she is as sweet and fine a girl as has ever sought and achieved a career in Hollywood.

It is little short of ironic that just a year ago Laraine, who neither smokes nor drinks nor makes wisecracks, was considered dull copy by Hollywood interviewers!

I said, "Laraine, if you had known what misery you would have to endure—would you still have married Leo, with whom you have had nothing but trouble?"

The import of my sudden question did not seem to reach her at first. She looked so young leaning back against the divan in my living room, the dirndl type dress she wore and the Mexican costume jewelry making her seem even more like a child.

It was as though my question had to seep through the depths of her feeling before she could answer. Then she opened her eyes wide and looked at me.

"Oh, there can't be any question about that!" she cried, her voice quivering with excitement and protest. "I love him. That's all the answer there is. My husband is the most wonderful man I have ever known. He has been as badly treated as I have just because he loves me." Her words were tumbling over each other now. "I know very well he would never have been asked to leave the Brooklyn ball team that was his very life if we hadn't had all this public discussion of our marriage and elopement!"

The sobs were so close to the surface that she had to bite at her under lip nervously to hold them back.

"No matter what the price I would not have missed the love I have found with this fine man, this wonderful man who is my husband, for anything in the world!"

"I wish everyone could know him as I do—his consideration and tenderness. If I hadn't realized his love every minute, I could not have stood all the humiliation of this trial."

"Why wasn't he at my side in the courtroom—as that lawyer kept pounding and pounding? Because my attorney, Judge Pacht, had told him he must not come into court with me. It wasn't Leo's case. It was a trial to ascertain whether or not my divorce from Ray Hendricks was to be

thrown out of court because of collusion.

"Right at this unhappy time, the story broke that Leo had caught a plane back to New York. How untrue that was! If anyone had taken the trouble to investigate, he would have discovered that my husband was here—here at my side. I felt like standing up in court and crying it out to the world. Lawyers can say what they want to in court, but you can only answer direct questions put to you.

"Believe me, every day of this trial has been an Inquisition to both of us. If I tried to restrain myself and keep my emotions in check, I was 'hard and unconcerned.' If I cried and gave way to my feelings, I was 'acting.' I couldn't have stood any of it if I hadn't known Leo was waiting for me.

"He was so completely understanding. Do you know that when we met after each ordeal he never once mentioned what I had gone through until I was ready to talk about it? I would just realize he was there and with me—and then I could pour it all out in torrents."

SHE seemed calmer when she added, "One thing—I don't see how anything more can possibly happen to us."

She nervously clasped and unclasped her hands. "No matter what anyone else thinks, I believe in my heart that I am married to Leo Durocher and that he is married to me. If our Mexican marriage isn't legal, think how many other marriages come under the same category. But I hate to even mention that. I couldn't bear to have anyone else go through the agony Leo and I have endured these past few months.

"The thing that is so bitter to me is that Leo has been accused of breaking up my home. You know how untrue that is. You know I wasn't happy with Ray Hendricks.

"You knew I was miserable even when I didn't tell you the true state of affairs. Remember how often you telephoned me to ask if it were true I was leaving Ray? Then I never talked. At that time, I thought there wasn't any more happiness for me, except what I could find with my adopted children. They really filled my life—I loved and wanted them so much.

"Even now I can stand all the blows that come to Leo and me—if only the children aren't involved. Yes—they have even tried to take my babies away from me."

Laraine went on to tell me how a certain radio commentator had written the home where she obtained the two little girls and the baby boy and said she was unfit to have them. "Every American demands

that these children be taken away from Laraine Day," is what he wrote.

"The letter came back to me," she said tonelessly. "The head of the institution knew me. She had thoroughly investigated before she let me have the children in the first place and she knew my character. Leo wants to adopt my children," she went on, "but we fear what might happen—at least, until all this blackness has cleared away. If we could only live in California, Leo and the children and I, in my beautiful home—that's all the happiness we ask for. Leo wants it that way as much as I."

All conversational roads lead straight back to Durocher where Laraine is concerned as I fully realized by now. No man has ever had such paeans of praise sung to him. To the girl who loves him so much he is a man standing friendless in a world of enemies.

"They are determined that whatever he does is wrong," she said defiantly. "When we were in Havana we kept mostly to ourselves so no one could accuse him of associating with Lucky Luciano, who was very much in the picture down there. As a result we were criticized because I didn't appear with him at the ballpark. When we finally agreed to pose for a few publicity pictures, there was the criticism that he was neglecting his business for me.

"One thing about my husband," said Laraine (she always carefully referred to him as "my husband"), "is that all his faults have been spotlighted. Whatever he has done has been in every newspaper—so what more is there to say?"

I don't know Leo Durocher personally. But when a woman loves a man as much as Laraine Day loves him, he should be grateful to the end of his life. Such love doesn't come along every day. Whether it's right or wrong is not for me to say. I only know that he came to Hollywood, courted and won one of the gentlest and finest girls in our entire industry.

Again the tears were welling up in her eyes as she said, "My life was so miserable before I met him. He is so kind and so good. If we were wrong not to have waited a full year to get married after my divorce, it was not because we wanted to flaunt the law, but because we are so much in love. Someone suggested we should have lived together until the time was up—but that I could never do. We didn't want to get away with anything! We loved each other and we wanted to live as man and wife in a respectable home. That's the only code I know. If we erred, it is only because this desire was so deep with both of us."

And these are the words of a girl who has been accused (legally) of flaunting the code of decency and convention! My heart went out to her and I am neither afraid nor ashamed to say so.

Because of the strong moral scruples she has always had and always lived by in Hollywood, I suppose she must have thought she had shocked me in what she had just said, for she went on: "I had to come to you and tell you everything—because you have always been kind to me and understanding. I wanted you to know some of the real facts in this horrible nightmare that has been like a frightening dream hanging over our heads."

"I'm glad you did, Laraine," I answered, because in understanding there is tolerance. I have tried to quote her words as faithfully as possible—for they are hers—not mine. And, in passing on what she had to say, I can only hope that you will second my wish that her great loyalty and love will be rewarded and will eventually lead to the happiness she prays for.

THE END

"These people are like me ...and my neighbors."

● So writes one listener of the thousands who appreciate the *true-to-life* quality of "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. Many women say that these real stories help them with their *own* life problems—give both spiritual help and practical help. A complete story every morning, Monday thru Friday, in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY magazine. Check your local radio listings for the time of "MY TRUE STORY" over the American Broadcasting Company station in your community.





Smart Evening Necklines reveal lots of skin! For utmost flattery, use Malibu Tan on every bit of skin that shows. You'll adore this divine new face powder shade by Lady Esther.

LOOK HOW

LADY ESTHER'S

Malibu Tan

FLATTERS YOUR SKIN AT NIGHT!

It's Summer's Most Flattering Face Powder Shade . . . a soft, subtle, heavenly shade . . . designed to enhance a natural tan or make untanned skin look beautifully, naturally tan. And here, at last, is a summer-tan shade which will not change its color after it's on your skin. Smart women everywhere are wearing Malibu Tan! Why don't you?



Are you sure of your loveness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .

It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



*24-hour protection
with
Odorono Cream*

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LAUGH AT THOSE DOG DAYS

Now come the dog days when the temperature rises—and the humidity too. Above all, you'll want something fresh and cool to wear, as fresh and cool as a frapped lemonade with garden mint . . . as fresh and cool—and as smart too—as these Photoplay Fashions, chosen also with proper regard for your budget.

Ava Gardner, born in Wilson, North Carolina, on Christmas Eve, 1922. is 5' 5½" tall, weighs 118 pounds. has dark brown hair and green eyes. She loves to dance—but dislikes night clubs. Steak, potatoes, milk are her favorite foods. She's under contract to Metro where she recently completed "The Hucksters" with Clark Gable. You'll see her next in Universal-International's "Singapore."



A slim white skirt of Strutter cloth. And an exciting red jacket to wear when the mercury suddenly plunges.

The jacket, which has this season's full belted back, is equally perfect over slacks or date dresses. By Sandy

Kay in many brilliant colors. Sizes 10-18. Jacket

\$14.95. Skirt \$5.95. At John Taylor's (Sportswear),

Kansas City, Mo., and Wieboldt Stores, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 101

Photoplay Fashions



Cool and flattering as moonlight is this Donna Hale gray and white Bemberg sheer print. Note the soft slimming ruffles from peplum to hem. Also navy and luggage on white. Sizes 9-15. Priced at \$10.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., and Chandler's, Boston, Mass.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101.

Sheer Delights *for the Dog Days*

Back in Vancouver, B. C.—where she was born on September 1, 1924—she was Peggy Yvonne Middleton. She combined her middle name with her mother's maiden name, becoming Yvonne De Carlo, when she made her debut as a professional dancer. When she danced in California her life-long ambition to be an actress was realized—for the movie scouts saw her and she was signed to a movie contract. You'll see her next in Universal-International's "Slave Girl"



A one-piece dress, designed by Debutante, to keep you cool and glamorous through all the summer hours. The sheer bodice is trimmed with grosgrain bands, a white pique collar and white flower buttons. Black or brown. Sizes 9-17. Priced at \$22.95 at Robertson Bros. Dept. Store Inc., South Bend, Ind., and Miller's, Knoxville, Tenn.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101.



PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Linen



The redingote ensemble is back! And this, designed by Lombardy, consists of a versatile coat of white linen and a dress of black and white Bemberg sheer. Sizes 14-20. Priced at \$17.00 at Crowley's, Detroit, Mich. and Macy's New York, N. Y.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101.

and Dotted Swiss for the Dog Days

Anne Jeffreys, who hummed little tunes before she could talk, was educated for the opera. When she sang *Mimi* in "La Boheme" and *Nedda* in "Pagliacci" the Metropolitan seemed just around the corner. Then she and her mother went to California for a short vacation—and Anne became an RKO star! Her latest pictures are "Trail Street" and "Riff Raff"



The newest full-skirt-and-tiny-waist look makes this Jonathan Logan print dotted Swiss the perfect answer to that mid-summer prayer for something at once smart and cool to wear. Sizes 9-15. Priced at \$10.95 at the Hecht Co. (Young Washington Shop), Washington, D. C., and Korrick's (Sub-Deb Shop), Phoenix, Ariz.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on Page 101



Fragrance by Coro

For the young in heart... a gay,
romantic brooch, the perfect
companion for your suit
or dress. Bright-hued
simulated stones on
gold finished metal.



Coro, Inc., New York 1, N. Y.

AMERICA'S BEST DRESSED WOMEN WEAR CORO JEWELRY

W **HEN**
Y **OU**
G **O** **S** **HOPPING...**

or when you are writing to the manufacturers
of merchandise which you have seen featured
in these Fashion Pages... it will be easier for them
to know exactly the item you wish to buy,
if you mention you saw it in Photoplay.

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

ANNE JEFFREYS

By Rena Firth

ALL was quiet on the photographic front when Anne Jeffreys arrived at the Ben Studio for her Photoplay Fashion sitting. The two canine cutties scheduled to pose with her had not yet arrived.

Blonde and statuesque, Anne stands 5' 5" in her stocking feet, weighs 120 pounds and has fascinating, twinkling eyes, very blue. She arrived at the studio wearing a fuschia-red suede topcoat over a figure-molding green crepe dress. Her shoes were green suede with straps that tied in soft bows in front. Her jewelry was heavy gold oddly-cut earrings and bracelets—the kind that only tall girls like Anne should wear, actually! Her hair was classically simple—parted in the center and drawn back in soft waves, caught up with gold-topped combs and worn in a cluster of soft curls at the nape of the neck.

Anne recently played the role of the daughter, *Rose*, in the Broadway musical stage production "Street Scene." It was pretty strenuous stuff—strenuous enough to cause her to decide she preferred Hollywood to the stage, definitely.

By the time Anne had gotten into the black and white print dress with its stunning topcoat of white butcher linen, the dogs had arrived. And the fun began! Ginger, the cocker puppy, was perfectly amiable. He just naturally liked blondes. But Ditto, the Dalmatian, possessing no yen for the spotlight, vigorously demonstrated his desire for solitude and contemplation of his own spots!

Anne was at home with both dogs. But she's really a cat-lover. In the specially built cattery outside her house in California she has eight white Persians. They're all named after operatic characters, Rudolfo, Butterfly, Musetta, Mimi, Violetta, Pinkerton, La Tosca and Manon. Manon has green eyes, the others have blue. Very much at home among this aristocratic brood is a part Siamese, part alley cat, named Felix.

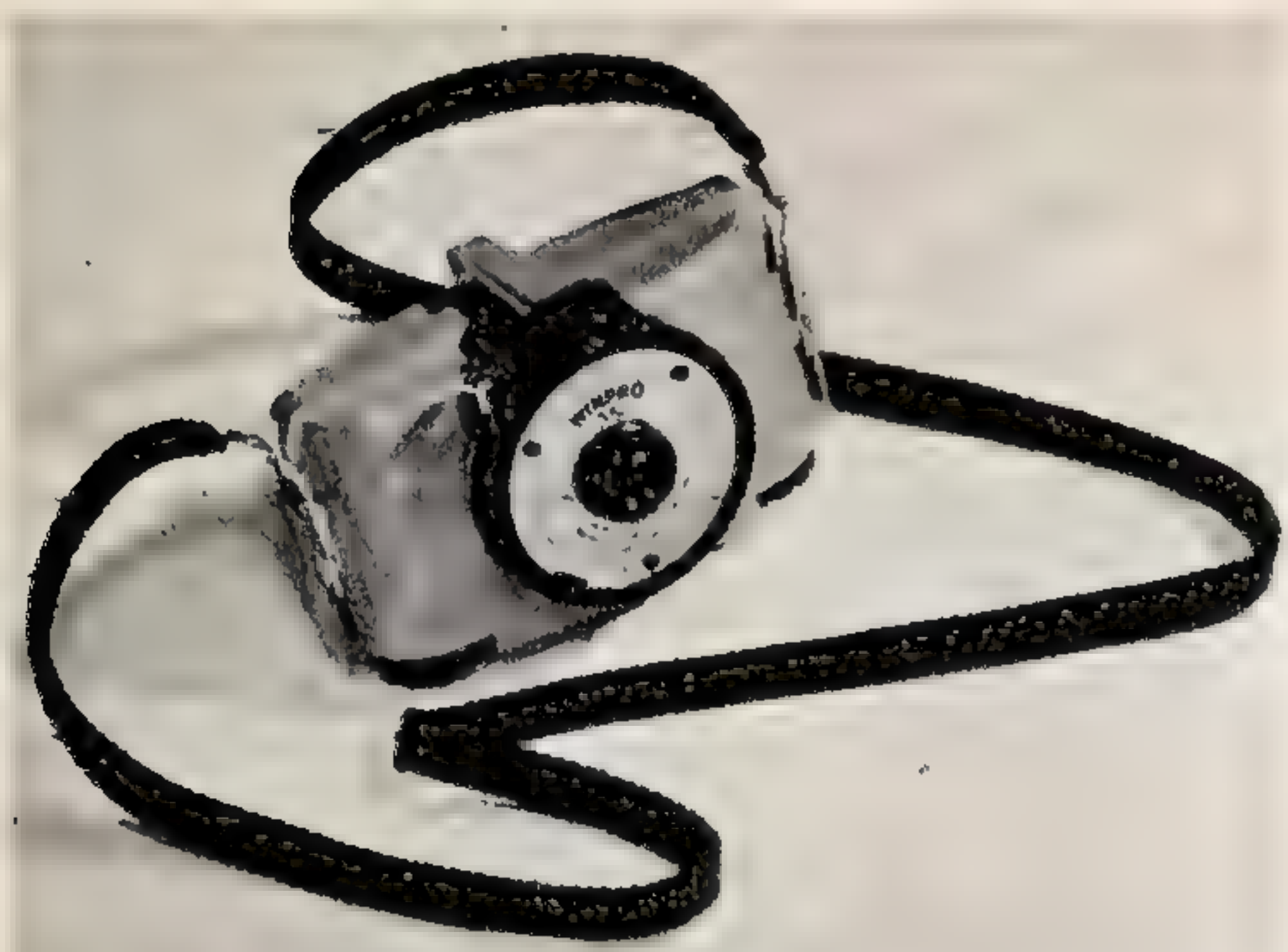
When the sitting was over and the dogs had been returned to their kennels, we asked Anne to name her favorite flower. It was our notion she deserved orchids. She breathed a little sigh. "Dogwood!" she said. "Dogwood!"

Fashion is Fun



Here's a wonderful new addition to your beloved flats—a leather cuff over the vamp. This shoe, designed by Junior Deb, can be had in any color suede with matching or contrasting leather trim. This new styling, you'll find, does wonders toward making your foot look smaller. These shoes come in sizes 4 to 9—all widths—and are around \$8.00.

We thought you might like to know a little more about the print dress under the white linen coat that we photographed on Anne Jeffreys this month. There's a self-tie bow at the neck, short cool sleeves, buttons to the waist and soft fullness in the skirt. The sheer fabric is light as a thistle and you'll be well dressed in this print anytime—any place—with or without the coat.



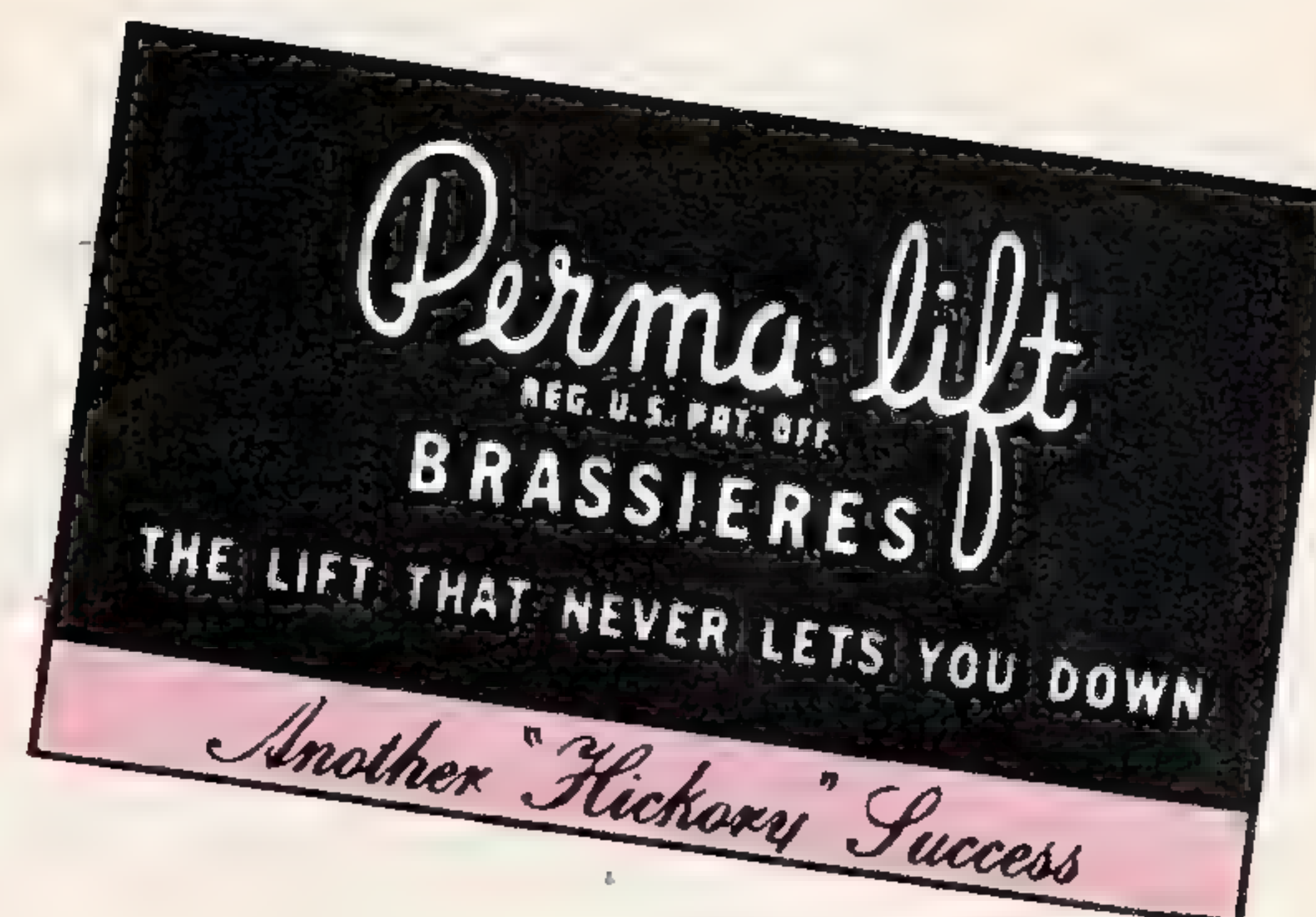
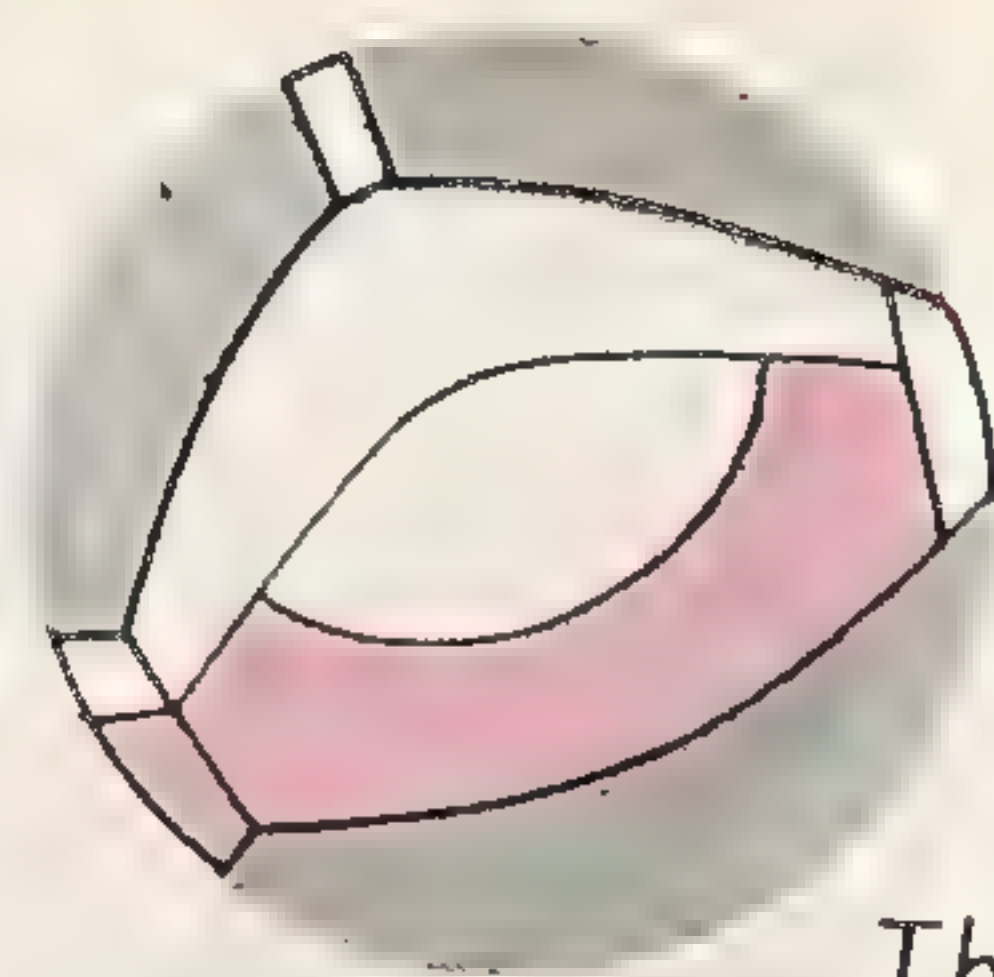
This new camera is called "Winpro 35". It's a 35mm and is designed for black-and-white or color photography. The handstrap is nylon, it's simple to use, and the price is an answer to an amateur's prayer. \$10.95 tax included. Look pretty, please.

(Continued on page 101)



Write for FREE BOOK-LET on corset and brassiere fitting comfort. Address Ruth Stone—"Perma-lift" Stylist, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago 7, Ill., Dept. 66

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN



There's magic in your "Perma-lift"* Bra—the magic of comfortable uplift. In a "Perma-lift" Bra, the specially constructed cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below—never lose that support thru ever so many washings and wearings. Your favorite corsetiere has a "Perma-lift" Bra for you—smartly styled in lovely new fabrics—most styles 1.50 to 3.50. • For a real comfort thrill, you'll also enjoy a new "Perma-lift" Girdle. No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

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AT LEAST **94%** OF THE SUN'S
Irritating Infra-red (heat) Rays
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ANN BLYTH
Co-Starring in Mark Hellinger's
"Brute Force"

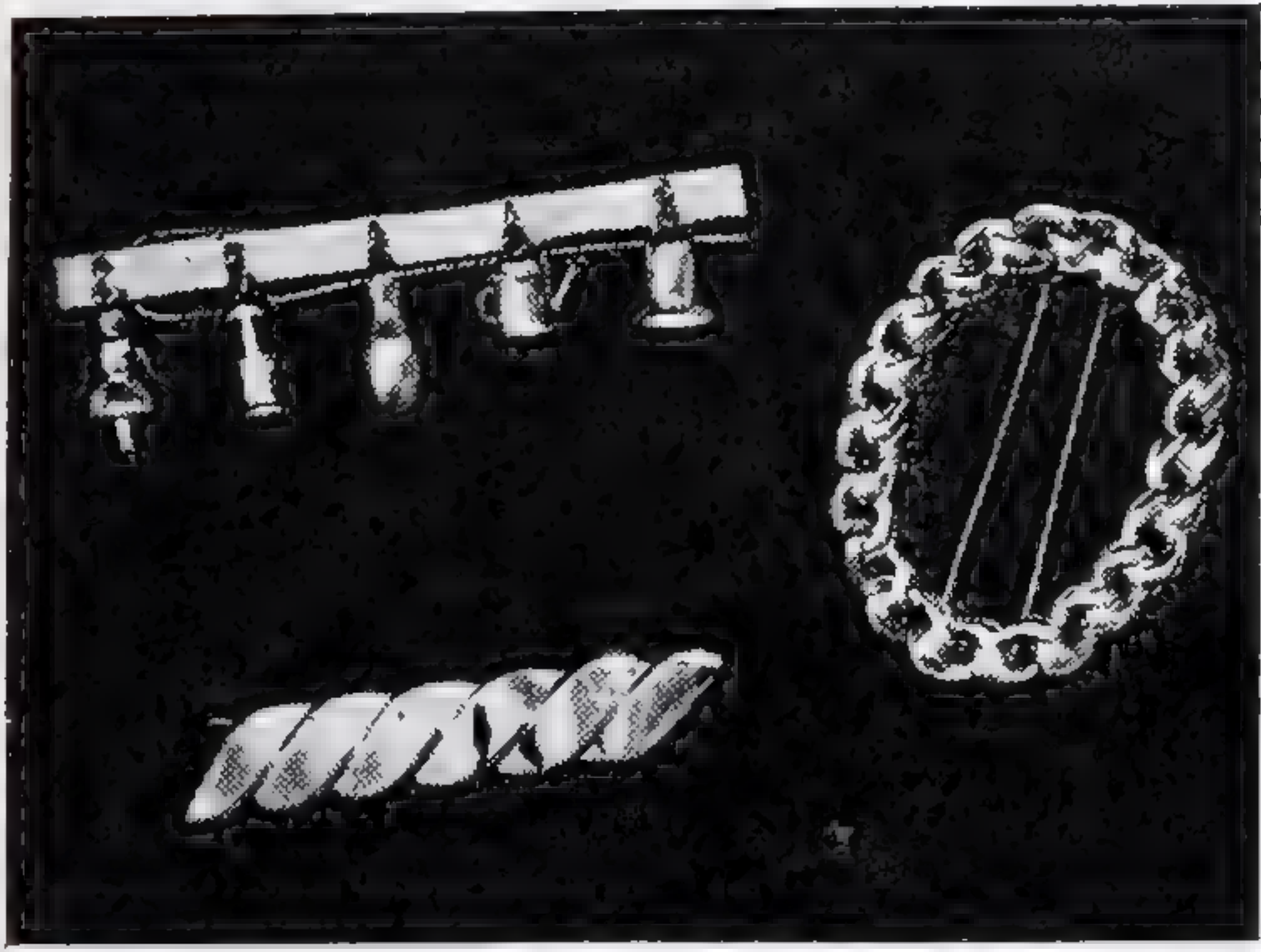
Bachmann Bros., Inc., 1400-38 E. Erie Ave., Phila. 24

Manufacturers of PLASTIC PRODUCTS Established 1833

A Universal-International Release

Fashion is Fun

(Continued from page 99)



When the wind blows don't let your hair be tousled. These Dayson barrettes will keep you smooth. The three-inch barrette with charms for \$1.00. The link effect circle for 79¢ and the gold fluted bar for 50¢. In gold or silver plate.

Accessories mean so much to any costume. Here are two simple rules to follow . . . First, if your suit or dress is a solid color you will want your hat and gloves to be a pair. Say white hat and gloves or high shades that blend with your costume. Your leather accessories will match each other and that is simple now as most shoe departments will show you a matching handbag. Second, always remember if there are predominating colors in your costume it is not smart to wear colored accessories. Keep them in dark, white, or muted shades.

Wherever You Live You Can Buy Photoplay Fashions

For stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Red Jacket—White Shirt

Sandy Kay
317 West Adams Street
Chicago 1, Illinois

Gray and White Print

Donna Hale
498 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Black Sheer with Pique Collar

Debutante
237 South Market Street
Chicago 1, Illinois

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Lombardy
134 West 37th Street
New York, N. Y.

Print Dotted Swiss

Jonathan Logan
1375 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

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**A Formfit
CREATION**

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Made only by the Formfit Company, Chicago, New York

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"GOOD BEHAVIOR"*

SLIP

**Tall
Medium
Short
Junior**

**style
#100**

Your best slip is back again
with its famous swirl skirt that
won't bunch, ride up or twist
—and "UPLINE for the Outline
of Youth" bra-type bosom.

about **\$2.25**

In a slip it's "Good Behavior" that counts

MOVIE STAR SLIPS • 159 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

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Let glamorous BLUE RIDGE — the world's finest Muskrat coat, play the starring role in your wardrobe this season. For this versatile fur favorite, with the million dollar look, rises to new heights of beauty. Styled in 1947-48's newest modes by master craftsmen, these quality coats are made of long wearing, glossy skins to high standard specifications . . . subtly hand-blended into all the HIT shades. You'll find Oscar performance in BLUE RIDGE MUSKRAT COATS . . . wonderfully warm and just right for every occasion. You'll wear it proudly for seasons to come. At leading stores throughout the country. Moderately priced.

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B. GELLER & SONS, Inc.

Fur Manufacturers over 50 years

333 - 7th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

(Continued from page 67) on him, Rory was saying impatiently, "But that isn't anything! I still have to get my pilot's license—and that takes more time!"

That's Rory Calhoun in a capsule. Everything about this power-built lad is quick. His smile, his likes—even his temper. About the only thing you can predict with accuracy about him is that his next step will be unexpected and vigorous.

Your first glimpse of Rory inevitably makes you think of forests and the sea and this isn't strange. His father, James McCowan, was a seaman. He was drowned when Rory was nine months old. Rory was born in Hollywood but his school years were spent in San Jose, California, where he is remembered for his football exploits and the fact that he became a "Golden Gloves" boxer . . . fought fifteen bouts without losing a decision.

Along about then wanderlust overtook him. He worked as lumberjack, hard rock miner, truck driver and ranch hand, bringing to each job a tremendous enthusiasm and curiosity which made him resolve to be the best darned whatever-it-was-he-was-being-at-the-moment that the world had ever seen. He was busy learning to be the best forest fire fighter in the California Ranger Service when, on vacation, he came to visit his great grandmother in Hollywood. A talent scout for the Sue Carol agency spotted him on a bridle path and persuaded him to tarry a bit in Hollywood. Right after that he was invited to a party at Sue's and Alan Ladd's house where Henry Willson, a Selznick executive, saw him and took note of the fact that not a girl there could take her eyes off him. That did it. Rory soon was concentrating on becoming the best up-and-coming young actor in Hollywood!

HE is six feet three and tapers neatly downward from tremendous shoulders. His hair is bronze-brown and his face is dark, with a pair of blazing blue-green eyes that light up like a Neon sign when he is amused or interested—or angry.

He has the ability to imbue everyone around him with his own enthusiasms. When he decided that he must learn to ice skate, it was no time at all until Shirley Temple and John Agar, Johnny Sands and his bride, the former Sue Allen, Chris Adams and any number of his friends were slithering about the ice, too, in earnest endeavor to learn curlicues and pirouettes, come bruises or abrasions.

He was indifferent about learning to rumba until he heard someone say, "Of course a big man can never be good at it. It takes someone slight and agile." Rory, recalling that he had been considered phenomenally fast on his feet in the prize ring, was off like a shot to the nearest dance instructor and now he is rated pretty well tops at this terpsichorean tangle by such a nimble expert as Ida Lupino, with whom he won a rumba prize at a party at David O. Selznick's house.

An expert swimmer, rider and marksman, he admits to an inferiority complex about tennis—"Everyone else in Hollywood seems to be so good at it!" He frequently steals onto a public school playground to practise batting a ball against a wall because he wants to get the feel of a racquet in his hand before he even lets an instructor know how inept he is.

He was invited recently to talk to a group of Boy Scouts about archery and wood carving. Accepting, he said, "Archery—yes. I know something about that. Wood carving—no. The boys would be standing up to tell me about that!" Rory was taught by Guy Madison to hunt with bow and arrow, and is now as enthusiastic

as Guy about the sport. The two often go on hunting trips together.

Rory has had two big experiences recently. One—his first personal appearance—occurred in his home town of San Jose. The other was his first real "fling," occasioned by the studio taking up his option. It was, he says, "a dinger." He happened to be wearing a loud plaid shirt, dungarees and boots when he thought of it, so that's what he was wearing when he turned up in Las Vegas with nothing on his mind except fun . . . and those were what he wore during his whole vacation which included a trip to Reno.

At El Rancho Vegas where he stopped, he encountered lovely Martha O'Driscoll, who didn't seem to mind his informal attire in that relaxed atmosphere and who assisted him in making merry. "I had never before spent money just for fun without stopping to think about it," Rory explains. "Of course it didn't last long and probably won't happen again but it's a nice thing to have to remember!"

The personal appearance was equally thrilling, even if it did scare him nearly to death. A local priest, Father Schmidt, was anxious to raise a modest sum of money for a nonsectarian Youth Center and had the idea that Rory, a home-town boy, might help him to persuade some talent to appear at a benefit. With the help of Selznick executives Rory outdid himself. He found himself making his first appearance before a live audience in the company of Frank Sinatra, Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Rhonda Fleming and the Page Cavanaugh Trio.

"The only thing I could think of when I faced the microphone," he says, "was that someone had told me there were 3500 people out there—and I kept multiplying it by two, counting seven thousand eyes—all looking at me. Then I grew fascinated, watching my trouser legs jiggle with my vibrating knees. I heard my voice coming from a long way away, saying that I was glad to be there but that, since I couldn't sing or dance, I'd better retire and let someone come onto the stage who *could*." San Jose loved it, but Rory is still bemused at the idea that there are people who really *like* to make public appearances. No amount of money, he is sure, could ever lure him into a stage show. Incidentally, the amount raised for the Youth Center exceeded by more than three times, Father Schmidt's modest first estimate.

Rory's idiosyncrasies about clothes are becoming a legend. Not long ago a studio bigwig was showing some visiting notables around the lot. They were anxious to meet actors. Suddenly the host decried what he afterward described as "a terrible apparition." It was Rory, with a three-day beard and dressed in his beloved dungarees and what the bigwig said was "the most incredible shirt yet!" He pretended not to see his rising young star and has complained bitterly since that the following weeks, when there were no visitors, Rory was all over the place looking simply too elegant.

Rory lives with his mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Durgin, in a modest house in the Valley with a deep back garden. Rory plans to give innumerable parties there this summer.

The first party will be for Henry Willson's birthday. Rory is knocking himself out with enthusiastic plans. Henry has been forbidden to come near the place without phoning first, for fear he will stumble over evidences of some projected "surprise."

Rory loves parties and delights in taking pretty girls to night clubs, especially if the

girls wear "sleek, slinky clothes." But a girl in a red dress makes him very uncomfortable. He dislikes red with what he thinks is an unreasonable intensity.

He collects antique guns and spends a lot of time taking the things apart and polishing them to pieces. At the moment he and his stepfather are assembling a spectacular workshop in the basement of their Valley house. The array of lathes and other gadgets would make the amateur workman's mouth water. Trouble is they can't get the fine woods they want to work with now and Mr. Durgin may well be fearful that Rory's interest will have turned to something else before they have a chance to collaborate.

Rory's favorite food is meat loaf. He has an idea that he is going to concoct some pretty wonderful things when and if that barbecue he is planning to build is ever completed.

He wants to marry and "have lots of children" but his ideas about this are vague and his plans are far in the future, as this is written! He wants to build a solid sort of ranch house with fireplaces everywhere and a great deal of "really massive furniture." It must be on a hill with views in all directions . . . trees about and, if possible, glimpses of the sea. He owns two dogs and a cat or two but plans to have any number of pets around him when it is more convenient.

His friends imagine that his easy going amiability is perhaps his greatest weakness. However, Rory thinks his greatest fault is a quick temper which he finds it difficult to control. Those green eyes can flash fire as well as fun. He cools off quickly, as most hot tempered people do—especially if he has flared at someone he really likes. (Confidentially . . . sometimes when this happens, he pretends afterward that he was only kidding! And the people who are fond of him and who know that he wasn't kidding at all, let it go at that.)

Unpredictable? Well, listen to this. It was said of Rory recently that, however varied his interests had been and his enthusiasms, at least they had all been vigorous, active *physical* enthusiasms, things to do with an ax, a motor or a hammer. And just then Rory began confounding friends and acquaintances by producing caricatures of them in off moments—good ones, which have been praised as distinctive by some eminent art critics. What do you make of a man like that? No one produces sensitive caricatures with an ax or a hammer!

There is more to this Calhoun than meets the eye—and what meets the eye is extremely pleasant!

THE END

STOP, LOOK and LIVE

Accidents are killing American citizens right now faster than American soldiers were killed in World War II!

Every 3 seconds SOMEONE IS HURT!

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BE CAREFUL—THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN!



FEEL HEAVENLY
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Guaranteed by
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Skillful designing and quality fabrics combine to enhance your figure and give you that heavenly feeling of freedom from restraint.

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We will send you a delightful story about Stillman's Freckle Cream. It is not only a freckle bleach, but also a beautifying cream. It makes skin look lighter—feel softer, smoother. Over 30 million jars have been purchased by enthusiastic users! Only 50c at all drug and cosmetic counters. A postal card brings this amazing story of beauty to you!

Use according to directions

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COFFEE HOT
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RISE 'N' SHINE
THE STARCROSS WAY

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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
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First impressions last the day! Serve breakfast on a cheery note in a crisp border pattern apron by Starcross, Inc. Pre-war 80 square percales in a bib apron with fitted tucks, self material ties, generous size pocket. Available in bright fruit and floral prints at your favorite apron store—lot #8140, approximately 89c. Send for your free catalog.

AT LAST A REAL PIN CURLER



If you have dreamed of setting your own hair at home in professional, easily managed curls, here is your answer. Set your hair as you comb it, catching hair ends firmly, a quick twist and you have smooth unruffled pin curls. The curler is made of clear durable plastic and you need only one.

BY GOODWIN

Women who know it call it

THE SENSATION OF THE BEAUTY PARADE

Eight page hair styling booklet with each curler. 1.00 at your leading notions and cosmetics counter or write the SCULPTURE CURLER CO., INC.

3286 Adeline Street, Berkeley, California.

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NEW FIGURE LOVELINESS GLAMOUR BELT

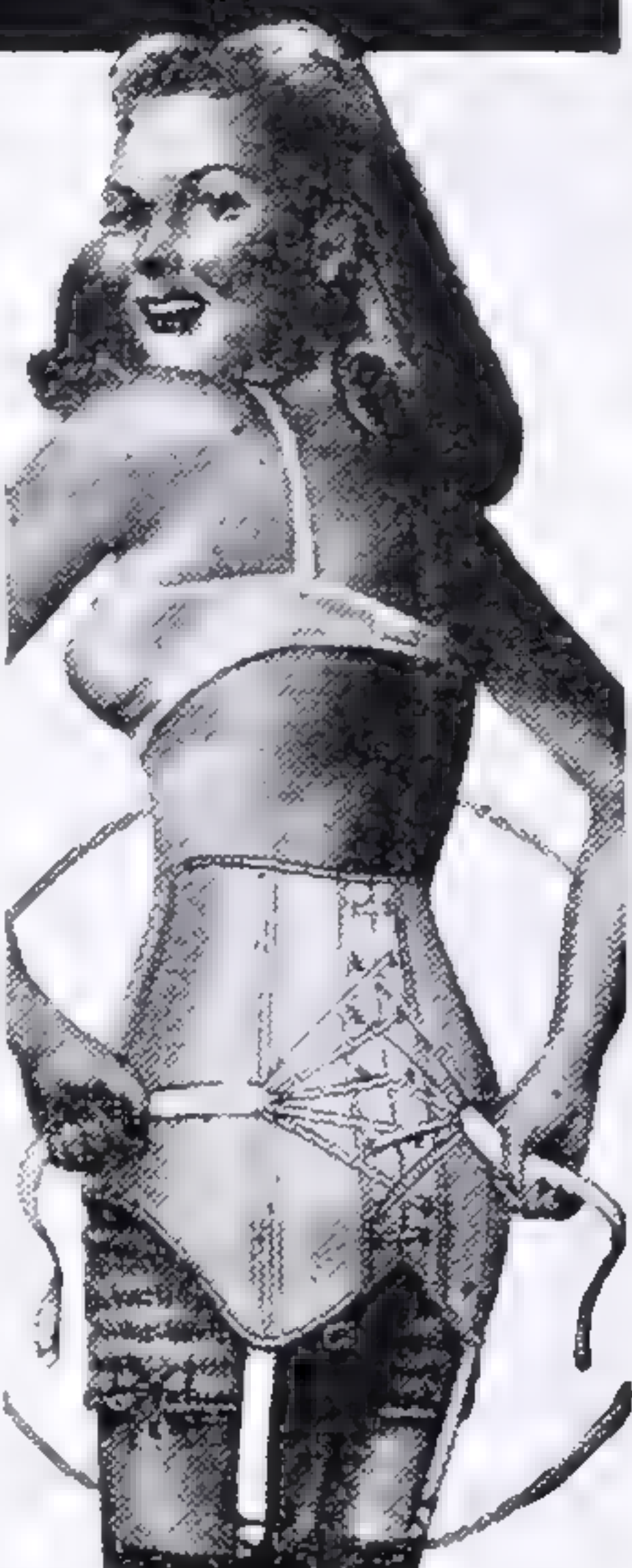
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Actually helps reduce your waist, hips and abdomen. Scientifically designed to support your back and abdomen. Helps relieve tiredness. You'll really *feel* like enjoying life with your new figure! Even your clothes will look more glamorous! Glamour Belt brings you beauty with comfort and a "freshened-up" feeling. No binding, no riding up or down.

It's soft, sturdy, lightweight (weighs less than 8 ounces), easily laundered, easily worn.

You'll love the way Glamour Belt slenderizes instantly!



Order your Glamour Belt now for an instantly new, improved figure. Satisfaction or your money back.

\$2.50 each

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Please send me _____ Glamour Belts at \$2.50 each.

My waist measure is _____ My hip measure is _____

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INGROWN NAIL Hurting You? Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus preventing further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters. Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. MWG, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

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Delight your friends with beautiful, new selections of Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards at 50 for \$1 and 25 for \$1 retail. You make big profits taking orders in spare time.

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Up to 50¢ cash profit on fast-selling \$1 Box Assortments. Complete line for Christmas, Everyday and Birthdays, Gift Wraps, Notes—low as 65¢ retail. Stunning Fine Arts box, Religious, Humorous . . . other top-notch money-makers. **START EARNING NOW!** Send today for samples on approval. **HERTELART CO., 305 W. Adams St. Dept. 188, CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS**

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21-CARD
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CHRISTMAS
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Only \$1
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LONGER LASTING GRIP

FOR REPEATED USE.
SMOOTH FINISH
INSIDE AND
OUT!



Scoldy Lox
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

Is Hollywood Red?

(Continued from page 31) we have here can have no effect, or at most only an infinitesimal effect, on the general result. Whether we have war with Russia, whether we declare the Communist Party a foreign agent, whether we extend the Graeco-Turkish policy to Persia and India and Korea and China, will not be decided in Hollywood. Some of these questions, by the best odds that can be calculated now, will not be decided in our lifetimes. But what can be decided in Hollywood, and not only in our lifetime but quick, is whether pictures are to be declared legally dead or not. For they can die. Other forms of entertainment have died, of grotesque and trivial causes, and when they died they stayed dead. And all that pictures need to turn up their toes is that they become the football of politics, as they have already become the football of do-gooders and sam-singers and soul-savers. They don't need to go sailing between the goal posts, sent there by the victorious boot of either side. This game doesn't have to be won, and it doesn't have to be lost. All it needs is to go on, and as sure as God made little apples, when we look up, during one of the wrangles between officials of a long, dreary, and pointless tie, we shall find out our customers have gone home.

ON BOTH sides, I think, even among the extremists, there are many who would like to see pictures made an "open" industry, at least within certain limits, so the conflict could suspend. The trouble is, though there might be desire for such an agreement, there is at present no means by which either side could make sure of the good faith of the other in carrying it out. For such are the reputations that conspiratorial activity has got for itself on the one hand, and narrow chauvinism on the other, that if the word of a Red is worth considerably less than a plugged dime, the word of an anti-Red as a polemic curiosity is worth considerably and unfortunately more. For some of the charges made by the Moving Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, through its house organ Vigil, its close ally the Hollywood Reporter, and its friendly backers among the Los Angeles press, have to be seen to be believed, and have only to be read to be discredited. That the Reds dream silly dreams I don't for a moment deny. But that they have a monopoly on the disservice now being done the picture business is indeed far from the truth. Among the MPA are some fine men and women, with solid records of civic activity going back many years. But that any large number of them are noble *Horatiuses*, backed against the bridge, facing fearful odds for the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods, is most unlikely. Actually, they suffer from the same diseases as afflicts the rank and file of Reds. They are Johnny-come-latelys to the field, political amateurs, with all the zeal of the recent convert, and all of his ignorance, too, of the possible consequences of his zeal. And their "educational" campaign, designed to awaken all and sundry to the menace that besets our hallowed sound stages, happens also to be an advertising campaign, and of the very worst kind. It does awaken all and sundry, that is the trouble with it. And it convinces them that Hollywood is about five times as sinister a place as it really is. They are in the position of the man who gets up in church and asks all the brethren and sistern present to pray for his beloved wife, who now feels temptation a-threatening her. It may make for salvation but it'll hardly

make for marriage, and you wouldn't blame the lady much for getting up and taking a swipe at his jaw.

Possibly I am naive, and certainly one can rarely be sure of one's ground in realms where conspiracy is part of the scheme of things, and has been intellectually rationalized. And yet I believe that on the left there are many professionals, that is party members, or those commonly believed to be party members, who would be agreeable to a truce of some sort. On the right, allowing for flag-wavers, I think there is a good solid faction for such a truce, if it felt there was any prospect whatever that the left would abide by it. In the middle, I can guarantee there are thousands, in every part of the industry, from executives to talent to just plain mugs, who would give anything for a truce, as they are utterly sick of the whole miserable turmoil. If this is the case, I think it is wholly practicable for the moderates in each group to approach each other, through the contacts afforded by the guilds and the unions, and try to arrive at an understanding on a very simple formula. The formula would be that however sharp the fighting might be on the organization level, each side would give over any effort to capture film, that is to use film for propaganda purposes, to slip into the pictures themselves material of a partisan nature, to put something over. It may be objected that in the long run the film will be exempt from subversion in any particular direction, as it must remain entertainment if it is to remain profitable, so that any imbalance here must inevitably right itself. However, there is one other alternative, already alluded to: If it does not remain entertainment it can kill the business, so the film is no *ipso facto* exception to the discussion, but the very center of the case. Furthermore, it is what both sides worry about. Dominance in the guilds and the unions, each side realizes now, is something that cannot be handed to either on a silver platter. To get it you have to work at it, and if you don't get it you can't blame anything but a superior organization for your defeat.

But the film, subversion of pictures to an ulterior plan, lurks as a danger over and beyond anything that can be achieved through control of this or that executive committee. However, by now I believe there is sufficient realization on all sides, except as I have noted among the romantics, that the film must be kept sacrosanct, to provide the basis for an understanding. Of course, it will be a bitter pill to many that one more Gable leer must be in, where a star-eyed look at the mention of Stalin must be out, but if it has to be, it can be swallowed. And it is the considered opinion of my riper years, as Joe Von Sternberg puts it, that it has to come out this way, or we are sunk. It is the only way that confidence can be gained, that this mutual suspicion and name-calling and recrimination-howling can be stopped. For there is always the old Franklinian warning to sober us: If we don't hang together, we shall certainly hang separately.

THE END

NOTICE TO MITCHUM FANS!

Bob shows his colors

in the September Photoplay

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By Lester Gottlieb

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Betty Hutton

THE RED HOUSE: The complete musical score from this melodrama has been recorded by Capitol, with distinguished Miklos Rosza, who wrote the scores for "Spellbound," "Lost Weekend," "The Killers" and "Macomber Affair," directing the orchestra.

PERILS OF PAULINE: Betty Hutton follows up her original disk of the two major tunes from her new Paramount film, with a Capitol disk of a pair of other Frank Loesser melodies from this saga of the silents: "Sewing Machine" and the ballad, "I Wish I Didn't Love You So." In case you've forgotten, the earlier songs were "Poppa, Don't Preach to Me" and "Rumble, Rumble."

ROY ROGERS: The western singing star lassos "Dangerous Ground" and "I'm Restless" (Victor). But for more complete cowboy stuff try Victor's new album by The Sons of The Pioneers, which includes "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" and songs from such horse operas as "Texas Stampede" and "Home in Oklahoma."

LOVE AND LEARN: The ballad from this comedy should warrant replaying. It's called "Would You Believe Me" and Skitch Henderson (Capitol), Sammy Kaye (Victor) and Claude Thornhill (Columbia) have waxed it.

WELCOME STRANGER: Bing himself has cut the two merry tunes fashioned by his favorite tunesmiths, Burke and Van Heusen, for Decca, but practically everyone else has grooved them too. Best of the lot, the way Art Mooney (M-G-M), Harry James (Columbia), Andy Russell (Capitol) play "As Long As I'm Dreaming" and Tex Beneke's Victor version of "My Heart Is a Hobo."



Bing Crosby

VARIETY GIRL: This musical has a lively tune called "Tallahassee" and Kate Smith (M-G-M) makes it sound much better than it really is.

SONG OF SCHEHEREZADE: Universal's pretentious spectacle owes most of its popularity to the immortal Rimsky-Korsakov music. Skitch Henderson (Capitol) Steinways the title melody with a unique arrangement.

COPACABANA: UA's ode to a New York night club has a nice new tune, "Je Vous Aime." Andy Russell is first man on the turntables with it (Capitol).

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN: The one and only Louis Armstrong picks out a tune from Sinatra's latest. It's called "I Believe" and you won't want to miss this version (Victor).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: The churchly "Reformation Symphony" by Mendelssohn gets a rare recording by The London Philharmonic conducted by reliable Sir Thomas Beecham (Victor) . . . Brahms' Sonata in F Minor is played by the capable young pianist William Kapell and the violinist William Primrose in a new Victor album . . . The English composer Delius's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra is played by the Liverpool Philharmonic, with Albert Sammons as violin soloist. Congratulations are in order to Columbia for bringing out this oft-neglected work . . . There's never enough of Tchaikovsky so Columbia has issued two new albums. One is "The Little Russian" Symphony, ably performed by The Minneapolis Symphony, with Dimitri Mitropoulos on the podium. The other is the great composer's Serenade in Major for Strings. The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy, records this work in their usual masterly way . . . Schubert's ambitious, timeless Ninth gets a new and spirited interpretation by Bruno Walter and The New York Philharmonic (Columbia). Written in the last year of his short life, many consider it his greatest work.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 29)

✓**JOHNNY O'CLOCK**—Columbia: Dick Powell is the slick young *Johnny* who gets mixed up in the gambling business; Evelyn Keyes is his girl. The gangster business isn't overdone. (May)

✓✓**LATE GEORGE APLEY, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Ronald Colman moves to Beacon Street in Boston and emerges unquestionably as the famous Marquand hero. He's hidebound by tradition though daughter Peggy Cummins and son Richard Ney do their best to shake him out of it. (May)

✓✓**LOCKET, THE**—RKO: Your eyes keep getting bigger and bigger watching what Laraine Day does. Robert Mitchum and Brian Aherne know all about her past, which has lots of events in it. (June)

✓**MACOMBER AFFAIR, THE**—Bogaus-UA: Ernest Hemingway's novel about a man, his wife and their hired hunter in deep Africa will give you plenty of turns. With Joan Bennett, Robert Preston, Gregory Peck. (May)

✓✓**MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE**—Paramount: Words and facial expressions by Bob Hope who falls all over himself running to aid Dorothy Lamour. He meets up with Peter Lorre and murder. (May)

✓✓**ODD MAN OUT**—J. Arthur Rank: A pretty prize from England with James Mason playing the hunted head of an "organization" in Ireland. (May)

✓**OTHER LOVE, THE**—Enterprise-UA: Barbara Stanwyck's the woman patient at a tubercular sanitarium run by doctor David Niven. She should stay and recover but instead she runs away to the Riviera gay life with handsome Richard Conte. (July)

✓✓**PERILS OF PAULINE**—Paramount: The old serial heroine *Pauline* is back again with Betty Hutton as Pearl White to give you some of the best fun you've ever had. Billy De Wolfe, John Lund, William Demarest and Constance Collier give you a perfect picture of the old time movie days. (July)

✓**RAMROD**—Enterprise-UA: Here's another wicked lady—Veronica Lake—who makes strong-minded heroes of the West weak in the head. Joel McCrea is the guy who doesn't catch on until it's almost too late that she'd just as soon murder as wink. (June)

✓✓**SEA OF GRASS, THE**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn get emotional about life on the cattle range. With Melvyn Douglas, Robert Walker and Phyllis Thaxter. (May)

✓**SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This had a big opportunity in a brand-new plot—a female "typewriter" who walks into a staid Boston office in 1874. It could have been a diverting comedy, but it peters out instead into a love duet between Betty Grable and her boss Dick Haymes. Fair enough, but could have been better. (June)

✓**SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK, THE**—California-UA: Harold Lloyd comes back to make a silly picture about one *Harold Diddlebock* who goes off his routine track and ends up with a circus. Lots of nonsense that's fun if you're in the mood. (July)

✓✓**SMASH-UP: THE STORY OF A WOMAN**—Universal-International: Susan Hayward turns in a fine picture of an alcoholic. When time hangs heavy on her jeweled fingers she takes to the bottle. With Marsha Hunt, Lee Bowman. (May)

TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS—RKO: Some hunters (one's Patricia Morison) invade Johnny Weissmuller's jungle in search of zoo specimens, but they're defeated before they ever start. (June)

TIME OUT OF MIND—Universal-International: The novel was a best-seller, but the film fell flat on its high-minded nose. Phyllis Calvert is good as the housekeeper's daughter who tries to make a musician of Robert Hutton. (June)

✓**TROUBLE WITH WOMEN, THE**—Paramount: Teresa Wright and Ray Milland lend their talents to a film that's just a time-passer. It has to do with a psychology professor who thinks women should be pushed around and a girl reporter who pushes him around instead. Brian Donlevy helps things. (July)

✓**TWO MRS. CARROLLS, THE**—Warners: *Mr. Carroll* is Humphrey Bogart and *Mrs.* is Barbara Stanwyck. They seem an ideal married couple until you and Barbara begin to find out what happened to the first *Mrs. Carroll*. (June)

✓**WELCOME STRANGER**—Paramount: Everyone takes it easy—Bing sings genially, Barry Fitzgerald's Cupid and Joan Caulfield acts the pretty foil. The plot lallygags pleasantly along the route of a city doctor's sojourn in a Maine village. (June)

WOMAN ON THE BEACH, THE—RKO: Joan Bennett slinks along a deserted beach with Robert Ryan who has a bad case of war nerves. They're made worse when he meets Joan's blind husband Charles Bickford and gets mixed up in their morbid lives. (July)

YANKEE FAKIR—Republic: You see only the back of the villain's head until the end of the picture, but you know all along who murdered Joan Woodbury's father. Too bad traveling pitchman Douglas Fowley couldn't have guessed too. (July)



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This Is My Husband

(Continued from page 65) ever recognized the movies officially. We were both thrilled to death. And Jean Pierre admitted that for that affair, he certainly would have to have tails.

"I will rent them in London. After all, I will have plenty of time. We're getting there two days ahead of time," said he.

There was no use arguing with him, so I rushed off and had a special Paris gown designed. Let me tell you: It was champagne-colored satin, with an off-the-shoulder bodice, and with it I wore champagne-colored gloves and a gossamer champagne tulle scarf that fell to the floor in back and front. In my hair gold dots were sprinkled—it was unbelievably lovely.

While I was arranging all this, Jean Pierre was doing what he loves best—seeing his hundreds of friends in Paris. And giving not a thought to his tails.

In London, with only forty-eight hours in which to rent them, I drove him out immediately to locate some. We went to every renting place in London in vain. There just wasn't a single pair of tails that fitted his big shoulders and narrow hips. I was sick with worry, but Jean Pierre was calm.

"Something will turn up, my love. Do not worry," he said. He was still saying that the night before the great event. We had gone to dinner at a smart London night club whose owner Johnny Mills (like everyone else in the world) was a friend of Jean Pierre's. Jean Pierre told him his problem.

"Tomorrow's the Command Performance, and my wife's all decked out like a movie star—and I can't find any tails," he said.

Johnny Mills thought a moment. Then he suggested, "Well, look around the club tonight. When you see someone who looks about the right size, let me know."

You can guess the rest of this dizzy story! Yes, Jean Pierre picked out an austere-looking Englishman with a walrus moustache who looked about the right size and height, and told Johnny Mills.

"Just a minute," said Johnny. He spoke to Mr. Moustache, who listened in astonishment—and then nodded and smiled! And the next morning the tails all neatly pressed, were delivered to my crazy husband. So Jean Pierre wore them to meet the King and Queen of England, as self-possessed as if they'd been tailored specially to him after sixteen fittings! The shoulders were a little tight, it's true, so that he had to stand a little hunched.

"But, after all, everyone's tails in England are a bit tight these days... nobody's had 'em on for so long," grinned Jean Pierre.

This, then, is my husband!

BUT there is a lot more to it than that. There is our daily life in Hollywood. We live in a beautiful house—a Florentine-type house which was a birthday present from my husband to me, as well as a second wedding anniversary present. (Oh, yes, he may be irresponsible—but never about presents.) What's more, the house was a complete surprise.

I'd seen it and loved it, then I had gone to the hospital, very sick. When Jean Pierre called at the hospital to bring me home, he brought me to our new house—which he and my sisters Consuelo, Adita and Lucita had fixed up for me in advance. It is a big house with six bedrooms, a large garden and a rumpus room in the cellar. I looked at all of it and I said, "Jean Pierre, a man's house is his castle. I am happy."

He stood beside me with his arm around me and he said, "Darling, this man's

house may be more like a hotel than a castle. I am happy too."

Both of us were prophetic. We always have three or four house guests, and twice a month we give formal dinner parties. But it's the unexpected daily subway jams that throw me!

Every evening when I come home from the studio in order to get through the downstairs of our house, I have to elbow my way through a crowd of people—Jean Pierre's friends! He attracts people like a magnet. Also, he is at peace in a large crowd. I have seen him surrounded by our friends, the Gene Kellys, the Charles Boyers, the Louis Jourdans, the Mark Stephenses, Josh Miller. They are all talking, arguing, playing cards, even dancing. In the midst of them sits Jean Pierre, pulling at his pipe and writing his latest play! He can concentrate completely in a mob-scene.

Now, right here let me tell you again that I am methodical. Every night before I go to bed I write down these things for the next day; the menu, the laundry list, a complete shopping list of groceries and necessities; and I go through my accounts.

Then I go to bed calm, sure that everything is planned. I am always surprised that (as it turns out) nothing is planned for—thanks to my husband!

ALL of us know by this time that we must always plan for six extra for dinner. But Jean Pierre doesn't even notice that we usually have fourteen people sitting down to every meal. The only time he noticed that there seemed to be some extra guests unexpectedly was one Sunday night when there were thirty-four extra and I was out of my mind over what to feed them!

That night I got him aside and I moaned, "But darling, what can we do? It's the cook's night off, and we haven't enough food in the house anyway!"

Jean Pierre patted my shoulder. "I don't know, dear. But you will know."

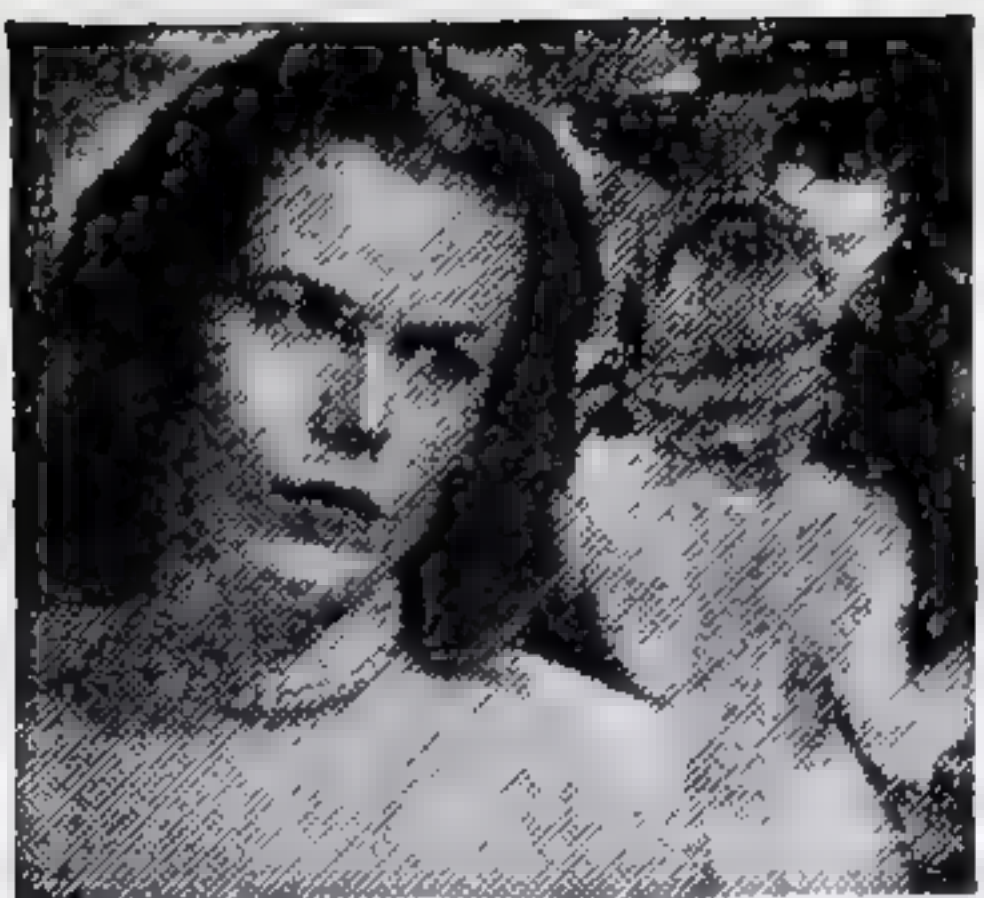
And I did. Always I keep lots of bread in the house, and big bowls of chocolate pudding are always in the refrigerator for emergencies. This night I utilized the bread and pudding, opened cans of cold ham, many cans of peaches which I crowned with cottage cheese, and I made huge platters of potato and Russian salad. And I served wine—Jean Pierre wouldn't eat without wine. It turned out quite a success.

My husband is like this, too: Every morning he gets up in a beaming good humor. Again, I am the opposite. He starts to make a joke before his eyes are opened. But I beg him, "Please, darling, don't speak to me before I have my coffee." Then he says, "Angel, don't be mean," and smiles at me—and what can I do?

We are also opposites about our clothes. Jean Pierre hardly knows what he has on. When he takes his clothes off he throws them all over the place. Then when he comes back and finds his clothes hung up, he says, very aggrieved, "I like my clothes on the floor—who picked them up?"

Once last summer, when he had only three suits to his name, two of them were stolen from his dressing room. He was wearing the third, or it would have been gone too. He came home happy and said to me, "Now I have only one suit to wear, which is fine with me. No indecision when I get up!" Of course it was I who went out and ordered more suits for him.

But on the other hand, he is very particular about what I wear. He notices everything I put on, and when he doesn't like a new hat, he says very gently, "No, darling. Please don't wear that."



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Yet with all his gay absentmindedness, he never forgets the monthly anniversary of our baby's birth, or of our wedding. And the sweet presents he brings home! Once he brought me a stunning painting by Utrillo. On the baby's anniversaries he has given me gold earrings, belts, bags, and another painting—a Marie Laurencin.

Also, among his other talents he designs beautiful jewelry. He has designed several sets of bracelets, earrings, and choker. And he designed my emerald engagement ring, which I will always love.

He adores our baby, Maria Christina, who is almost a year and a half old now. He is always in her room, laughing with her. She has the same happy-go-lucky nature he has.

Now I may have given the impression that I try to run everything but let me say that at times the tables are turned. When Jean Pierre gets a "masterful streak"—then things really happen! For instance, when we were in Paris he made up his mind that we should go on an automobile trip through the South of France.

"I must show you my beloved France," he said dreamily. "Besides, such a trip will give you sun and air, which you very much need." (I forgot to say that Jean Pierre has an outdoor complexion—while I sunburn and freckle!)

When he mentioned this automobile trip, I pointed out that we were both due in Brussels for a picture opening in a week. "Why not take the train from Paris to Brussels?" I asked. "Then, after the opening, we can dally around the South of France in peace."

Jean Pierre's face looked like a disappointed small boy's. "No—you are spoiling everything!" he argued. "I have already planned the trip. I have my brother's car and my brother to drive it. We must start!"

What could I do? I agreed. Naturally, the car, as is true of practically all cars in Europe these days, was utterly broken-down. I had a vision that we would push it all the way to the South of France—and how right I was! I remember coming into Cannes at seven o'clock one night, all three of us pushing the car as usual. I was crying in exhaustion and exasperation.

Suddenly Jean Pierre stopped pushing and stood solemnly in the road. Then he flung out his arms in a gesture of handsome generosity. "My love—how can you cry, when I offer you my beautiful France?"

That made me burst out laughing, and we went on pushing the car into Cannes. Once there, however, I pointed out to my husband that the two-day trip had taken us six days. "We are due in Brussels tomorrow night," I said. "We will have to postpone our vacation in Cannes and somehow get to Brussels tomorrow."

"Leave that to me," said Jean Pierre vigorously. "I will charter a plane."

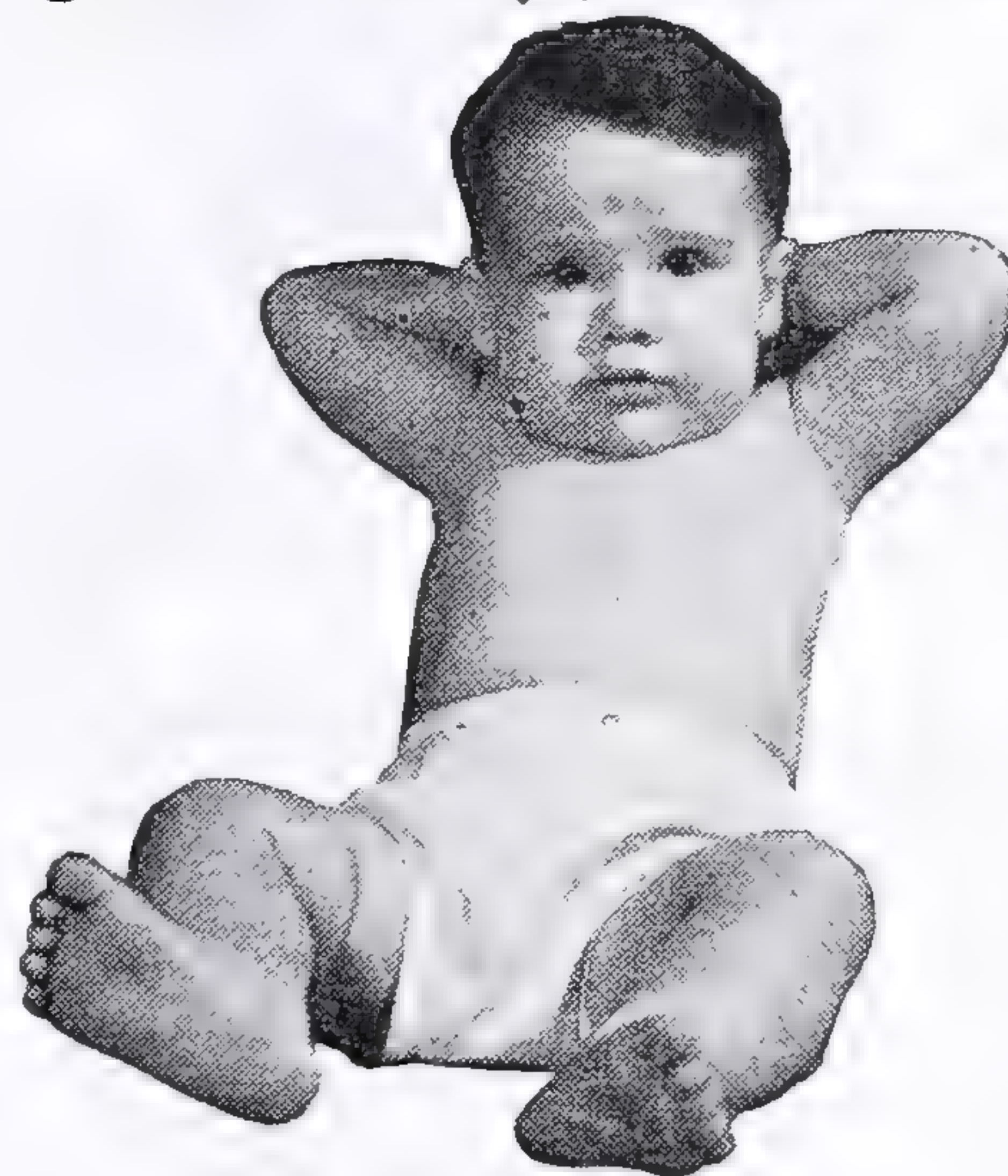
You should have seen the plane Jean Pierre hired! I give you my word it was like a toy. And while we were waiting to get into it, I saw the pilot move it—with two fingers!

Well, we finally reached Brussels in time for the opening and it was wonderful. But after it Jean Pierre said, "My darling, maybe you are right about my arrangements for trips. From now on we will do it your way." So we flew back to Paris by an airliner, and then took the train to Cannes for a divine two-week holiday.

But for all the upset existence Jean Pierre and I have, I wouldn't dream of existence with anyone else. After all, wouldn't life be dull if Jean Pierre weren't in it to shake it up? And with him, life may be confused—but also it is quite, quite wonderful!

THE END

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Un-Possessed

(Continued from page 35) screen was no more beautiful or slim or vital than the woman you saw in "Mildred Pierce" or "Humoresque."

Yet during that interval Nelson Eddy had risen to great picture stardom, is today no longer a major movie personality. The same thing is true of Fred Astaire. Eve Arden is still a wonderful character comedienne. Gable advanced, went to war, returned to make "Adventure"—and now we'll see what we shall see when "The Hucksters" comes out.

Only Crawford, the girl who was thought to be on the skids three years ago, has risen to the highest accolade of Hollywood, to win the Academy Award for 1945, to be discussed for it in 1946, and to be prophesied for it by everyone who has seen "Possessed" for 1947.

Her new seven-year contract with Warner Bros. rates her \$200,000 a picture, the choice of stories, directors, producer, cast—and the right to make any three outside pictures she desires. The night table at her home is piled high with scripts submitted to her by every studio in town. Fabulous offers from Broadway and London stage producers clutter every mail. She has become a great artist as well as a great personality and the world of acting lies at her feet.

I had just seen her newest picture, "Possessed," in a Warner Bros. projection room. The small, select preview audience at the showing had been particularly tough-minded. Two of the men present were sophisticated New Yorkers, gentlemen of great power, one of the women present was a lady of the widest influence, and not at all a Crawford fan. Yet at the end, we all reacted alike.

The lady had said, "This is the best performance I've ever seen in my entire life." The men had said, practically in unison, "There is an important Academy Award Contender for 1947."

Suddenly the trio turned to me and asked, "Do you suppose Crawford's going to marry Greg Bautzer?"

It is the human side, running hand-in-hand with Crawford, which throws everyone—including Joan herself—and makes her an everlasting subject of discussion in Hollywood.

Everybody wonders if Gregson Bautzer, the handsome lawyer, will become her next husband.

I don't know whether or not she will marry again. Joan doesn't know either, and that's the truth of it. Of course, Walter Winchell did announce that she would be married some time this past April—which was actually before her divorce from Philip Terry became final. And Louella Parsons said she would be married about May first, when she was free, which made a lot of sense and was highly probable.

Joan and I have been the closest of friends for years—and I say it wouldn't surprise me at all if Joan does marry, and soon. It wouldn't surprise me either if she never marries again.

Joan separated from Phil just prior to Christmas of 1945.

She had known Greg Bautzer casually for years, since in the restricted social circle of Hollywood they were bound to meet at various parties. However, she had never had an important date with him until April 19 of last year.

That date Greg did up in the dashing style that was bound to appeal to a girl who can't stamp a letter without dramatizing it.

Joan, with her two children and their nurse, was in Palm Springs, staying at the very beautiful but extremely quiet Hotel

La Quinta. Youngsters go to bed early, as everyone knows, and the desert nights at Palm Springs are very magical—particularly at a luxury spot like La Quinta, which is some fifteen miles outside the Palm Springs razzle-dazzle. Out there the eternal desert silence enfolds the very mountains. The scent of sage and wild verbena hang on the air and the stars twinkle down, round and silvery, like wonderful Christmas-tree ornaments.

Such nights, such settings are made for romance, and on that evening Joan Crawford sat alone on the porch of her La Quinta bungalow. Across the sky, the lights of an airplane glowed red and green as the plane circled, then landed. In another few moments a tall, dark figure strode toward her.

"The moment I heard you were stopping here, I flew down," Greg Bautzer said. "I can't break through that telephone guard of yours in town. You're either busy, or not in, or not talking. But look. I'm here, you're here. It's a beautiful night. Let's go dancing. Will you?"

Joan loves dancing the way other women love diamonds and fur coats. Palm Springs is a sun-time place, really, but driving back to the center of the desert glamour spot they did find one place that had a band, which wasn't too bad and a floor that wasn't too rocky. They danced till the place folded up at one a.m., and from the end of the first chorus of the first tune, they knew that they danced perfectly together.

That was the first bond, but they soon discovered others. Greg loves to swim. So does Joan. Greg loves to play tennis. So does Joan. He loves fine food. She does, too.

Greg knows how to court a beautiful girl. He sends orchids, almost daily. He sends gifts—very golden gifts; like a gold bracelet dangling a golden heart and key, studded with rubies; a gold compact, studded with topazes, with a golden cigarette case to match. Things like a gold lighter and an extra pair of very, very wide gold bracelets for either arm, with the most sentimental inscriptions written in them. Things like that, and many of them. Plus hourly telephone calls, except on the days that they were half-hourly—and don't forget that Greg's a lawyer, which means he knows how to make most convincing speeches.

BUT—Greg also dotes on all-night poker sessions, played for very high stakes. Joan hates all forms of card playing. Greg loves to gamble—on anything and everything. Joan has never so much as placed a two-dollar bet on a guaranteed winner.

So they quarreled over those things, and made up over the dancing. They quarreled dramatically and made up more dramatically—things like Joan locking the gates of her estate against him and his scaling the high wall.

Last winter, after a particularly big set-to, Joan moved to New York, bag, baggage and children, and opened up her New York apartment. She was staying four months, she said, and that was that. Only it wasn't.

For Greg flew East and begged and pleaded with her. When specific cases called him Westward, back he flew, only to fly East once more. It took three complete transcontinental flights to finally effect the reconciliation between them. However, Missy Crawford did stay in New York four months.

Since this past spring, however, things have run not one bit smoother. Joan began dining frequently with Otto Preminger, who is currently directing her in "Daisy Kenyon." She went on lots of

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Right there is where the score stands at this moment.

Joan adores all this attention and excitement, as what girl wouldn't. Watch her on a dance floor and she is the most exciting, gay sight. Yet more nights she is quietly at home, dining with the kids at six, and after they're in bed, reading, or perhaps having two or three very close friends in, for a drink and a lot of talk—friends like Jerry Wald, her Warner producer, and his beautiful wife, Connie—or Curtis Bernhardt, the director of "Possessed," or Billy Haines, her friend from her early Metro days.

THOSE are two sides of her, but those are only the beginning of her complexity. There is, for instance, the girl athlete that crops up every summer. Right now she is coaching in tennis with Eleanor Tennant and coaching in swimming with Paul Nass. She is already a fine horsewoman and a good golfer, but that's not enough. An average mortal would be content to go neatly through a pool, or tidily about a court—but Joan has to be a champ.

When you know her intimately you also encounter Miss Crawford, the drudge. This phase crops out every now and then and manifests itself in intensive house cleaning. No small item of tidying linen closets satisfies her when in this mood.

She has to get down and scrub, literally. She has an enormous kitchen, almost completely stocked with stainless steel. You should see her, her hair screwed up on her head, her eyes beaming fanatically as she scours every inch of that steel, and then, nothing daunted, go into her monster dining room and start waxing the floor and woodwork. She keeps right on going, through the library, through the music room, through her upstairs sitting room and the bedrooms. It is hard, dirty work and only sheer exhaustion eventually stops her. Why she enjoys it, and gets a boot out of it heaven only knows. Certainly she doesn't.

Then there is the Joan Crawford, who quietly supports a clinic where scores of tonsils have been removed, babies have born born, and difficult operations performed, for all of which she pays, even

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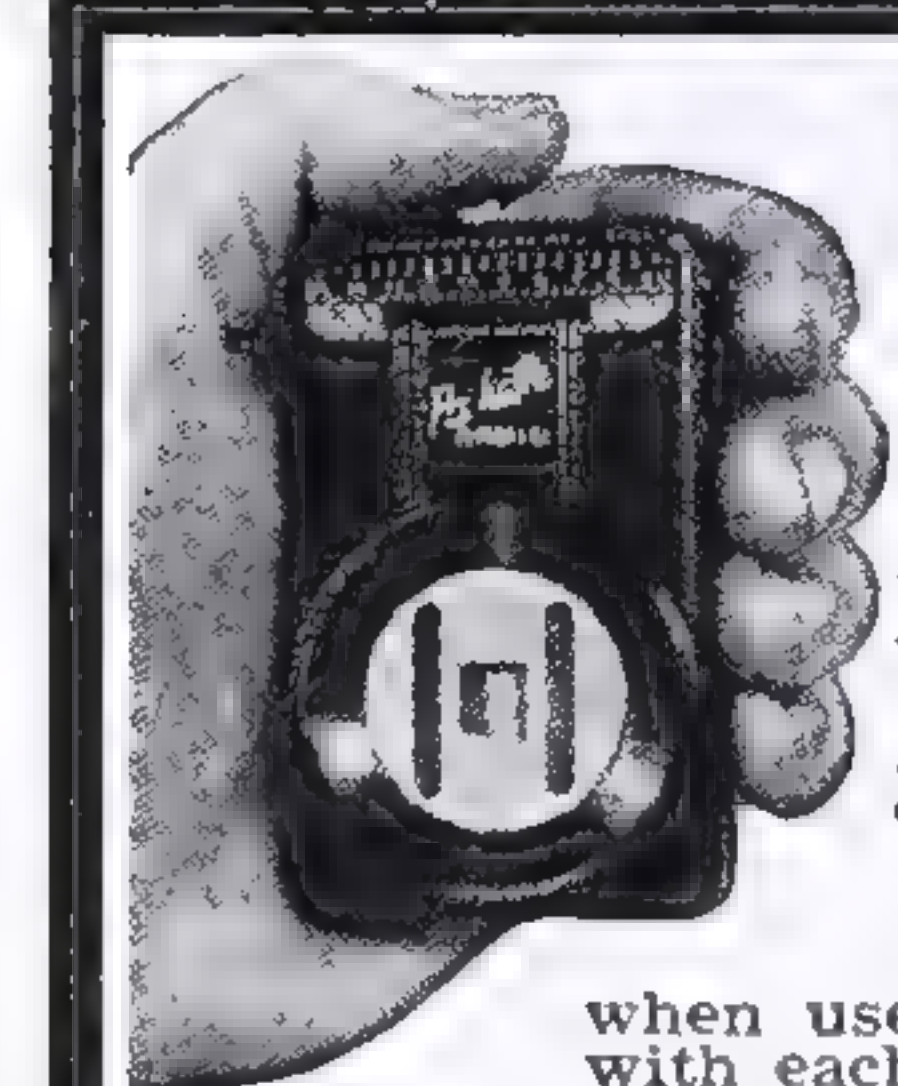
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though often all she knows of the people benefited is that the need is there, and she has the means to alleviate it.

But, actually, I think the least known side, and one of the most dominant, is Joan, the business woman. Everything about her looks extravagant. Yet everything she has acquired is, basically, a superb investment. Not many people know that she has important Los Angeles and even New York holdings in real estate. But many producers know the sharp bargains she can drive when it comes to signing for a picture.

One thing you may be sure of: Neither she nor her children will ever know financial worry. She started with nothing and has made every cent of this herself, through sheer intelligence. Admittedly, she began with the gifts of beauty and talent, but Hollywood is littered with the wrecks of girls who started with those same possessions—in much greater degree—and completely squandered them.

Two more babies have just come into her home. They are both girls. One is named Cynthia and the other Cathy. With Christopher and Christina, Joan's home can truly be called the "House of the Four Cs." The new additions to the family are ensconced in Christina's nursery, and the cheerfully dispossessed Christina and Christopher take turns sleeping on the porch and in the guest bedroom.

This makes four adopted children for Joan, and while four youngsters in one household would be enough for most women, Joan wants to bring up at least eight.

If they all turn out as terrifically as Christina and Christopher have—come ten years from now—that will really be something. Christina is a tall, lovely eight-year-old, whose sensitive dreaminess does not prevent her from being head of her class in school, and captain of "The Brownies" in her neighborhood. Christopher, at four, is about the handsomest small boy in town, and certainly the most beaming.

Those plans of Joan's head and her heart—her financial planning, her career planning, her devotion to the children—those are very clear to her. But the wishes of her secret heart—that hidden dream that waits yearning at the back of every romantic woman's mind—have never been answered. These Joan has not yet mastered. There lies the eternal humanness of her, the eternal youth.

But just between us girls, isn't it wonderful to watch a woman, who when life starts pushing her around, pushes it right straight back and makes it whisper, "Darling!"

THE END



Warm embrace—warm friends: Photoplay writer Ruth Waterbury, Joan Crawford

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Bit of Ireland

(Continued from page 43) Possession is always a happiness—at least, you've known it, even if temporarily."

As an actress, you can imagine her supplying all the knowing provocativeness necessary to the role of *Amber*—yet remaining at the same time confusingly clean and untouched. You really can't blame Twentieth Century-Fox for their indecision. Peggy is "Forever *Amber*" and "Never *Amber*" all at once.

"Life—" continues the little lady who has lived just twenty-one years of it, "is very well balanced. As an unknown, I might have kept *Amber* and met with envy and hostility.

"I lost it, and found friendship, sympathy and kindness—things it might ordinarily have taken me much longer to earn in a country that was not my own."

In the country that she came from the little Cummins is far from an "unknown." She has been enjoying sensational successes with British theater, radio and film fans ever since she was thirteen.

MORE English in appearance than Irish, Peggy is a native of Killiney, outside of Dublin. In her contradictory way, she was born in Prestatyn, North Wales, adding unexpected diversion to her mother's visit to an aunt there. Currently, she is the only known Californian who can claim Hollywood as a middle name. Her father was William Hollywood Cummins, a direct descendant of the gentleman after whom Hollywood, County Down, Ireland, is named.

Peggy's childhood home in Killiney, was a modest one, surrounded by a garden, a small private wood and a tiny strip of beach. Keeping up with her two older brothers, she became an expert tree- and roof-climber, not to mention fence-jumper. Today, she swims, dives, fences, rides horseback or a bicycle with equal equanimity. The brothers grew up to be R.A.F. Squadron leader William Cummins, and scenic artist Harry Cummins. Their little sister grew up with several broken bones nicely mended, and only one permanent scar on her right knee.

Peggy joined the Abbey School of Ballet at the age of seven. Her dramatic career began when she was picked from the class to play a child's part in Dublin's famous Gate Theater. From then on, she was in great demand by both the Gate and the Abbey Players, but by coincidence all the roles seemed to be of little boys.

A brazen schoolgirl role in "Women without Men" convinced a London friend of the family that the youngster with the slanted green eyes and the lilting voice was developing beyond her opportunities. He persuaded her mother to take her to the famed London producer, Audrey Blackburn.

Blackburn was not interested in a child actress—but one hour after meeting this one, he had signed her for a revue. The revue, "Let's Pretend," opened on her thirteenth birthday—and flopped. From it, however, she stepped into television, and eventually into the notice of a Warner talent scout, who signed her to come to America. A week before sailing, war was declared and the contract was cancelled by mutual agreement. But Peggy was destined to come to the United States and this was finally accomplished after the war.

In "The Late George Apley," Peggy screens slightly larger than her diminutive five-one, and the ninety-eight pounds she slips into a size nine dress. The "Apley" picture had a homey flavor, and "working with Ronald Colman was exciting, he is such a magnificent actor. And the fact that he is English made things very nice.

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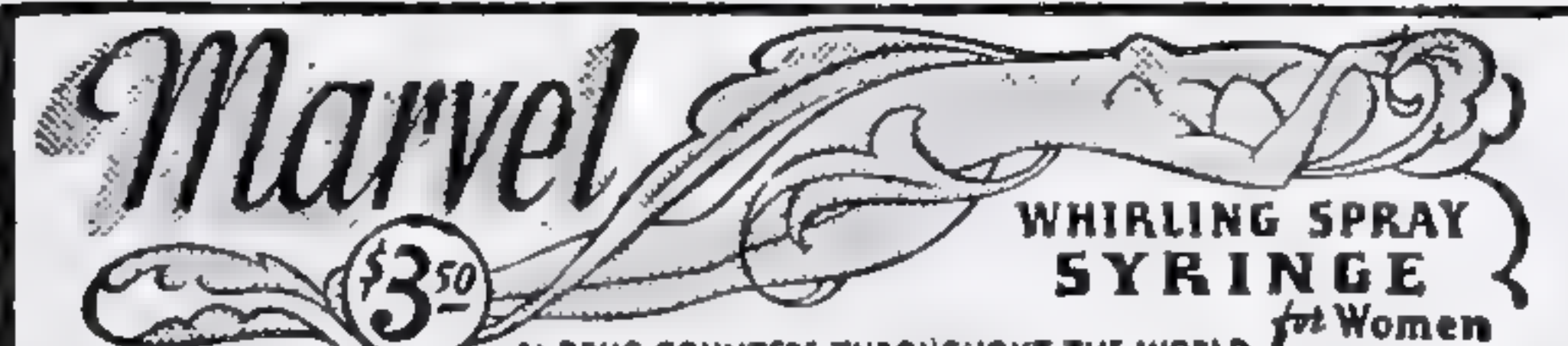
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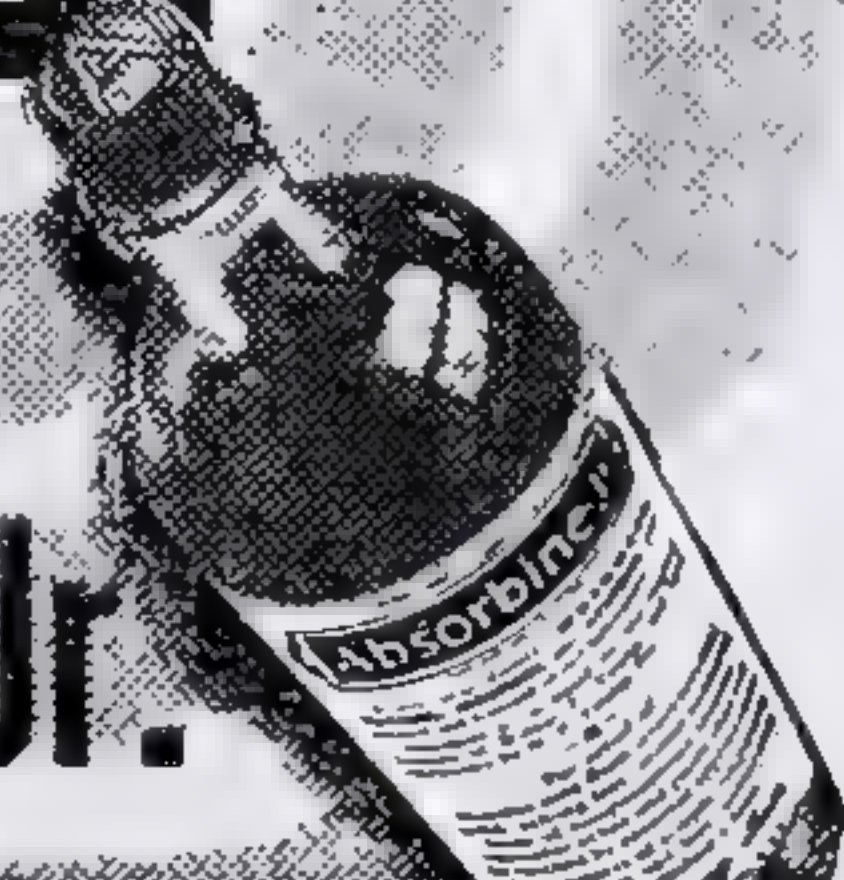
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KILLS Athlete's Foot "Bugs"

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VETO Colgate's Antiseptic Deodorant, Checks Underarm Perspiration, Stops Odor—Yet is Doubly Safe!



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Safe for Clothes!
Keeps You Dainty!
Says EDNA HINES
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Only VETO Contains DURATEX, exclusive new safety ingredient! Veto is different from any other deodorant... Does not rot clothes. Safe for any normal skin. Stays moist in jar, never gritty, rubs in easily. Use doubly safe Veto regularly to guard daintiness—and to check underarm perspiration, stop odor safely.

DOUBLY PREFERRED!

Registered Nurses who have tried Veto prefer it almost 2 to 1 over any other deodorant, according to a nation-wide survey.

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Before and After DO IT AT HOME IN 7 SHORT WEEKS!



These are actual photographs of Diana Parker of New York before and after taking the famous John Robert Powers Home Course, under the supervision of lovely Grace Eden. You too can acquire the poise, charm, and self-confidence of a Powers Model through figure control, make-up, hair styling—in only 7 weeks.



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Complete Outfit with SAMPLE STOCKING FREE—Write for Yours Today! Enjoy taking orders from friends, in spare time, for amazing Yours-True Nylon Hosiery in a new Individual Customer Fit Service. Fit every type of leg; slim, stout, average, short, long, extra long. No twisted seams, no baggy ankles, or binding at the top! Yours-True Nylons are more beautiful because they fit perfectly. Customers buy time after time. Be First in Your Town — WRITE! Earn money of your own with Yours-True Nylon Hosiery in this amazing Customer Fit Service. Ask for FREE OUTFIT, including sample stocking. Write a letter about yourself. No experience needed. AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. G-18, Indianapolis 7, Ind.



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Big, new Hollywood Fashion Catalog of screen styles in dresses, slacks, suits, blouses, jackets • Gift ideas, housewares, men's wear, too!

Send one dime (no stamps) to cover mailing and handling charges.

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. F-91
6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

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6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.
Please send catalog. I enclose a dime.

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Here is Thrilling New Hope for Millions...



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Just try this **SYSTEM** on your hair 7 days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that so often captures love, romance.

MARVELOUS RESULTS

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try the **JUELENE SYSTEM** for 7 days, let your mirror prove results. Send \$1.00. (If C. O. D. plus postage).

Fully guaranteed. Your money back if you are not delighted.

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Most gorgeous life-like enlargement you ever saw. Finished in beautiful "Gold-tone" process on heavy portrait paper. **SEND NO MONEY!** Mail snapshot, photograph or negative, any size, any subject. Pay postman only 69c for one or \$1.00 for two, plus postage. Or send price and we pay postage. Original returned unharmed. **QUICK SERVICE.** Money back guarantee. Hand colored in oils \$1 extra. State colors.

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"Birthstone Ring" GIVEN



Lovely solid sterling silver cushion shape set ring in your own Birthstone Color given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each remitting the \$1.00 to us. Send No Money. Order

4 Rosebud Salve by one-cent postcard. (Will mailing and 4 salve now, if you send \$1.00 with order.)

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WE WILL PAY YOU \$25

for selling 50 boxes 21 for \$1 Christmas Cards. Also 50 and 25 for \$1 embossed with name on. Samples on approval.

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Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quits itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

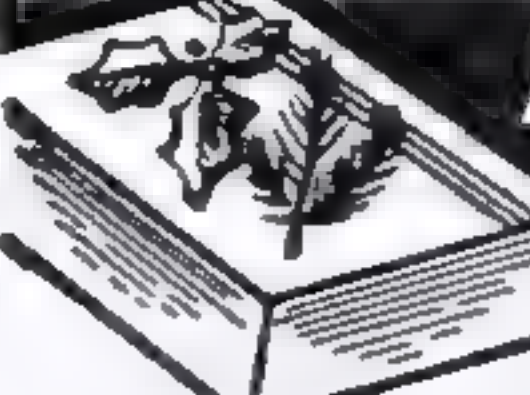
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Temporary relief not enough—you want freedom. Only by **KILLING THE HAIR ROOT** can you be sure your unwanted hair has gone **FOREVER.** The Mahler Method—used successfully all over the world for over fifty years—positively enables you to do this in the privacy of your home. It brings relief and social happiness long denied you. Send 6c in stamps **TODAY** for illustrated booklet, "New Charm for Madame."

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Take easy orders... get big profits. Show sensational new line with 21-card \$1.00 "Feature" assortment. You make up to 50c on every box. Big selection Personal Christmas Cards, 25 for \$1.00 up. Religious, Humorous, Everyday Cards, Gift Wraps, Stationery, other assets. No experience needed. Samples on approval.

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Christmas Cards with Name \$1.00 25 for \$1.00

ENDS GRAY HAIR WORRIES IN 5 SECONDS



50c PLUS TAX

Quick, easy Tintz Touch-up Pencil colors gray, faded hair at roots, parting, temples. Like lipstick. In metal swivel case. Won't rub off, but washes out. **SEND NO MONEY.** Deposit with postman on delivery 50c or \$1 for 2 plus tax and C. O. D. postage on guarantee of satisfaction or Money Back. State shade: Black, Dark Brown, Dark Warm Brown, Med. Brown, Light Brown, Auburn or Blonde. Mail order now to:

TINTZ CO., Dept. 5-K, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

With Edna Best in the cast, too, I knew we'd always take time out for tea," Peggy said.

"During the picture, we got together and bought a cow to send to England. The children there need fresh milk so badly. They brought the cow on the set and we had our pictures taken with her. We got so attached to her—she really was a sweet thing.

"The really touching, wonderful thing, was when the stagehands, prop men and other technicians, put some money together and sent another cow. It impressed me so much. It's hard for any one who hasn't been over there to know what their generosity will mean."

Peggy loves to laugh—unrestrainedly, unexpectedly, often without rhyme or reason:

"It's a release—a way of cleansing yourself. I'll talk for hours on the phone with anyone who'll laugh with me. Sometimes I know I could have spent that time tidying my bedroom, or polishing my shoes. But there will be bedrooms that need tidying and unpolished shoes after I'm gone. It seems to me that I do myself more permanent good, make myself a better person, by laughing."

YOU'VE been searching for the "something" that lies behind this Irish girl's very small, very clean face. She has unusual intelligence and sincerity, but there is something more. . . .

You've found it in that last little speech of hers: That matter-of-fact acknowledgment of the impermanency of material things.

Peggy learned this first-hand as the youngest member of the Women's Voluntary Services during the war. She learned the spiritual value of laughter, doing her giggling *Fluffy* in "Junior Miss" to the accompaniment of falling bombs and shrieking sirens. As she later tells you, "I was scared out of my wits most of the time. Then, I'd look down at all those faces in the audience—not a soul moving from his seat—all of them looking toward the stage, as if that was where their life hung. Their calm always cured my panic."

During the making of "Moss Rose" she found herself a laughing partner worthy of the name, one Victor Mature:

"He's such a nice person—terribly considerate of every one. And he's so full of jokes!

"He loves to tease, the same way I do. I think your word for it is 'kid.' Five and six times a day the phone would ring for Victor, and the door man who answered it would always call, 'It's your mother from Kentucky!' And Victor would say to the director, 'I'm sorry—but I can't keep my mother waiting.'

"But I know of one conversation he had with his mother that was real. It was after they cast him in 'Kiss of Death,' the gangster picture. He called her up and said, 'Hello, Mom—they've got me in Sing Sing!' His mother must need a sense of humor, too!"

Peggy's own telephone rings quite often, with baritones emanating from the other end. Inevitably, you must ask the newcomer her opinion of Americans versus Europeans.

"Of course, there is bound to be some difference in people who live differently, dress differently, and who think under different conditions. But people are like scales—when one has something the other one lacks, then the other has something to balance it."

The outstanding trait of Americans as noted by the Cummins, mother and daughter, is, "You are so terribly polite, no one could feel strange in a country where

every one is so courteous." Just between us Americans, this comes as a sort of shock—you take a second look into Peggy's green eyes to be sure she is not "teasing." Finding them perfectly serious, you suspect that maybe courtesy is the natural result of the Cummins approach:

"The people in the shops and the markets are all so friendly. 'Thank you,' they say, and 'be sure to come see us again.' Only one phrase of yours confuses us. Sometimes, when we said 'Thank you,' the person would just say, 'You're welcome.' It didn't sound like an invitation, and we thought maybe it was sarcasm. It took us a while to catch on that 'You're welcome' is the American way of saying, 'Thank you, too.'"

In an over-all way, this little Irisher loves people and loves life. The warmth of this appreciation runs through all her conversation. All her emotions are extremely human, she has a sensitivity for the sight and sound and smell of small, human things:

"The sight that stirred me most? Well, perhaps I haven't seen it yet because to me so many sights have been wonderful. There is nothing so beautiful, I think, as walking through the door of a room and seeing a person you love sitting there—your mother, a dear friend, or maybe the two of them sitting together.

"Of course, my new car standing out front was a sight I'll never forget, either. And when they were fixing up my dressing room on the lot, I kept finding excuses to run in and out the door, just so I could be struck over and over again with the lovely blue walls that they were giving me."

ANGER terrifies her. She will run away from it if directed against herself, or skip the distressing sight of other people quarreling. "I refuse to hate anyone—because you'd have to hate yourself even more, to allow yourself to become so confused inside."

Now that she is a permanent resident of California, Peggy revels in the feel of peace. She has a phobia against crowds and night clubs. Large social events don't appeal to her. She loves to drive at night with the car top down, and to park on some high hillside to breathe in and absorb the sight of "miles and miles of spreading peace and quiet."

The bright sunshine does painful things to her extremely fair skin, which for years knew nothing but England's fog and damp. After taking the sun carefully, a few minutes at a time, she is feeling boastful about the faint golden tint beginning to show on her arms.

The weathering process is in preparation for her next picture, "The Black Rose," which will have Cornel Wilde as its hero. A great many of the scenes will be shot on location in Monument Valley, Utah.

There will be plenty of opportunity for horseback riding and, next to people, Peggy feels very chummy towards horses.

"They're so intelligent, I think."

The little Cummins has a private slogan. She pulls it from her purse and reads it to you:

"'You have what you give.' Just that—if you give out happiness and good, you also keep it. Those are the only words I can find to express my deep appreciation for the kindness and friendliness of the people in this town to me!"

Not all newcomers find nothing but politeness in America, and nothing but kindness in Hollywood. Maybe, because she lives up to that little scrap of paper, this little Irish girl will find nothing but fine things wherever she goes.

THE END

Sun and Shade Parade

(Continued from page 55) the dresses become elaborate and very feminine. These are the two trends and they both make sense. I can remember when Hollywood stars thought it was their heaven-sent duty to be as dressed up at lunch as they were at parties. But now, it's the simple, uncluttered dress for busy days and elegant creations for romantic nights.

For luncheons at home and other informal wear, Diana Lynn has a ducky dress of navy blue, gray and yellow print fashioned out of your great grandma's favorite yard goods—percale! It has a cool off-shoulder neckline, particularly becoming to rounded shoulders. The skirt is full and ballet length. Tiny spring flowers in the hair substitute for a hat with this one.

For dancing nights Diana also has one of the loveliest evening dresses of palest gray chiffon and lace that Edith Head has ever designed, I think. The gray chiffon skirt is worn over a pale cyclamen slip. The lace apron peplum is removable and falls to the floor in back in a fishtail effect. The "bust bolero" also has a simple removable collar, leaving a bare-shoulder evening gown when it's not worn.

BETTY HUTTON has a wonderful white sharkskin suit. The jacket is made with deep revers and an extremely long waistline cut to give a full flare at the back. The skirt is straight with a small slit at the side. Instead of a blouse, Betty wears a vivid emerald green ascot and pins her now-famous "gold handkerchief pin" right smack in the middle of it.

Incidentally, Betty's shoes were the talk of a big party that Carole Landis gave. They were chocolate-brown satin evening sandals, with platform soles edged in gold to match the trimming of her lovely dark brown marquisette gown. Mona Freeman, looking like a little Grecian goddess, was a dream at the same affair in a gown of shell pink chiffon. The bodice was draped artfully over one shoulder, leaving the other shoulder bare. And the backline was slashed to a new low. The skirt was wonderful—so full—and accordion pleated, with the faintest all-over design of scrolled iridescent sequins. She wafted around like a breeze—and nobody suspected that she and Pat Nearney were stork-dating.

At Carole's party—like just about every other party you go to these Hollywood nights, they're playing that hilarious lemon-under-the-chin game—and it's making for a lot of fun. Everyone sorta stands around while a girl—or a man (whoever chooses to start the thing off) puts a large lemon between the chin and against the chest—toward one side. It is held there by pressing the chin down on the fruit, but not too hard. Because the object of the game is for a man to take the lemon away with his own chin and neck and whatever shoulder manipulation he can manage—but *without using hands!* If the fellow can succeed in getting the lemon beneath his own chin without having it drop to the floor, the game continues by having a gal take it from him by the same means—all hands still behind backs, mind you. Well! The gyrations, contortions and squirmings you go through to manage this are really hilarious—and believe me, you don't always manage it. It certainly is a new way to get lip rouge all over a feller's coat! Lynn Bari, who was at the party, remarked that if they keep playing it around here, she'd just love to have the pre-game hanky concession!

Lynn looked lovely too in a story book gown of white chiffon that featured the bared-shoulder neckline, the bodice gracefully shirred to achieve a Grecian effect—a line that is getting tremendously popular.

SMOOTH SAILING WITH ASTHMADOR

If summer means agony to you—if pollen-laden breezes aggravate your bronchial asthma—take a new lease on life with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Just ignite ASTHMADOR powder or an ASTHMADOR cigarette, and let those pleasant, aromatic fumes penetrate congested passages. Notice how they help make breathing easier, aid in reducing the severity of your paroxysm. Enjoy summer vacations—you can get ASTHMADOR anywhere—take it everywhere. No costly sprays to buy, nothing to take internally. No wonder Asthmatics have made ASTHMADOR the leading inhalant treatment! Sold under a money-back guarantee. You can't lose—and you've a lot of welcome relief to gain!

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CHRISTMAS BOX SAMPLES FREE

Show friends... neighbors these sensational bargain Christmas Cards. Everyone wants... buys. Just show samples—take orders—no risk. Come in beautiful new designs—rich colors—fine papers.

17 Smart Popular Assortments

AMAZING LINE all fast sellers. 21-card "Prize" Christmas Cards, Religious, Fine Arts, Humorous, Everyday, Gift Wraps, retail \$1.00. Get "Prize" Christmas assortment on approval. Write today! **CHILTON GREETINGS CO., Dept. 23-D, 147 ESSEX STREET • BOSTON, MASS.**

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

GOT A BOIL?

HERE'S HOW TO GET RELIEF

Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the moist heat go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll see how it helps bring the boil to a head. The moist heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good—does good.

GET A TUBE OR CAN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST.



FOR BOILS—**Antiphlogistine**

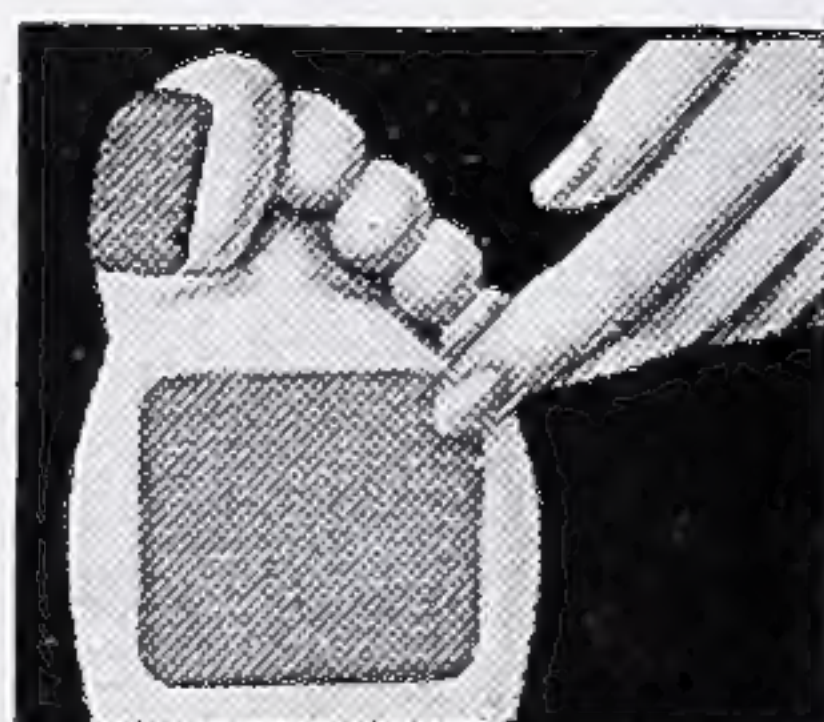
WHY SUFFER FROM MISERY OF SIMPLE PILES?

● Here's a single soothing medicine to speed relief from tortures of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—lubricates dry, hardened parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness—reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

*Pile Ointment and Suppositories.

Quick FOOT RELIEF



Protects Feet and Toes Wherever Shoes Painfully Rub or Pinch. Helps Prevent "Breaking-In" Torture

For quick relief from corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, chafed heels, tender spots and instep ridges—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. This downy-soft, soothing, cushioning, protective, flesh color foot plaster instantly stops tormenting shoe friction; lifts painful pressure. Helps prevent blisters and "breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes.

Cut Dr. Scholl's Kurotex to any shape or size and apply it. Does not come off in the bath. This superior type of moleskin is also splendid for preventing blisters on hands of Golfers, Tennis and Baseball players. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ Stores. FREE sample—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. K, Chicago.



Easily cut to any size or shape

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What's Old fashioned
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Not your looks—but your old fashioned deodorant! Modern 5 DAY Under Arm Pads stop under-arm odor and perspiration better, quicker, longer—1 to 7 days, depending on you and the weather. Successor to creams and liquids—just lotionized pads, gentle, safe, handy. Dab under arms with a pad, then throw it away.

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TIRED EYES THRILL TO SAFE EYE-GENE

Relieved in SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is positively harmless. 20¢, 60¢, and \$1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!



Weary, irritated
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Show 5 NEW SERIES of Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, low as 50 for \$1.00. Exclusive designs, big values! Your friends, neighbors order quickly from FREE samples we send you. Big cash profits easy.

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Add to earnings with beautiful, "ARTISTS' AWARD" Christmas and Everyday Assortments. Pay you fine profits. Exclusive variety offers "21 Feature" Christmas Assortment, famous Matched Christmas and Everyday Gift Wrap Ensembles, Holiday Notes, Religious, Everyday, Humorous, 10 other money-makers. Write Dept. M-19 today for Samples



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1225 Clifford Avenue, Rochester 5, New York

The very full bouffant skirt was lightly sprinkled with bugle beads. Her only jewelry, a tiny diamond choker. All this was topped by an ermine cape stole—that "stole" the show!

BACK to the "busy days" department we go for Ann Sheridan's smart, plainly tailored suit of sheer wool. Cafe-au-lait in color, it has a collarless V-neckline, pencil slim skirt. It's trimmed with large gold buttons down the front of the jacket. Annie wears with this, a large cream colored felt beret pushed softly to one side and folded over a gold kid rose. I can just see her in this stunning outfit, with her nice brown alligator accessories, leaping off the train to meet Steve Hannagan in New York, which is just what she does every time she finishes a picture.

Shirley Temple's darling all-day blue and white checkered gingham really has cute touches. The dress has a tight bodice, and a full skirt gathered at its basque-length waistline. The skirt is plain, but appliqued all over the top front and extending into the band of the waist is a varicolored gingham design that forms a flower pot, topped by two little birds that spread to the shoulder line. The appliqued gingham is of red, black, white and green.

An ideal summer afternoon or cocktail dress is the one pictured that Travis Banton designed for Joan Bennett. It's of dead white cotton lace and has absolutely simple lines. Its rather low square neck is finished off by appliqued scallops of the lace. It's a shoulder-strap dress, topped by a tiny short-sleeved bolero. The skirt features slit pockets at the hip trimmed with tiny rhinestone baguettes. Around the waist is a crushed blue-green velvet sash.

There's nothing like dead white against a golden tan these summer days—and incidentally, the more golden the tan, the better. Our advice, based on what a lot of the glamour-boys tell us is, that if getting sunburned gives you a swarthy look instead of a coppery or vivid hue—then stay out of the sun, babes! Well to get back to the dead white—especially in cool suits that Hollywood gals love: Gail Russell's favorite is a white sharkskin, two-piece suit with a multicolored silk print blouse. The jacket is styled with a hood lined entirely with the same bright print of the blouse. Gail also has gloves of the print.

Lizabeth Scott has a lounge or cocktail dress (for cocktails around your own house, that is) that's a nice change from slacks—or dressy pajamas—or even just dresses. It's striking too, with its top consisting of a slip-on jersey shirt of bright powder blue, high necked and short sleeved. The long skirt is a dirndl of heavy, stiff taffeta in a plaid of blue, green, rose, lavender and white, tied tight at the waist with a wide crushed sash of the same plaid taffeta. Lots of gold jewelry, plus very open sandals finish off this stunning, casual costume.

Joan Fontaine has a new taffeta afternoon or cocktail dress too—but hers is a bright navy, medium length and drapes to a bustle back. Joan's "something different" really appears in the sleeves of this dress, which are puffed at the shoulder, tight at the elbow, where they end, and feature a slit through the center of the sleeve. The only trimming is a striking lei that ties just like the ones that are made of Hawaiian flowers. Joan's is made of dead white paillette clusters studded with brilliants. Naturally, she wears no personal jewelry with this dazzling "collar."

You almost never see Joan Crawford, without a hat, but I ran into her at LaRue one night (just about the last date she had with Greg Bautzer) and the little black taffeta number she was sporting was out of this world for piquancy. If she'd been wearing a bonnet, I doubt whether it would

have been noticed. Don Loper made it for Joan. Its heavy, swishy, crisp skirt was almost ballet length and very full. The only trimming, an enormous, flat rosette made of rows and rows of narrow white lace near the hem. The tight fitting bodice was very long waisted, very broad shouldered and had tiny short sleeves. A high neckline was finished off with a tiny round collar made of several rows of the same lace, but it didn't end where little round collars usually do—it slanted off-side, with one end of it a little wider and consequently a little lower (in a slightly cock-eyed effect). Black patent accessories.

Judy Garland has always had a mad pash for yellow. And she never looked lovelier in it than the night she traipsed to the Ballet Russe wearing a sheath-like dress of palest yellow crepe. It had a high boat-shaped neckline, long tight sleeves and a wide grosgrain cummerbund of a deeper yellow. Her hat was a halo of matching yellow roses, swathed in lime colored tulle. Judy wore a dark mink stole (even the summer nights are cool enough to rate a mink, if you have one), brown suede pumps and bag. Her only jewelry, a canary diamond clip worn close to her right shoulder.

What's new? Well, there's the cute gag

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that Jennifer Jones dreamed up that really puts an accent on gloves. On her dark ones she has her first name, or just her initials embroidered on the back of the hand. On white or pale colors, the monogramming is done in black or brown.

Then there's Ellen Drew's "autograph" blouse. And I wouldn't be surprised if this didn't become a new fad. She had the unique idea of having friends autograph a white silk blouse in pencil, and then having the signatures embroidered over in sequins. When you stop and think how many different ways this autograph idea could be carried out in anything from jersey slip-ons with contrasting woolen signatures to dressy blouses with your pals' names in anything from silk to gold thread, there's no end to what blouses or slack tops may be coming to.

THE END

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Without a Penny
of Cost
AS AN EXTRA
BONUS



AS YOU LIKE IT
A wearable gabar-
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straight to your
heart—and his!



SOAP 'N WATER
FABRIC
that takes you places
in traditional style.

now to show a marvelous added feature of FASHION FROCKS—sensational new styles personally designed by the lovely screen star, Constance Bennett, "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett, famous for her unique style sense, now designs *exclusively* for FASHION FROCKS. Her Hollywood-inspired creations will thrill millions of women. Be the one to present these exciting dresses to your friends and neighbors. Remember, they can't be bought in stores, so people must come to *you* if they want to be admired in stunning Constance Bennett originals. FASHION FROCKS carry the famous Good Housekeeping guaranty seal. You can make good profits without previous experience. Our special cooperation plan helps you to exceptional earnings like these:—Marie Patton, Ill., earned an average of \$28.84 weekly—Mrs. Claude Burnett, Ala., averaged \$27.10 weekly. No wonder so many of our representatives bless the day they mailed the coupon below!

No Canvassing — No Experience Needed!

How can we make this wonderful offer? Because more representatives are needed right

Everything Free — But Delay May Be Costly!

Openings have been going fast ever since the first announcement of Constance Bennett's FASHION FROCKS. Don't risk missing out on this astonishing offer. Decide to use your spare hours to pay you a rich reward—in a pleasant, dignified way. Develop a steady group of regular customers, who buy from you season after season. Mail this coupon now to reserve valuable Style Presentation Portfolio sent FREE. No obligation—and nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to postcard and mail it *today*.

**Free PORTFOLIO
OF LATEST FALL DRESSES**

as low
as **\$3⁹⁸**



FIRST NIGHTER
A classic black dress
— demurely charm-
ing for any occasion.



Celebrating Our 40th Birthday This Year!

Fashion Frocks INC.

Desk 52039 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

"THESE LOVELY FASHION FROCKS WERE
INSPIRED BY CREATIONS I DESIGNED FOR
MY PERSONAL WARDROBE AT \$200 TO \$300
EACH. I AM HAPPY TO OFFER THEM AT A
TINY FRACTION OF THOSE PRICES!"

Constance Bennett

... Glamorous star of stage, screen
and radio, one of the world's 10
best-dressed women, she designs ex-
clusively for FASHION FROCKS.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD — mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.

Desk 52039 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in
spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.
Send me full information, without obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

THE WARTIME
CIGARETTE SHORTAGE
WAS A REAL **EXPERIENCE**.
I LEARNED THAT **CAMELS**
SUIT ME BEST!



Elaine Decker
WELL-KNOWN FENCER

More people are smoking **CAMELS** than ever before

*"The shortage taught me the big differences
in cigarette quality," says Miss Decker*

SMOKERS everywhere shared your experience with cigarettes, Miss Decker. They too smoked many different brands . . . and *compared*.

And millions found that experience *is* the best teacher . . . that for smoking pleasure you just can't beat the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camels. That's why today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



*It wasn't much fun,
standing in line, tak-
ing any brand you
could get. But that's
when millions learned
what cigarette suited
them best — Camels!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



**YOUR "T-ZONE"
WILL TELL YOU...**

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any
cigarette. See if Camels don't
suit your "T-Zone" to a **T**.

*According to a recent
Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE **CAMELS**
than any other cigarette**

Three nationally known independent research organiza-
tions asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they
smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.